THE HOME VISITOR

CHEERY READING FOR THE HOME AND HEARTH

EDITED BY CLERGYMEN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Awarded to

Lucy Seedhouse

as a Reward for Regular Attendance & Good

Conduct in the Parish Church Sunday School

Agley Hay, Staffordshire

H. Allden Nash

Vicar

Midsummer 1893.

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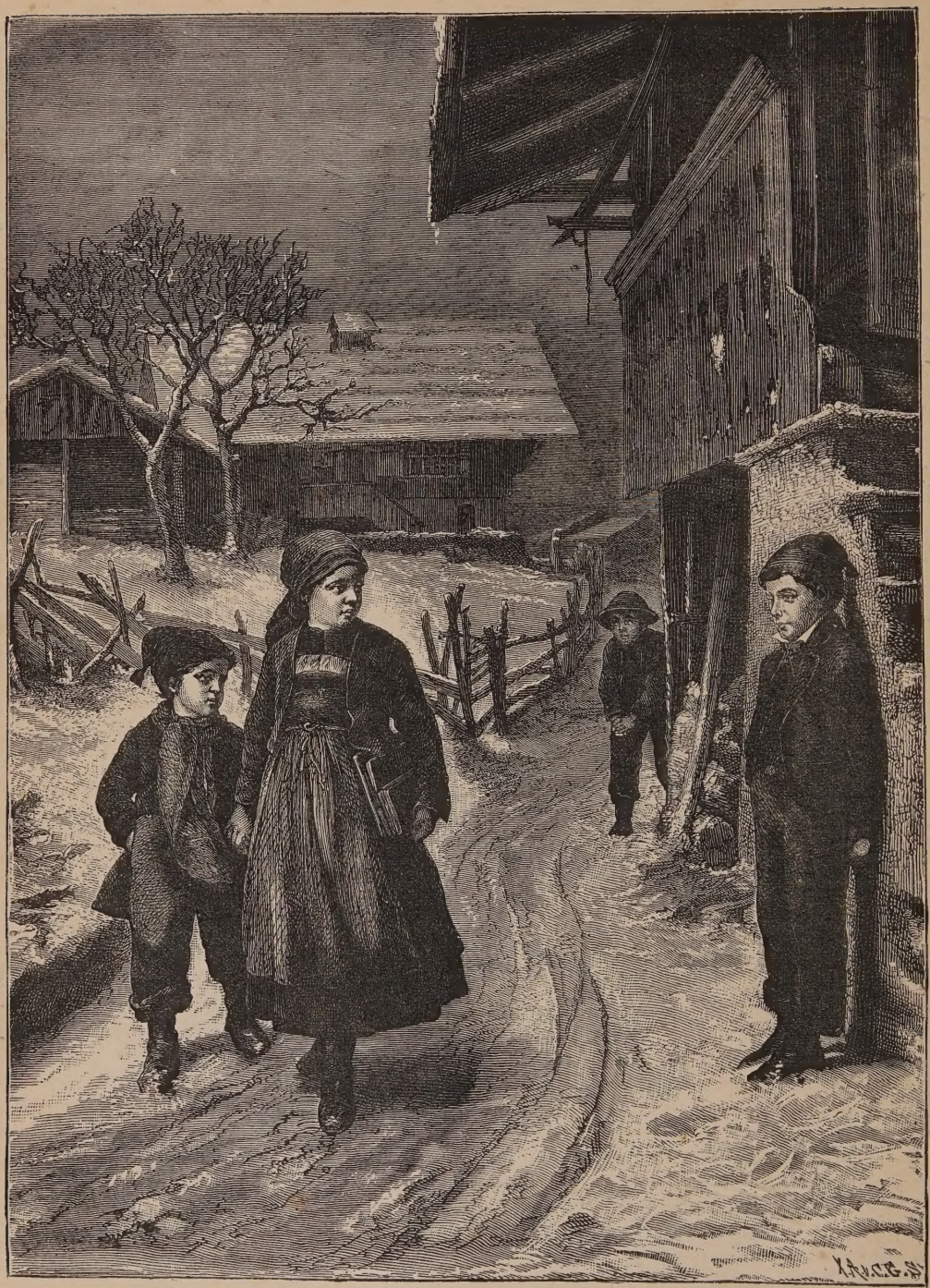


RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN—SUNDAY MORNING.—*Page* 9.

JANUARY.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

WHEN Arthur Maxton entered upon his public school life at Harrow, his father had good reason to be proud of him. Like David, he was "ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to;" generous, noble, open-hearted, and such a lad as might rejoice any father's heart.

His father was a country squire owning a large estate at Holmby in Scardale, a flourishing piece of country, as every one knows, and with as fine a race of people inhabiting it as you could wish to meet. Squire Maxton of "The Grange" was a widower with a son and a daughter. His wife had died when giving birth to the latter, leaving him to face the battle of life alone with the children—alone, yet not alone. He always spoke of his wife as if she were present, and, indeed, to him she was always present. And this feeling was inculcated in the children. Their mother might be dead to the world, but to them she was a reality, and what "mother would have liked" became a command to them. It had long been a sore point with the father that his boy would soon have to pass on to public school life. From time to time the evil day had been put off. The usual course at a preparatory school had been abandoned in favour of tuition at home. But the time of departure came at last.

A few days were spent in London before his departure for school—bright, happy days, always associated in the minds of Arthur and Anna with riding on the *top* of omnibuses, and visiting places of amusement. The first had been insisted on by the young people, and, after a little show of reluctance yielded to on the part of the indulgent father.

It was not until the Squire and Anna had returned to the Grange that the keenness of the father's loss was felt. He and Arthur had been *companions*. For twelve years they had never lost sight of each other for a day. They had roamed together about the gardens and the estate; they had rambled daily, but, now that the father had returned, there remained only the scenes of former joys without the lively prattle and constant interrogation of his "dear little Arthur." Two letters a week broke the monotony, but these were very brief, and varied but little. However, there were occasionally visitors, shooting parties, and now and again the hounds would "throw off" at the Grange, which meant the exciting preparation of a hunting breakfast.

The Squire very rarely visited any of his tenants without receiving many kind inquiries after "Master Arthur." And notably so from Mr. Joseph Barton, the master of the Holmby Foxhounds, who had an estate adjoining the Grange.

Joseph Barton was a typical North-countryman

of the wealthy yeomen class. He was tall, strong, broad-shouldered, of active habits, a keen sportsman, possessed of a good digestion, a face like a Ribstone pippin, and a kindly disposition. Squire Maxton and he were fast friends, and Arthur, whilst at home, had been almost a daily visitor at the Bartons'. Indeed, Mr. Barton loved Arthur almost as much as if he were his own son.

"That boy," he would say, "is a regular little trump! He's all pluck. You should see him take a fence on his black pony! How he gets over is a mystery—but he certainly does get over. And as for questions, he is simply a note of interrogation."

It need hardly be said that all this delighted the Squire very much. And not less so from the fact that he had always determined that his boy should be trained in no namby-pamby manner. His idea of an education was not cramming with either religious or secular knowledge. He had, on several occasions, expressed very strong views on this point. Indeed, if there was one thing more than another which made him angry, it was to find his children being crammed, or punished for not learning their lessons. Never was this more tersely expressed than when, on going into the nursery one morning, he found that the governess had punished Arthur for not learning his catechism.

"I will not have him," he said, "soaked with texts merely for the sake of learning them. You will never make a gentleman, much less a Christian gentleman, in that way. My children shall never be punished into that sort of thing."

"I *think* I understand children better than you do, sir," replied the governess. "I've had ten years' experience, and I have never been interfered with before."

"You are quite welcome to *think* as you please," said the Squire in a quiet, dignified manner, "but I firmly decline to have my children taught in this way."

In a few days the governess departed, and a new governess reigned in her stead.

On another occasion he found Anna weeping bitterly. Mrs. Martin, the housekeeper, had told her that "Satan had a great black hole where naughty children were put in, and that once in they never got out again."

Anna was on his knee at once, and told, as well as she could between her sobs, what Mrs. Martin had said. The strong arm and loving embrace of her father soon comforted her, and it may be sufficient to add that Mrs. Martin wore a somewhat subdued look for several days afterwards. But soon things began to run along smoothly again, and, let us hope, better.

Arthur's first return home for the holidays was a joyful time. Of course all the old haunts had to be revisited, and all the old acquaintances renewed. The servants about the house and the labourers at the "home farm" remarked how he had grown, and "what a main foine boy he wor," and "how main praad the Squoire wor on him." And Arthur showed in his turn that he possessed a kind heart by the deep interest he took in the good old servants. But how can I describe his surprise and delight when, on visiting the stable almost immediately after his return, he found, standing in the place of his *old* pony a "bran-new" one, and more than "two hands higher."

He stood for a moment looking at the lovely animal, which turned its head and gave a kindly "whinny" of welcome. The joy of the lad was unbounded. This was indeed a surprise!—a loving, thoughtful, unselfish surprise!

Just at that moment his father appeared at the stable door, holding Anna's hand. Arthur scampered off to him at once, and, jumping up, threw his arms around his father's neck.

"Oh, you *good* father! You *are* kind!"

There was yet another surprise in store. During his absence Anna had been taught to ride, and "Jackal," the old pony, had been handed over to her. That day, for the first time, the three went out riding together. And a happy party they made, as they set out that bright sunny afternoon on a visit to Mr. Barton. Happy, and the father would have been still happier could he but have heard the kind remarks and the hearty good wishes of his tenantry, as they saw the party riding through the village. Many a good mother as they passed invoked God's blessing on the "dear motherless bairns." And in such a case who understands better than a mother how to sympathize with both father and children?

The ride to Mr. Barton's was a success.

"Anna rides *splendidly*, father. However can you have taught her so well in such a short time?"

"Just as I taught you, my boy."

"What? Held Jackal by a long cord, and made him run round like a circus pony, and poor Anna bobbing about on his back with nothing to hold on by?"

"Yes. And when she showed signs of toppling over to one side, put her right. That's the way to learn to ride."

"But what good does that do, father?"

"It gives you confidence, my boy. And once you have gained confidence, the rest becomes a comparatively easy matter. And this confidence, you know, Arthur, does not apply to riding only, but it is required in every relation of life. But there, we must not go too deeply, or poor Anna will be left behind. Here is Mr. Barton."

During the remainder of Arthur's stay at

home the ride became a daily event, and some pleasant excursions were made.

But, besides riding, Arthur and Anna had some very jolly walks together. Upon one occasion they set out to walk to Mr. Barton's. The distance was not great, but it involved passing through the village, and by the National school. It happened that the children were out at play, and a fine noise they were making. The schoolmaster had betaken himself into his garden to stretch his leg—I had nearly said legs, but, unlike the rest of mankind, he had only

one leg, the other having been left on the battle-field of the Crimea. But of the schoolmaster we shall hear more by and by. Arthur could not pass without stopping to have a chat with some of the boys. But suddenly Anna called his attention to a boy who had jumped over the wall to the girls' side of the playground, and who, like a coward, was striking one of the little girls. This was more than Arthur could stand. He bounded over the wall, and gave the young bully a stinging smack on the face, which he followed up with another and another, until the boy, smarting with pain, lay down on the ground and fairly howled.

"I am very sorry," said Arthur, "and I didn't want to hurt you, but you were a coward to strike a little girl, and you deserved to be punished."

And so thought all the rest of the boys, and they voted Arthur a "brick" unanimously, with the exception of the boy he had punished, who had his own view of the matter, but the good sense to keep it to himself.

This little scene in the school-yard was never forgotten by the Maxton boys. Arthur was a hero in their eyes,—so also was the Duke of Wellington, but Arthur was the greater of the two.

It is only fair to add that Arthur was not carried away by his success as a pugilist. He did not set up as a prize-fighter, nor, indeed, as that singular anomaly, "a champion amateur;" but he was always ready to defend the weak and helpless against the strong and aggressive bully. This trait in his character developed as years rolled by. The purity of his mother's life gave him a noble conception of the dignity of true womanhood. His manner towards women was at once chivalrous and affable, and never, on any occasion, was he known to speak disrespectfully of the gentler sex.

Term succeeded term, and Arthur's school life drew near a close. The feeling of companionship which existed between father and son developed each year. They were what father and son ought to be. And Arthur has been known to confess in later days that the effect of the companionship was never lost. The memory of his dear mother, and the open generous-heartedness of his father, never forsook him.

It was nearing the close of a long summer's day, as the Squire and Arthur were returning from a walk in the woods, that the subject of his leaving Harrow was first broached. They were nearing home, and were already later than they had expected. Dinner must have been waiting a quarter of an hour. But they stopped in their walk in a beautifully open part of the wood to take a last look at the fast-setting sun. The stillness of evening was unbroken, except by the occasional "caw-caw" of a rook, or the liquid note of a nightingale hard by. Years after the scene still remained fresh in Arthur's memory, as a moment of peace and holy calm when the soul expands in thankfulness for new life given — when it is possible to see beyond the natural to the supernatural—when we stand, as it were, upon the borders of the promised land, and see the "stately palm-trees and peaceful olive groves" beyond.

"I think," said the father, breaking the silence, "you must go in for another 'half,' and then you shall spend a year at home before going to the University. Anna and I need a little more of your society than we have had lately."

"I wish for nothing better than to be at home with you and Anna."

"My boy, I sometimes wish for something more; God forgive me!"

Arthur remained silent, for he knew well what was in his father's heart.

"If your dear mother had been spared, we should have rejoiced together over you, for she loved you deeply. I remember how glad she was when you were born, and the many happy evenings we spent, often picturing the time when you would be grown to man's estate, and become the joy of our declining years. But God knew best, my boy; and, although it has been hard, I have been able to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

Arthur could not trust himself to say anything. But he manfully kissed his father, and they walked home in the early twilight—each feeling better because each had seen to the bottom of the other's heart.

About a month after the above, the morning of Arthur's departure arrived.

"Well, Anna," said the Squire, as his daughter walked into the breakfast-room and saluted him with a morning kiss,—no formal kiss, such as handsome daughters are wont to bestow on the heads or shoulders, or anywhere that comes handiest, of a middle-aged parent, but a real, loving kiss, accompanied by the fond entwining of a delicious pair of arms around the paternal

neck,—"and have you arranged everything for Arthur's departure?"

"Oh yes, father, everything is ready; but the worst of all is yet to come, and that is saying good-bye."

"Ah yes, my child. 'Good-byes' are always painful."

The Squire's eyes were suddenly turned upon a large oil-painting overhanging the mantelpiece.

In a moment the daughter's arms were round his neck again. "You dear old father, we must bear up this once; the 'half' will soon be over, and Arthur will be here with us for a long, *long* time."

"Yes, darling, we must bear up." And the Squire just managed to gulp down a huge sob, which almost choked him in the gulping, as huge sobs will when they have to be suddenly swallowed, when his son walked into the room.

"What is this idea about a young men's club, father?" said Arthur. "I have been saying good-bye to Mr. Barton, and he seems full of it—he can talk of nothing else; but I gather he does not take over kindly to the scheme."

"Barton is a good fellow, my boy, and I have no doubt that the young Rector, who has started the idea, will be able to lead him gently over to the right side. I am expecting the Rector to talk the matter over with me this morning; he appears to have made up his mind on the matter, and you know he is difficult to turn once he gets a thing fairly fixed in his head. In this case, however, I fully agree with him. He has worked very hard for the young men of the parish, and has been very successful amongst them, and, as he says, 'it just needs this institute to keep the young fellows right, and save them from degenerating into public-house loungers.'"

"For my part, I hope it will go well. I think it a capital idea. You must write to Harrow, and let me know all about it."

In spite, however, of this sudden turn of the subject, breakfast did not pass off easily. Somehow the thought of parting would crop up. Each knew the other's thoughts, and vainly attempted to look cheerful, but, as the eloquent Serjeant Buzfuz remarked, in his immortal speech in "Bardell *v.* Pickwick," "it is not easy to smile with an aching heart."

Breakfast was over at last, and there remained but a few minutes before the dog-cart would be at the door to convey Arthur to the station at Dorcaston, some five miles off.

The Squire was the last one to say "good-bye," and his was a tearful "good-bye."

Arthur was driven off to Dorcaston station, where he joined several old chums who were going on to Harrow. And in the clang and bustle of starting, and the incessant chatter that went on, the pang of parting was somewhat dissipated; but Squire Maxton was left at the Grange with no excitement to soften his parting.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

The Rector of Holmby, the Rev. Harry Swindon, though still a young man and a bachelor, had nevertheless, at the time our story begins, held his rectorial office and the sole spiritual guidance of Holmby for nearly five years. But, although a bachelor, he was not without the blessing of female domination. A spinster aunt, who had practically brought him up, still clung to him with all the affection of a—spinster aunt. And think not, my dear reader, that I intend to cast a slight upon the heads of those "unappropriated blessings," who so often have to fill the places of father and mother both to the offspring of others. Far from it!

Miss Amelia Swindon had indeed been a blessing to her nephew. His father, who had been in the employ of the East India Company, had died of jungle fever at the pestilential station of Chutna-gurry, near Calcutta; and his mother, a good Christian lady,—who ought never to have been allowed to leave her own country,—died a few days afterwards from the same disease, leaving her only child, Harry, at the age of four years, with never a friend near him.

The child was sent to England under the care of a native nurse and a missionary,—who happened to be returning for a year to his native land,—to the only surviving relative of his father, Miss Amelia Swindon, Dorcas Villa, Dorcaston, five miles from Holmby, and situated just at the entrance to Scardale, on the banks of that interesting little river the Dorcas, from which it derived its name.

It must be said, to the credit of Miss Amelia,—or, as she was more familiarly termed by her

many affectionate female friends, Miss Meely,—that from the first she had resolutely done her duty by the helpless infant thus suddenly thrown under her charge. Had she not shed real, genuine tears when she read the letter from one of the authorities in Calcutta in which it was announced that the child was being sent to her, and might be expected at Southampton on or about such a date, in the good ship *Mango-Chutney?* Had she not then and there gone down on her knees, and in grateful, quavering voice thanked God for thus answering her many prayers, though that in a way she had neither looked nor prayed for? And had she not then vowed that this child, sent by the Lord, as she most firmly believed, should be devoted for ever to the service of God? And "how better," reasoned the gentle Amelia, "than by training him for God's Church?"

Ah! gentle, loving, lonely soul. Thou hast now a work to do—an object in life—and life henceforth for thee will be worth living.

And now there must come out a secret—one which perhaps ought not to be breathed profanely in the public ear, from its very sanctified nature, but which nevertheless I feel, as her biographer, incumbent on me to tell.

Take off thy shoes, then, dear reader, for thou art treading on holy ground, and listen. On the day that the child arrived there was put away a small, sealed packet, labelled "Harry's education fund;" a similar packet followed on the first day of every month. With what amount of pinching and self-denial this was accomplished, I feel unable to say from its very magnitude, but of the love that prompted the noble action, I can speak with perfect confidence. And then, again, when Harry was five years old, and scarlet fever was raging in Dorcaston, had not the noble soul watched over her little charge, cared for him, guarded him night and day, lest by any chance he should fall a prey to the disease? and when at last he was taken with the fever, by some neglect of the servant, how day and night she had kept by his bedside, watching and tending every little want, until he was quite out of danger.

It is true that after his schooldays some kind friend assisted very materially in sending him to Oxbridge; he matriculated at St. Boniface (Pendennis's College, as it was always called in Harry's day), and passed through his University career very creditably; but it is nevertheless true that during his residence he got dreadfully into debt—tailors' bills, grocers' bills, wine merchants' bills, bootmakers' bills, were handed him from time to time with merciless punctuality; and Harry had not wherewith to pay.

One morning, after he had taken his degree, he was sitting with his aunt at breakfast, and looking more than usually depressed—in fact, that morning's post had brought him the following letter:—

re Hodge and Co., Tailors.

"Dear Sir,—Unless a cheque, or equivalent, is forwarded by return of post, etc., a writ will be issued. Yours truly,

"J. Snatcher & Co."

"Aunt," said he, "I fear I have some unwelcome news for you. I mean to go away,—to leave the country, in fact,—and I think I shall start to-day."

"Harry!" It was all she could get out. "Harry!"

Harry did not act fairly. He knew full well his aunt's hopes respecting him, and he was also aware that he intended, as far as possible, to fulfil her wishes; but we will draw a veil over what ensued in the breakfast-room, and content ourselves with saying that Harry did not leave the country, but that instead Harry told all, and Miss Amelia decided to dispense with a servant, and also a sudden discovery was made in the household that late dinners were not absolutely essential in life, so that several ways of economizing were devised, and in due time the debts were paid.

Six months after taking his degree, he was ordained deacon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Dorcaston, and licensed to the curacy of Holmby in Scardale.

It is peculiarly noteworthy that, ever after that little scene in the breakfast-room, Harry was a changed character. Not that he was ever openly or avowedly notorious in any way; indeed, on the whole, his character had been unimpeachable, both at school and college, with the exception of the few debts, which, after all, were more his misfortune than his fault; and his testimonials declared him a perfect embodiment of all the virtues. Yet there was a change—an earnestness of purpose which hitherto had not been revealed. The man shone out in true nobility, a nobility without ostentation, which at once commanded respect and attention, showing a determination and power far, far beyond that of ordinary men.

He was ordained at the Advent Ordination, and on Christmas day he preached his first sermon in the parish church of Holmby. Miss Amelia was there, on the occasion, of course, but they were still living in Dorcaston. It was decided, however, that they were to remove to Holmby early in the new year, and occupy the Curatage.

Early in the new year they *did* remove—not without many tearful partings from the long-cherished friendships in Dorcaston, and not without many protestations of regret from the poor mothers to whom Miss Amelia had been so kind and considerate. Soon they were settled in Holmby, and Harry's life-work began.

He went to work very carefully and systematically; not without oft-repeated failures, it is true. Nevertheless he worked on; and in a year he had succeeded in making good steps towards permanent reform. He began his work by gathering the young men around him in a kind of night-school. There he would attend two or three times a week, and spend about a couple of hours in teaching those who cared to go to him reading, writing, and arithmetic. When the summer months arrived, he formed a cricket club; and there again the young men gathered round him; and not only the young men, but their fathers also, and we might add the *mothers*, for they, poor women, reaped the benefit of his labours in the weekly earnings of their husbands and sons. Squire Maxton had granted them a splendid cricket-ground, and subscribed handsomely to the funds of the club; the men found good, healthy recreation, and no longer cared to run off to Dorcaston of a Saturday afternoon and spend their money in drinking.

It also came to pass that in a year from his entering the place, the old Rector of Holmby was gathered to his fathers, and the Rev. Harry Swindon accepted the living.

Shortly afterwards he and his aunt removed to the Rectory, where, by increased means and increased power, they were able to shed forth greater light than ever. Reports were soon afloat that the Rev. Harry was about to take to himself a wife, and that his Aunt Amelia was to be banished to the Curatage.

Rural Life in Sweden—Sunday Morning.

(*Frontispiece.*)

HERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches, trailing with moss and heavy with blue and red cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves, and the air is warm and balmy. Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain.

If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words.

Help by the Way.

"A friend loveth at all times."

BY THE VERY REV. WILLIAM LEFROY, M.A., DEAN OF NORWICH.

THE most prosaic person in England must own that, in this country and in others, the arrival of New Year's Day is invested with peculiar solemnity. The greetings which are expressed in every home, in every highway, and in many a house of God, re-echo the instinct which regards the future as "all unknown," and which wishes happiness to every one permitted to enter upon it. And yet, close reflection fails to find in the fact of an additional year being added to those which have passed from us a sufficient reason for the unusual stirring of affection, of interest, and of benediction which belong to the opening hours of a new January. The year is quite as new from February to February, or from July to July, or from December to December, as it is from January to January. Nor is this latter month glorified by such events as invest other periods with spiritual interest. The awful and searching solemnities of Lent; the inscrutable mystery and majesty of the Passion; the abiding glory and moral grandeur of the Resurrection, Ascension, and Session; the invigorating and illuminating dispensation of the Pentecost; and the impenetrable hidings of Deity in the Trinity, —these are celebrated in later months. Nor can it be reasonably denied that the stately procession of these events in the roll of the Christian year is helpful to individual faith; is expressive of corporate and continuous life; is admonitory to a hardened and a sceptical and a materialistic age. But New Year's Day rivals some of these days, as well in the width as in the intensity of popular sympathy. Some of this may be due to the softening influences which are produced by the renewed contemplation of the Incarnation. The analogies of life suggest and even strengthen the conviction that the world owes more to the manger bed of Bethlehem than the superficial and the precipitate are ready to own. The warmth of Christmas love has not died down when the New Year dawns—and this may help to explain what is now before us. But a far more prevailing reason is—we are solemnized by the flight of time, and whether it be religion, or conventionalism, or custom, or a real sense of the sacredness of opportunity, the fact remains that most of us array the New Year with an importance which is, for the time, all its own.

That importance does not affect us equally, nor does it affect all in the same way. The young view it differently from their seniors. The old view it differently from the middle-aged and from the young. The young, as a rule, live in the future. The unknown year is to them a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. Sunlight adorns field and flood and landscape. The birds are carolling in the air. There are song and melody and chorus everywhere. Young people live in the future. The old live in the past. Their music is now, for the most part, in the minor key. Sorrow has found them out. Disappointment has chastened

their imagination. Affliction has frozen their fancy. They look back. The farthest retrospect is the brightest scene in life's landscape. There are others no longer young, yet not old, who are descending the hill of life, in the light of the westering sun. They do not live in the future. They do not live in the past. The present is to them most precious. Old friends are still around them. Endearments still attract them. Change has not yet told heavily upon them. They have some of the elasticity of youth, and have no desire to become rigid with the fixity of age. Yet mid-life is full of gravity. Friends remain, but fewer. Every year diminishes their number, and increases the improbability of being able to supply the vacancies surely created by change, by death, by prosperity, by adversity. The isolation of prolonged old age is far off—but it is there. The voice of experience echoes the voice of the wise man,—"A friend loveth at all times." And all men like to be loved. But, with the New Year, the inquiry comes—How about affection towards me, or by me? How about the number and the nature of my friends? Shall I have less in 1890 than in 1889? less in 1891 than in 1890? Shall friends diminish and loving interest be less, precisely when I need both the more? Am I moving, year by year, towards old age, yea, towards very old age, uncomforted by friends who "love at all times," uncheered by solicitude which shares my sorrows and increases my joys? and shall I be soon alone, isolated, solitary, unloved, retrospect brightened by the meteors of memory, but saddened by the requiems rolling up from the dead past?

These reflections presuppose much. They assume that God has made us for each other. They accept it as proved and admitted that the heart requires a second heart. They repose upon the teaching of the best of Books that it is not, in any essential sense, good for man to be alone. Jonathan must love David. And even the adorable Redeemer of a lost world loved Martha and Mary and Lazarus, as well as the vigorous and contemplative St. John. If friendship be thus a strong factor in life, the question arises, is life always open to the acquisition of new friends? Are our opportunities for the formation of friendships abridged, as other opportunities assuredly are? Is a man as ready, as likely, as desirous to form friendships when he is, say, fifty years of age, as when he was forty, or thirty, or twenty? Shall I put what I regard as one of the gravest questions which may be raised—Is there a period in human life when a man ceases to make friends? In replying to this inquiry, certain broad conditions are to be remembered. A man in middle life may be compelled to sever himself from every association that once was dear. He may have to choose exile as his lot, and go to a strange land, "not knowing whither" he goes. Or a man may have to engage in a great struggle at home, even after he has seen fifty years. He may have to grapple with social, commercial, professional, political, or religious difficulties. The position may exclude him from the sympathetic countenance of his contemporaries. But it is conceivable that, in each of these cases, new and even devoted friends may be made, and most tenacious and reliable friendships may be formed. Other like conditions may be recognised as having similar happy possibilities. But, while admitting these exceptional cases, the wider generalization of the field of friendship seems to say that few persons make new friends after middle life has been reached; less love is bestowed upon others; less love is enjoyed by ourselves; and it is possible, awfully, really, terribly possible, to live to a period, and not a very advanced period, when no new friends are made.

Youth is, admittedly, the age in which most friendships are formed; few friendships remain, fewer still ripen. The affections are generous; the heart is trustful; the susceptibilities are tender, are open, and not yet taught to discriminate. But it must never be forgotten that the friendship of youth is very generally untested. There is, thus far, but little to strain it. There are confidences, mutual interchanges of thought, of plan, of purpose; and the friendship of youth is more subject to change than the friendship of any other period. While it lasts, it is a great reality. 'Tis a pity to blow upon it. The wind will be in the east soon enough. Meanwhile, let those who are in the springtime rejoice in their young love, but let them remember all the while that an untested friendship is not the ideal of the friend who "loveth at all times."

Manhood is the period in which other friendships are made, are tested, and are most valuable. The susceptibility of youth has been chastened by responsibility. The perilous generosity of early sympathy has been cultivated by the caution which alone comes of disappointment, of decep-

tion, of sorrow, of anguish. The struggles of brave men and of braver women have influenced those who contribute to their intensity, who witness their progress, who share their defeat or their victory. The strugglers become part of ourselves. We breathe their spirit; we love their love. When we do, we would not hide a secret from them. The confidences of an earlier and a more innocent age are shared in a nobler sphere. We trust such friends out and out. Their counsel is ours to get, without hesitation. We find ourselves, when absent from them, saying how much we would give for their presence, because their friendship has been formed on the basis of reason, in the element of experience, amid the vicissitudes, joyous and sombre, of life. They and we love at all times. But these conditions cannot be maintained for long. Few men can be, in the fray of life, after fifty, as they were before. And one result is that, except in special conditions, new and trusty friends are seldom made after that time. Thus, passing over many ideas which interpose, the fact which is suggested by every New Year is that, in proportion as old age seems likely to be increased, friendship is likely to be diminished.

This truth—attested in a thousand biographies, and illustrated in hundreds of thousands of lives—ought to influence every one to secure the friendship of Him Who deigns to call us friends, Who is beyond the influence of change, of vicissitude, of inconstancy. Jesus Christ has totalized humanity. This is admitted by all who accept the elevating sympathies of the gospel revelation. In this grand and essential verity another is involved. Christ has as certainly totalized the time of humanity as He has the nature of humanity. Time, as we know it, is expressed in life. Christ is the Friend of man in every period of his progressive life. He has succoured and has saved child life as much as He has succoured and saved adult life. Christ may be adored, blessed be His precious Spirit! by a child as passionately as by the hoary saint. Each can give but all each has to give. And the fulness of that Friendship is such that it touches infant life and child life. It strengthens the life of youth and of age. It solaces and it succours life when its zenith has passed, while it is richest and loveliest when, like the matchless effulgence of an Alpine glow, it bathes the calm evening of life's little day with a moral splendour which is a promise of the Sunrise of the First Resurrection—the great New Year of the Church which is His Body. Christ is "the Friend Who loveth at all times."

Old England: Pictures of English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER I.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, A.D. 1558.

ENGLAND breathed freely when Queen Mary was no more! The heavy gloom of her miserable reign was at once lifted! Men instinctively felt that the fires of Smithfield would be lit no more, that Englishmen would no longer be worried and tortured to become the slaves of Rome!

The whole nation rejoiced. Even Papists were sick of persecution. The accession of the Princess Elizabeth was like the sudden outburst of sunshine! the dawn of morning! the coming of summer!

For England already loved her. Men and women had had glimpses of her fair, open face in her girlhood. They had trembled for her safety when persecuted by the Romanists. They had longed for her amid the deepening depression of the last five years, spent under the rule of a woman whose un-English heart had never beaten in unison with that of her people.

The youth of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, had been overshadowed by her mother's fate. But sorrow had only made her prudent, not bitter. When her sister came to the throne, she had heartily supported her. She welcomed her at the gates of London, and sat by her side as she drove through the city.

When plot after plot was made against Mary, Elizabeth held loyally aloof from them. It needed all her tact to do so, and she failed to allay the jealous fears of the queen. Once, at least, her life was seriously in danger. Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy had failed. Vague hints had been thrown out by him which seemed to implicate her. Although, when at the point of death, he strongly asserted her innocence, she was summoned to London, and orders were issued to send her to the Tower. Having been ill, she was conveyed by slow stages to town. On entering the city, the covering of her litter was thrown back, and she was seen dressed in white, her face pale, but the expression lofty, scornful, and magnificent. She asked leave to send a few lines to the queen. They may be seen now, in the State Paper Office, written in a firm, clear hand. She protested her innocence, and begged permission to see her sister. "In late days," she touchingly observed, "I heard my Lord of Somerset say that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him, he had never suffered."* "I humbly crave," she continued, "to speak to your Highness, which I would not be so bold as to desire if I knew not myself most clear, as I know myself most true." The letter was sent, but no answer was returned. She was brought in a barge to the Tower. "I never thought to have come here as a prisoner," she said, and, turning to the soldiers, she added, "I pray you, my good fellows, bear me witness that I come in no traitor, and thereon will stake my death." She threw herself upon a wet stone, and when begged to come in out of the rain, she said, "Better here than in a worse place! I know not whither ye will bring me!" She fully expected to be executed, and asked whether the block upon which the head of Lady Jane Grey had fallen was still in the yard.

Whether Mary desired her death or not, England would not allow it. Lord High Admiral Howard threatened revenge if any harm were done her. After four or five weeks' confinement, it was found necessary to release her from the Tower. On the 19th of May she was taken thence up the river. She thought she was being taken to her death, but the people thought she was set free, and fired three salvoes of artillery for joy! Neither anticipation was correct. She was removed to Woodstock, where she remained closely guarded for a year. Thence she was summoned to Hampton Court, and sixty gentlemen, who had once belonged to her suite, rode out to attend upon her, but found that she was still to be treated as a prisoner. She was subsequently granted an interview with her sister, when she earnestly protested her innocence. "Sabe Dios!" [God knows], murmured Mary in Spanish, and dismissed her.

Elizabeth remained more or less in disgrace till the death of Mary, who was, however,

* The Earl of Somerset signed the death-warrant of his brother, the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord High Admiral of England, for high treason, in the reign of Edward IV.

obliged at last to acknowledge her as her rightful successor.

Now her day of liberty and glory had come! The week preceding her coronation had been spent, as usual, in the Tower. On Saturday, January 7, 1558, she was taken thence in state to Westminster. She was not one who often gave expression to her deeper feelings, yet, as she passed out in her carriage under the gates of the Tower, she stood still, looked up to heaven, and said,—

"O Lord, almighty and everlasting God, I give Thee most humble thanks that Thou hast been so merciful unto me as to spare me to behold this most joyful day; and I acknowledge that Thou hast dealt most wonderfully and mercifully with me. As Thou didst with Thy servant Daniel the prophet, when Thou deliveredst him out of the den, from the cruelty of the raging lions, even so I was overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered. To Thee, therefore, only be thanks, honour, and praise, for ever! Amen."

She then took her seat, passed through crowded streets, and under crowded balconies. Groups of children waited for her with their little songs. Poor women, winter though it was, flung nosegays into her lap. In Cheapside, the Corporation presented her with an English Bible. She kissed it, thanked the city for their goodly gift, and said she would diligently read therein.

"God save Queen Elizabeth! Long may she reign!" was the heartfelt cry which resounded from thousands of her people as she drove on to her palace.

CHAPTER II.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, A.D. 1558. DIFFICULTIES AND DANGERS.

THE first acts of Queen Elizabeth were wise. She chose for her secretary William Cecil, a good and able man, who had filled the same office for her brother, Edward VI. She appointed Sir Nicholas Bacon Keeper of the Great Seal. She early declared what her wishes were as regarded religion. Every man was to be free to hold what opinions he thought fit. There was to be no persecution. The only stipulation was that the Romish mass was not to be performed in the churches, and that the bishops and clergy were required to renounce the supremacy of the Pope, or to resign their dignities. Cranmer's Prayer-Book was to be used in the churches. She could not bring herself, however, to allow "Bloody Bonner," late Bishop of London, and chief instigator of the persecutions, to approach to kiss her hands!

Compared with our own days, the toleration she granted to the Roman Catholics was insufficient, for they were strictly forbidden the *public* performances of their religion, though *private* celebrations of the mass were often allowed to pass unnoticed. Compared with the days of Mary, and with the state of other countries, the toleration was large. In Spain 13,000 men, women, and children had been burnt as Protestants, and 170,000 more were racked and tortured. No Roman Catholics suffered for religion under Elizabeth until, unhappily, foreign influence tempted them to disloyalty.

The position of Elizabeth was lonely both as a woman and as a sovereign. She had no near relatives at home. Abroad all was perplexing. Philip, king of Spain, was still likewise emperor of Germany and Flanders. He considered himself the chief champion of Popery. The king of France had married Mary, queen of Scotland, and grand-daughter of Henry VII. of England. He refused to acknowledge Elizabeth as queen, and advanced the claim of Mary in her stead. The Pope was ready to excommunicate Elizabeth as soon as there seemed no chance of submission. The kings of France and Spain were alike ready to invade England, and were only withheld by their jealousy of each other. They thought it could be conquered with ease. "England is likened to a bone thrown between two dogs," wrote a foreign observer. At first, indeed, Philip wished to marry Elizabeth, whom he had always greatly admired. He took it for granted that it would be impossible for her to refuse such a magnificent offer as that of his hand, and charged his ambassador to explain to her that he could only marry her on condition of her restoring Popery in England. At first Elizabeth laughingly replied that she feared he would make a bad husband, and would run away from her to Spain, as he had done from her sister Mary, but afterwards she more gravely made her final answer, that the Pope could not make it lawful for her to marry her brother-in-law. Thereupon the ambassador warned her of the danger she would incur if Philip withdrew his friendship from

her. A threat always roused her spirit, and she answered, "My realm is not too poor, nor my people too faint-hearted to defend their liberties, and to protect their rights abroad."

Elizabeth loved her people,* and they in return adored her. When she was reminded how Philip had interceded for her with her sister, she thankfully acknowledged it, but proudly added that it was to the people of England she owed her real gratitude. The people had saved her from destruction. She would be the people's queen, and reign in their interest.

It makes one indignant even now to read of the language addressed to Elizabeth, and about her, by Philip and his ambassador They lectured her as if she were a schoolgirl, and when experience showed how utterly vain were their menaces, they looked upon her as insane. "You will be torn in pieces, and other princes will fall out about your garments," said the ambassador to her. "We must put a bit in the queen's mouth." "This woman is possessed with a hundred thousand devils," he wrote of her; "her embarrassments are as great as we could wish. They could not be greater."

Yet England's chief danger was at first more from France than from Spain.

The Protestant party in Scotland had risen in revolt against Mary of Guise, who ruled as regent for her daughter Mary in France. Under pretence of aiding her to subdue the rebellion, the French monarch sent a fleet to Scotland, and poured soldiers into the country. "Look to your affairs," said Elizabeth to the French ambassador, "and I will look to mine. Those armies and fleets of yours are not meant for Scotland only; your troops already at Leith are a match for the Scots." A storm scattered the fleet, but the danger was not past. The queen of France still styled herself queen of England. "You challenge our crown," wrote Elizabeth, "you deny our right to be queen. You snatch the pretext of a rebellion to collect your armies on our border, and you expect us to sit still like children!"

War was not declared against France, but the English did not "sit still like children." Elizabeth strained every nerve to increase the navy and strengthen the army. "It is a sight to see her exercising daily on a courser with the train bands in St. James's Park," wrote the Spanish ambassador.

Her ships under the gallant Admiral Winter out-manœuvred the French in the Forth. Her soldiers besieged the French at Leith. The foe was well matched. With gay courage the French soldiers hung garlands on May-day on the bastions, but, heroes though they were, they were forced to yield, and the regent was compelled to sign the Treaty of Leith. By this treaty the French bound themselves *never to send an army again into Scotland*, and the sovereignty of Elizabeth over England was acknowledged.

Soon after this Mary of Guise died, and not long afterwards her son-in-law, the king of France, was accidentally killed at a tournament. His young widow Mary determined to return to Scotland, and asked Elizabeth's leave to land in England, and travel through her dominions to Scotland. But at the same time Mary refused to sign the Treaty of Leith, and it would have been absurd to allow her, a rival claimant to the English crown, to pass through the country, and thus attract the Roman Catholics to herself. She was not, therefore, allowed to land in England, and sailed direct to Leith.

* By the word "people" should be understood *the whole nation*, comprising all classes from the lowest to the highest. It is a mistake to confine the meaning of the word to the lower classes alone.

Incidents in Missionary Life.

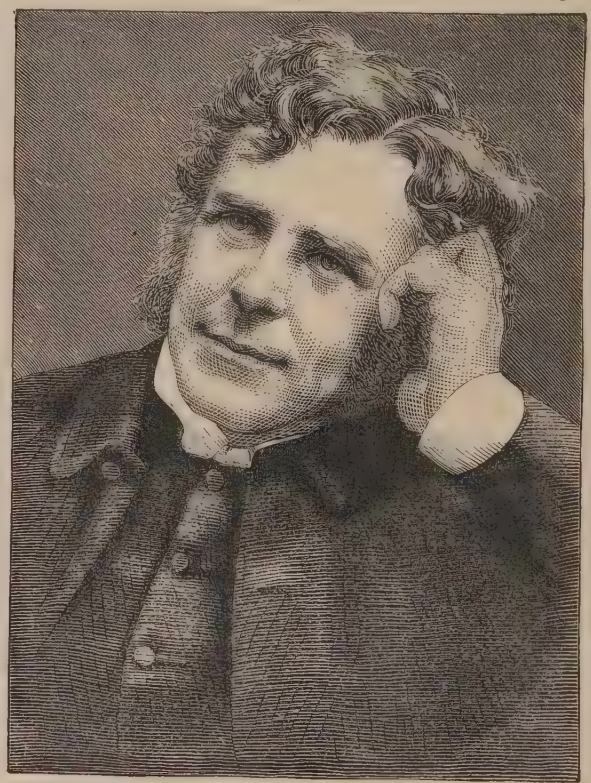
A Bible colporteur once stopped to read and pray with a dying youth, and several others in the house heard him speaking of eternal things. After seven years he had again occasion to visit the same neighbourhood, and a woman greeted him joyfully with the tidings that she had long been a believer, and her daughters and her son were also converted. The colporteur's words long since had led them to seek the Saviour.

The Best Testimony. — An Englishman at Ningpo asked a Chinaman worshipping in his mission room if he had ever heard the gospel before. "I have not *heard* it," he said, "but I have *seen* it. I knew one who used to be the terror of his neighbourhood, shouting and cursing for two days and nights without ceasing. He was a bad opium-smoker, and like a wild beast, till the religion of Jesus Christ took hold of him; then he became wholly changed. He is now gentle and not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good."

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

THE RIGHT REVEREND THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

THERE are few men upon the Bench of Bishops more popular than the subject of our sketch. Dr. Boyd Carpenter is well known, both in London and the provinces, as one of the Church's greatest orators. The Bishopric of Ripon is not a very old one, the present being the third prelate who has held sway in this densely populated diocese. But, young as the diocese is, it requires a great amount of energy to cope with its pressing calls. And it is a striking instance of his singular ability that Bishop Carpenter's two predecessors have been men of great vigour and profound learning.



From Photograph by Messrs. Fradelle, Regent Street, W.

Many of our readers will recall with pleasure the memory of Dr. Longley, who, after a brilliant career, was made the first Bishop of Ripon, only to be removed shortly afterwards to the more important see of Durham—the see of the "Prince Bishops." He was again translated—this time to the archiepiscopal see of York, but only to be again promoted. This time his promotion took the highest shape the Church of England had to offer, namely, the Primacy of all England, as Archbishop of Canterbury.

The second of Dr. Carpenter's predecessors was Bishop Bickersteth, whose noble life and work is too well known to our readers to need more than a passing reference here. So long as the diocese exists it will ever remain a lasting memorial of his patient perseverance, and a lesson to all of what implicit faith in God and loyal adherence to the grand old evangelical truths of the Church of England may accomplish.

Bishop Boyd Carpenter was educated at Cambridge, where he took his degree as "Senior opt" in 1864. In the following year he was ordained deacon by Archbishop Longley, whose successor he has now become.

In 1870, when he was only thirty years old, he was appointed to the living of St. James's, Holloway, the pulpit of which is now occupied by the Rev. E. A. Stuart. So young was he considered for so important a post, that grave anxiety was felt amongst his friends lest he should be found to be unequal to the heavy duties which the appointment entailed; but how far those fears were groundless was amply shown by his marked success.

After nine years spent in this parish,—nine years of hard but loving toil in the Master's service,—he was offered and accepted the living of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. This was in 1879. It was here that he began to make his ever-growing reputation as one of the most eloquent propounders in the Established Church of those grand old gospel truths which it has ever been his object in life to teach, and, we may add, to be taught. It will be a long time before those crowded congregations, that thronged Sunday

after Sunday the pews and aisles of the church during his ministry, forget those burning words of his which seemed to flow in an irresistible flood from the very heart and soul of the earnest preacher.

In 1884 he was appointed Bishop of Ripon, where his painstaking work and the sincerity of his character soon made him deservedly popular. Like all good men, his lordship is by no means unsociable or melancholy in his private life.

It may possibly surprise some of our readers to learn that his lordship smokes.

The following good story is told of his lordship. On one occasion, when he was visited by a friend, he was found in the garden smoking a pipe.

"At the idol again!" said his friend.

"Yes," replied the Bishop, with becoming gravity; "I'm *burning* it."

ERIC VANDAL.

Our Church and Parish.

"MY good sir, it is no use your talking to me, because I am quite sure the Church is dead. Take my own parish, for example: we have a sleepy old vicar, no curate, a church nearly empty, no visiting done, no parish meetings—in fact, we are dead; yes, sir, dead as mutton."

So spoke Charles Grumblington to his friend John Hopeful. They had been discussing the spiritual condition of the Church generally. John Hopeful had avowed his belief that the Church was teeming with life on every hand, whereupon Charles Grumblington disputed his assertion in the way just stated.

Now, it is quite true that in the parish of —— things were not quite what they should have been, but the blame was not always assigned to the right quarter.

The "sleepy old vicar" was, in fact, most unjustly accused. He had been parson of the parish for many long years, and had officiated at more christenings, weddings, and funerals than I should like to say. But, like the rest of us, he grew older as time went on, and his energy was not what it once was; although in his earnestness there was no falling off.

Now there are always plenty of carping critics ready to assail the parish clergyman, and Mr. Grumblington, who had a prejudice in favour of the chapel, never lost an opportunity of finding fault with the Church.

In blaming the vicar, he was, however, doing a great injustice, for this good man was working as hard as his strength could permit. The real blame for what our friend Grumblington called "the dead and alive" condition of the parish, rested more with those good folk who were so perfectly well assured of their own salvation that they thought little and cared nothing how their less fortunate brethren fared, than with the vicar.

Time after time the vicar had pleaded with them from the pulpit to lend him a helping hand. There were classes in the Sunday school without teachers; there were districts in the parish without visitors; there was a Band of Hope without helpers; there was a penny bank without a manager; there was a library without a librarian—in fact, there were opportunities in abundance for those who desired to do some little work for God.

But the vicar's appeal went unheeded, and it was left to him and his family to manage these organizations as well as they could by themselves. Taking all things into consideration, it was wonderful that they were able to get through so much as they did; and this "sleepy old vicar," instead of being made a butt for the shots of Mr. Grumblington and his friends, was deserving of their highest praise.

There are other districts besides the parish of —— that might be, and often are, described as being in an extremely unhealthy condition, so far as Christian work is concerned. In some instances, no doubt, the fault does rest with the incumbent, but I am persuaded that in nine cases out of ten the blame is not due to the lethargy of the vicar, but to the want of sympathy and interest shown by the people.

In these papers on "Our Church and Parish," it is proposed to deal with a variety of topics connected therewith, that affect every member of the Church of England, and it seemed fitting that the first of the series should be devoted to the important subject of lay co-operation.

We Churchmen do not, as a rule, take nearly sufficient interest in our Church. The liberality

of our forefathers has relieved us of much of the responsibility of providing the clergyman's stipend, and we go to church week after week, expecting to find a comfortable seat, to join in a hearty service, and to hear a good sermon, without giving a thought to the difficulties and trials our clergyman has to encounter during the week.

This is not at all a healthy state of things. Every true and loyal Churchman and Churchwoman ought to be in some way or other a church helper. It is not every one who can become a Sunday-school teacher or a district visitor, but every one can do *something*. My friend, I want to ask you, what are *you* doing? "Oh, I have no time," you answer; "but I give to the offertory, and I sometimes pray 'God bless our parish.'" Really! Well, it is very good of you, I am sure. But do you think your prayer is worth very much when you do nothing to help the parish to gain a blessing? Do you think your threepenny-pieces and your prayers are acceptable to God when, time after time, you turn a deaf ear to the appeals that are made to you for a little active work?

In every parish there are little lambs that need to be brought to the Good Shepherd: will *you* not bring them? There are sick and suffering ones, who are sad and weary for want of a kind and loving word: will *you* not speak it? There are men and women living in wickedness and sin, and altogether indifferent to the judgment that awaits them: will *you* not warn them? There are others burdened and weary—laden with an evil conscience, but know not how or where to obtain rest and peace: will *you* not tell them?

"No," you repeat, "I cannot. I have no time. It's the parson's work: he's paid to do it, and he must do it." Very well, so be it. But remember there is a day coming, when, as surely as you are reading these lines, you will see the sad look on the Saviour's face, and hear His terrible words: "Inasmuch as ye did it not . . . ye did it not to Me."

But I am sure that it is not every one who will say No. There are some who will rejoice to take even a small share in helping their clergyman in his work. To such I would say, Go to your vicar, tell him you want to do something to help him if you can, and he will be a strange man indeed if he does not find you suitable work. But in all we do let us work as unto God, and then, no matter how humble our sphere of duty may be, we shall be cheered by the Saviour's words, "Ye did it unto Me." H. C. H.

Thoughts on Happiness.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

THERE are few things which man is so slow to believe as the truth about the way to be happy.

Come and stand with me some afternoon in the heart of the city of London. Let us watch the faces of most of the wealthy men, whom we shall see leaving their houses of business at the close of the day. Some of them are worth hundreds of thousands: some of them are worth millions of pounds. But what is written in the countenances of these grave men whom we see swarming out from Lombard Street and Cornhill, from the Bank of England and the Stock Exchange? What mean those deep lines which furrow so many a cheek and so many a brow? What means that air of anxious thoughtfulness which is worn by five out of every six we meet? Ah, these things tell a tale. They tell us that it needs something more than gold and bank notes to make men happy.

Come next and walk with me through some quiet country parish in merry England. Let us visit some secluded corner in our beautiful old fatherland, far away from great towns, and fashionable dissipation and political strife. There are not a few such to be found in the land. There are rural parishes where there is neither street, nor public-house, nor beer-shop,—where there is work for all the labourers, and a church for all the population, and a school for all the children, and a minister of the Gospel to look after the people. Surely, you will say, we shall find happiness here! Surely such parishes must be the very abodes of peace and joy! Go into those quiet-looking cottages, one by one, and you will soon be undeceived. Learn the inner history of each family, and you will soon alter your mind. You will soon discover that backbiting, and lying, and slandering, and envy, and jealousy, and pride, and laziness, and drinking, and extravagance, and lust, and petty quarrels, can murder happiness in the country quite as much as in the town. No doubt a rural village sounds pretty in poetry, and looks beautiful in pictures; but in sober reality human nature is the same evil thing everywhere. Alas, it needs something more than a residence in a quiet country parish to make any child of Adam a happy man!

Bible Questions.*

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, M.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. I. The Lion.

1. What countries does the Bible speak of as the home of this king of the forest?
2. Where do we read of (1) the lion's strength, (2) courage, and (3) fierceness?
3. Where are the following characteristics alluded to, viz. (1) "lying in wait," (2) "crouching," (3) stealthily creeping forth at night, and (4) leaping on the prey?
4. We read of three men who killed lions, of two who for disobedience were killed by lions, and of one whom lions hurt not. Who were they?
5. Of which tribe was the lion the symbol and device?
6. What use did Solomon make of this emblem of strength and sovereignty in the decorations of his palace and the temple?
7. The lion is an emblem of Jesus. Why?
8. Satan is also described as a lion. Why?
9. From whom do the young lions seek their meat?
10. To whom will God give the boldness and courage of this noble and generous yet terrible beast?

Remember the Birds.

DO you ever feed the birds in the cold weather? They are always so thankful, even for a few crumbs, that I cannot think how any one can bear to throw away the least bit of bread! They must surely forget that, although the Lord Jesus was able to feed five thousand people by a miracle, He would not allow *anything* to be lost. Whenever I know of a handful of crumbs being wasted, I feel as if some poor little bird had been defrauded of a hearty meal.

Last winter six dear little sparrows came every morning to have their breakfast with my fowls. They were very punctual birds, and never were late for breakfast. Every morning I found them waiting and watching for me.

In the spring, a pair of them built a nest in a corner of the carriage-house, and still continued coming for their breakfast long after the warm weather had made the others feel quite independent of me. My two particular little friends I christened Mr. and Mrs. Chip. When their young ones were hatched, it was very amusing to watch Mr. Chip. He used to pick up a grain of corn and fly with it in his beak to the nest, and when they saw him coming his children always opened their mouths, and began squealing loudly till he gave it to one of them, and flew away for more. In his eagerness to attend to them, he scarcely seemed to think about his own breakfast.

One day, when they were big enough to leave the nest, two of them followed him into the yard, and while he was picking up the grain for them they ran after him, flapping their wings, and calling out for it in rather a rude manner. But he never grew at all angry with them. Mrs. Chip was such a quiet, retiring little creature, that I never could get so well acquainted with her as with Mr. Chip, who was rather a bold, impudent fellow. I had not seen anything of either of them, however, for a long time, till a few mornings ago, when they came to breakfast as usual. They had not received an invitation, but they knew they would be welcomed.

* Answers to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of Publishers, 12 Paternoster Row, London.

Our Young Men.

ON CHOOSING A CALLING.

WHAT shall I become? Every lad has asked himself this question, years before there has been any probability of being able to solve the problem. A problem it certainly is, and its solution becomes more difficult every day, when we remember the great struggle that goes on, not only in London, but in almost every large town, for a bare existence.

It cannot be too clearly understood that for unskilled labour, whether in the counting-house, the workshop, or elsewhere, the supply is many times greater than the demand. An employer has only to advertise for what he wants in this way, and he will receive at least a score of applications for the vacancy.

This is a grave fact that no one interested in the welfare of the country can afford to overlook. But the remedy, unfortunately, is not so apparent. The evil can, however, be minimized by every young man endeavouring to make himself proficient in some special branch of workmanship. What is sadly needed is a considerable reduction in the vast army of mere clerks, in the multitude of men who have no speciality of their own, no qualification, in fact, to distinguish them from the rest of their fellows.

Young men, on entering life, should resolve to make themselves useful, and should set before themselves a high ideal. They may not always be able to realize that ideal, but ambition, when tempered and sanctified by a firm resolve to do one's duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call one, is often stimulating, and always useful.

In a paper of this kind one cannot enlarge upon details. It must be left pretty much to local circumstances to determine whether a lad shall be a tinker or tailor, clerk or carpenter, musician or mechanic. He and his friends must choose in what calling of life he is to get his living; but the point I am most anxious to press home is this: the supreme importance of a young fellow acquiring special knowledge, if he desire ever to rise above the ordinary level of a clerk or labourer, earning a miserable pittance of a few shillings a week.

There are, however, one or two thoughts of a general character that suggest themselves in the consideration of this topic.

1. The first thing I would say to young men just starting in life is, that whatever calling they may adopt, *stick to it.* A rolling stone gathers no moss, neither will a young man who is constantly going from office to office, or from workshop to workshop, do any good for himself or his employer. It not unfrequently happens that a lad, unable to determine his own course at the time, becomes tired and dissatisfied with the occupation that has been found for him by his parents or friends, and at once endeavours to find what he hopes to be a more congenial sphere of work. Such a course is to my mind a deplorable mistake. There are exceptions, of course, but I am persuaded that, as a general rule, a young man will do better by sticking to the uncongenial task and doing his best, rather than by throwing it up for another post elsewhere. I am not sure that it is always a healthy sign when our work is easy, pleasant, and straightforward. Work that is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and no really valuable work can be accomplished without anxiety, labour, and trouble. Work was never intended to be all child's play. The man who would succeed in life must be ready to endure hardness. My advice to young men, therefore, is, that when once they have chosen their calling, stick to it.

2. The second thing I would suggest to them is, having chosen their calling, and being determined to stick to it, let them *go in and win.* "Easier said than done, my good friend," perhaps some one remarks. To say it, I know, is easy enough, but I believe its accomplishment is not so difficult as many would make out. If young fellows would only go about their work in earnest, they would be sure to succeed. The man who climbs to the top of the tree the most quickly is he who works from his employer's point of view rather than from his own. This is a quality that is unfortunately very rare, as the least experience within the workshops and offices of our large towns will show, but where it does exist the employer quickly recognises and rewards it. The *employé*

may be a dullard, but if he have an eye to his master's interests he must get on. Young men, determine, I beg of you, in whatever calling of life you may be, to "go in and win," and not to be content with always occupying the lowest positions in life. There is richer fruit higher up the tree, and this may be brought within your reach if *you* will only work in earnest, and seek to elevate your own position.

3. But remember that nothing can be done without *perseverance*. That is the third rule that every young man should apply to his own conduct in business. How often men slip and fall in their struggle to reach the top of the tree, but he is the successful man who picks himself up, and cheerfully begins to climb again. Perseverance, stability, application,—these are the qualities that go to make up a thorough man of business, but unfortunately they are just the virtues that are most lacking in the young men of our time. Yet they are not difficult to acquire; they are within the reach of all. Depend upon it, the laurels will be won only by those who practise them.

4. Another rule that should find a very high place in a young man's code is *industry*. It is astonishing what a vast amount of work can be got through by the man who is patiently industrious. I know of more than one case, of men who are now earning large salaries, who but fifteen years ago began life on five shillings a week. How have they got on? They were not clever, and their friends generally regard them as very much over-rated men. Their success is due in a large measure to their unfailing industry. They have never minded working early or late if the necessity has arisen, and, while some of their fellow-clerks passed their evenings at the theatre, the music hall, or some other place of gaiety, they were diligently plodding on, seeking to improve the shining hour. The result is that they have now far outstripped their companions in the race of life.

5. The strictest *integrity* is another sure and safe rule that a young man should—nay, must—follow, if he would succeed. There should be cultivated in every man a positive horror of defrauding any one of so much as the value of a pin's head. Honesty, I know, is said to be the best policy, but it always seems to me that such a proverb appeals to the worst part of man's nature: he must be honest for honesty's sake, and not because it is expedient.

6. Finally, I would say to my young friends, if you want to succeed, *work for eternity*. There is a day coming when you and I will have to give an account of our stewardship. Let us take care that our conduct in business is such that it will stand the test of the blazing light of heaven. We have a higher Master to serve than any earthly employer, and if we go about our daily work, seeking to do it as unto Him, I am quite sure there will be little reason for fault-finding by those set over us in business. My brothers, work for eternity; let the guiding power of every action be the thought, Is it fit to be reproduced in heaven?

These few hints that I have ventured to give "our young men" are exceedingly simple, and they may be acted upon by any one. I speak from experience when I say that they will be found useful and profitable. The average man is not a genius: we are mostly persons of two talents, but with perseverance, industry and integrity, sanctified by a sense of the service we owe to God, these two may become other two, and we shall hear the gracious and encouraging words, "Well done!" H. C. H.

Old and New Year's Thanksgiving.*

HEAVENLY Father, standing here
At the closing of the year,
Looking o'er the varied way
Thou hast led me day by day,
Nothing, nothing can I see
But Thy faithful love to me,
And o'er all Thy works and ways
Write but one inscription—Praise.

Heavenly Father, standing here
At the threshold of the year,
I commit my way to Thee,
Knowing not what it may be;
Only sure that it will prove,
Like the past, Thy faithful love;
Therefore o'er Thine unknown ways
I inscribe already—Praise.

* From "With Him for Ever," by E. R. V. Nisbet & Co.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY NOT?"

"Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light."

"NONE can steer among 'rocks ahead' like the one at the helm," said the Rev. Clement Leslie, late rector of Lynwood. "And take my word for it, Cyril, that you, as my successor, will do more good in two years than I have done in ten. Your purpose-like and practical turn of mind will be an excellent pilot, and I am convinced you will be a far wiser navigator than I could ever have been, in this difficult school matter."

"You are hard on yourself, Clement; on the contrary, your cautious handling of the wheel has in it less of risk."

Mr. Leslie smiled. "My feeble attempt to please all parties, you mean. Ah, it does not *always* answer 'to wait the turn of the tide.' But come, let us take a farewell stroll on the terrace this fair evening. See! the old church has crowned itself with a halo, and even the dark yew trees glisten in the sunset—beautiful old trees, Cyril, and faithful sentinels, while I—"

"Yes, while *you* would have done good service to your generation by cutting down a select number and allowing *some* light to find entrance into the church."

"Practical as usual," said the late rector. "I have long felt that the axe must be at work there, but I have not had courage to give the order; neither could I consent to our Squire's request to cut off the rich mass of ivy on the tower. Look at it at this moment. What fine colouring!"

"I am no artist like yourself, Clement, and I deny the right of your ivy to stop the parish clock."

"Ah, that was a daring act, I must confess," said Mr. Leslie, with a smile; "and I hear the trespasser did not wait until the quarter had chimed, making the Squire himself late for the service; but I admire the hardy climber, and should, even now, have no heart to cut him down."

"Yet there are two fine windows in the tower," remarked Cyril Trevor quietly, "lost to sight, and known only to the jackdaw family, who find pleasant entrance by their means into the belfry."

Mr. Leslie laughed. "I can mentally see the axe in your hand already, and I foresee, among

other changes, that at Lynwood there will be light both within and without the church at last! I trust," he added gravely, "that it will reach even to the hamlet of Wildermoor, which I have long had reason to call 'the dark hamlet.'"

Cyril turned towards the hill underneath which the hamlet of Wildermoor lay hidden in ominous shadow.

"Yes!" said the late rector, with a sigh; "the glory of the evening refuses to rest there, and upon my own mind is the gloomy thought that I leave it as godless as I found it ten years ago."

"Sometimes," replied Cyril, "the progress towards a better life is almost imperceptible; yet there is movement even in the 'Mer de Glace,' Clement."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Leslie, "and if you call good intentions, purposes, and excuses worth mentioning as a sign of 'movement,' then there has been some advance towards the light; but in my own mind I feel more anger than grief, and little hope, as I recall them. In winter, 'the impassable roads,' in summer, 'the heat.' Ah, those excuses, Cyril! they lie before me now like a heap of stones, which I, in my weakness, have been unable to remove. If I take up one of them—"

"You had better lay it down," interrupted Mr. Trevor cheerfully,—"leave it where the Pilgrim did; and, believe me, you are not alone in your experience. Those vacant seats in our churches cause many a sigh, and much anxious questioning; I remember when they conveyed to my mind personal reproach also, for I believed, at that time in my life, that persevering effort must necessarily be followed by success."

Clement smiled. "May I ask where *you* learnt the wholesome lesson of failure?"

"Under the tuition of a certain Mrs. Martha Tregarnock," he replied. "My first introduction to her name was in a tattered Prayer-Book at Heatherley church. Half the Psalms were gone, and the whole of the Litany, but 'Martha Tregarnock, Gorse Hill Farm,' remained fresh as ever on the cover; she certainly had not worn it out by use, and, never having seen the owner of the book at church, I set off to visit her. I found her at home, and had every opportunity of approaching the subject of church-going as easily and pleasantly as I intended, but, although I did this warily, Mrs. Tregarnock's quick ear caught my purpose, and with ready fence she turned each sentence, or warded off the point of each remark.

"This would not do, so I changed my tactics, and made a direct appeal to conscience, and the duty laid upon me to bring these things to her remembrance.

"'*Quite* right, sir!' she said, drawing her needle leisurely through the corn sack she was mending. '*Quite, quite* right! it *is* your business to speak on these matters. Pray say what you think proper. *Why* not?'

"'You are in no way disabled,' I continued. 'You can attend the weekly market, five miles away. Health and ability are therefore given you.'

"'Certainly!' she replied; 'I have excellent health, and it is wonderful that at my time of life I have neither an ache nor a pain; and can manage my business as well as ever I did. I might have been laid aside; I might indeed! Why *not?*'

"'Because,' I said earnestly, 'time and opportunity have been given you.'

"'So they have, sir, and I do not forget it.' And, laying her hand on a green baize-covered book beside her, she added, 'I am an excellent reader, and I read *at home*. Why not?'

"'No home duties should take the place of the command "not to forsake the assembling of yourselves together,"' I replied.

"'Well, Mr. Trevor, you have been appointed to look after these things, and you are no doubt wishful to go through with it. Pray call again—most happy to see you. Why not? But just at this moment, you perceive, I have my own business to attend to. My waggoner is waiting for these sacks.'

"'My good friend,' I said, 'what can be more entirely your *own* business than the subject we are now discussing?'

"'Ah, just so!' said Mrs. Tregarnock, counting the sacks on the floor. 'Two—four—six. Well, some day you and I can begin again where we left off. Why not?—why *not?* Eight—ten—twelve. Good-morning, sir! good-morning!'

"You may think my first failure a pitiful one, yet I can assure you my ardour was more effectually damped by Mrs. Tregarnock's complacent 'Why not?' than by any direct opposition I have met with since."

"I can imagine it," replied Mr. Leslie. "Ah, how we mourn over unsuccessful work! how disheartened we allow ourselves to become!

while the Great Worker, who had to fight His way, as it were, to our help, left such an example of undaunted courage! I always think there is a touch of consolation in the lines—

'Alas for thee, Jerusalem, how cold thy heart to me!
How often in these arms of love would I have gathered thee;
My sheltering wing had been thy shield, my love thy happy lot.
I would it had been thus with thee—I *would*—but thou *would'st not.*'"

Cyril made no reply, and a disturbed expression passed over his face. "Tell me about your efforts in the 'dark hamlet,'" he said at length; "for indeed, Clement, I am sure you tried more than with mere words to win them."

"You are right," replied Mr. Leslie; "we had special services, to which they were invited. 'Readings' in the schoolroom, provident clubs, classes, and perhaps I might mention gifts. Among other things, my father met a season of much poverty—from the effects of a hard winter—by timely help; while he also erected a useful stone building as a coal depot, allowing small quantities to be bought at a wholesale price. But why speak of these things, since no worthy result followed them?"

"*Why not?*" said Mr. Trevor. "It is useful to learn what kind of weapons fail, when one has to renew the attack."

"I think," continued Mr. Leslie, "if one could buy up all the fruit in Wildermoor, and send it *right off*, there would be some chance of getting at these people. As it is, they spend the Sunday in meeting at each other's houses, to drink the produce of those fruitful orchards; and the result is such as I have described,—carelessness, ungodliness, and a forsaken church."

"I met with one of the Wildermoor parishioners in my walk this morning," remarked Cyril. "He seemed an intelligent man, and I should suppose of some importance in his position. One Anthony Hiles."

Clement laughed. "You are right: he has been a great leader in the chapel of Primitive Methodists in that place; but I believe he is not in high favour among them at the present time. I have no doubt you heard some of his seafaring experiences, in most of which he is a notable hero."

"I wish I had," replied Cyril; "it would have been more interesting than a long story about the purchase of some land, and the price he paid for it."

"Then I am under the necessity of repeating one of Master Hiles' anecdotes of the sea, as I think it will give you a fair insight into his character, and aid you in your future intercourse.

"The point of the story is not contained in the graphic description of a storm at sea, the cry of 'Rocks ahead!' in the driving mist, and the wild terror of the crew, but in Anthony's *own share* in the skilful management of the vessel, as the captain took the responsible place of pilot—

"'"Take the lantern, Tony; hold it steady! Drop it—and *we are lost!*"

"'Then, to see the rocks we steered through—the black o'erhanging rocks we were driven towards—the sunken reefs we passed by a hair's-breadth! It was,' said Anthony, 'the wonder of the British Navy and the admiral himself! But captain and I—we did it sure enough!—and we brought the *Bellerophon* safe into harbour that night!

"'"It's all right, Tony," said the captain; "you held the lantern steady—and here we are!"'"

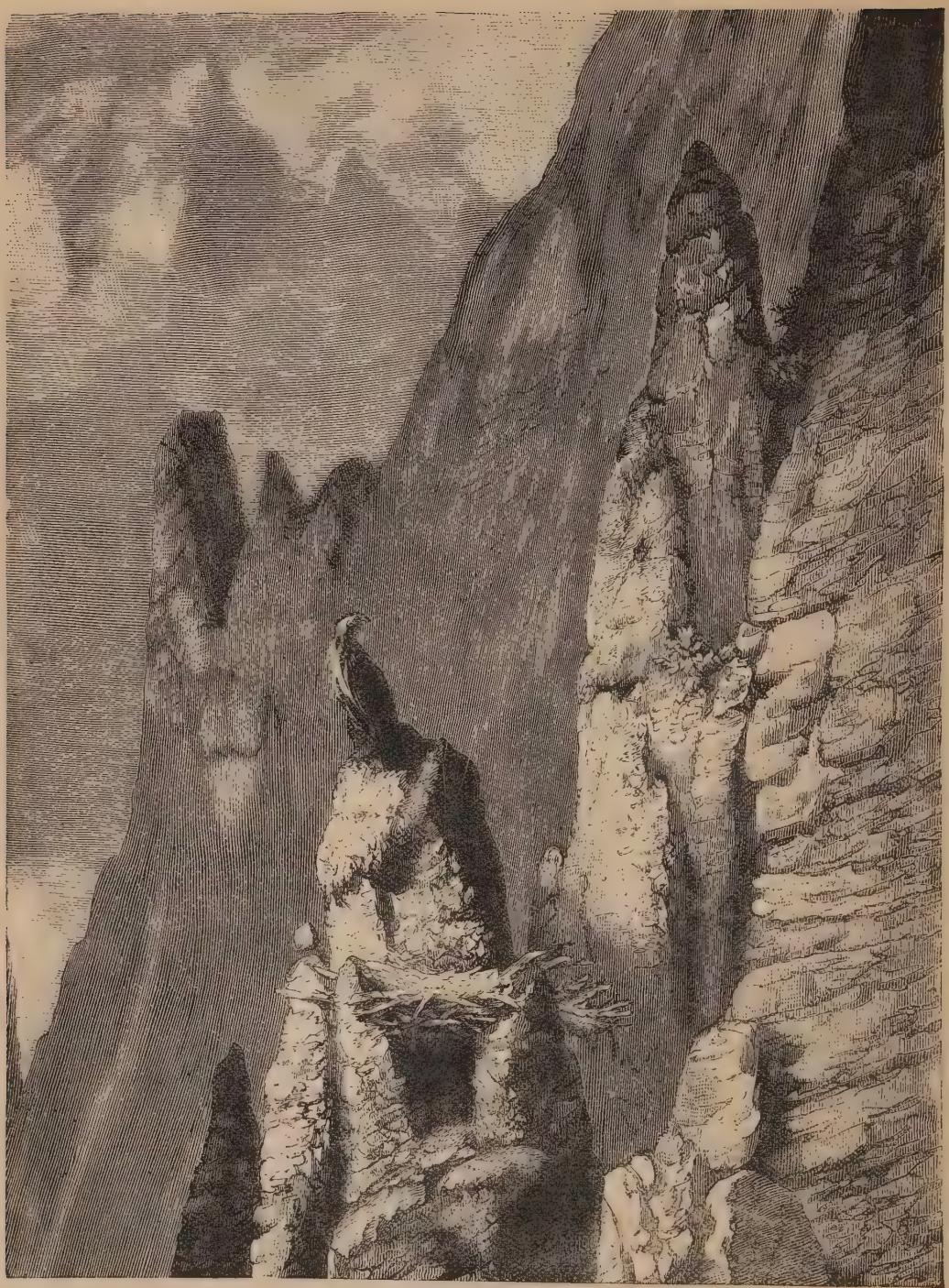
Cyril's face gave an answering smile, though he was fast becoming burdened with his new parish, but he had soon laid all disquieting thoughts at the feet of the Chief Shepherd, and was ready with cheerful response when his friend turned the subject to the bright side of the picture, contrasting his sweet and sunny Lynwood with the "dark hamlet" under the hill.

"You will find enough to cheer your heart in and around the old church, dear Cyril," he said. "And forgive me if I have dwelt unwisely upon my own difficulties and discouragements; but indeed I trust and believe you will succeed where I have failed."

A quiet smile passed over Cyril's face, but he only pointed to the golden sunset, and replied, "At evening time it shall be light."

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

Sunday, December 1st.—Acts iv. 32.
Sunday, December 8th.—Benaiah. (2 Samuel xxiii. 20.)
Sunday, December 15th.—Jehu. (2 Kings ix. 24.)
Sunday, December 22nd—Haman. (Esther vii. 10.)
Sunday, December 29th.—Acts ii. 42.



THE EAGLE.—*Page* 43.

FEBRUARY.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER III.

THE SQUIRE SEES HIS LAST FOX.

NEARLY three months had passed away since Arthur's departure for Harrow. Dreary months for the most part for the Squire, notwithstanding the fact that the hunting season was in full swing. The Rector had had his talk with Squire Maxton about a Young Men's Institute, and had also succeeded in persuading Joseph Barton to favour the scheme; and in fact the Institute had become an established thing, much to the joy of the Rector and the benefit of the young men of the village.

Squire Maxton had taken but little interest in the hunting season. He had not done more than attend one or two "breakfasts," and then stayed to see the hounds "throw off." But he was obliged to come out of his shell on the occasion of the "meet" taking place at the Grange. But this he did very reluctantly. He would really have begged off, but Joseph Barton would not hear of such a thing. It had not gone unnoticed that the Squire had been looking very dispirited of late, and Barton was determined to do his best to cheer him up.

The meet took place at the Grange. There was a lively company, the weather was all that could be desired, and every one was cheerful, except the Squire. Joseph Barton was the last to arrive. He came up on his grey mare, humming a hunting tune, and looking the picture of good health and good temper.

His arrival was the signal for starting. The huntsman "wound his horn;" the dogs, rolling one over another in their hurry, ambled away joyfully down the drive; a "swirl" and scrambling of horses' hoofs, and the merry company galloped away to the king of sports. But, alas! no sooner had a find been made, and the hounds got into "full cry," than a sad accident happened. At the first hedge the Squire's horse stumbled, plunged, fell heavily, and he was violently thrown over the hedge, falling on his head.

The chase was practically abandoned. One by one the sportsmen gathered up to the scene of the accident. Joseph Barton was the first to gain the spot, and he saw at once that the case was fatal. He held up a warning hand to the others, and immediately there was a death-like stillness, which was broken only by the occasional bay of the hounds in the distance. Squire Maxton had seen his last fox, and every one present knew it. Death was written on his face. Joseph Barton raised him gently in his arms.

"See, Joseph," he said, pointing to his old horse Nimrod,—"fine old beast, Joseph. He has carried me for many years, and now he has given me my last ride. Why do they all stand round? Don't spoil the day's work, Barton.

I've seen my last fox! 'The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord.' But don't let me stop you all. Where's the whip? Why doesn't he get the dogs up?"

For a moment a sharp twinge of pain passed over his face, but it soon disappeared, giving place to a calm, peaceful smile. He took Joseph Barton by the hand. "Joseph," he whispered, "I'm going to die as I have lived, a fox-hunter. Now I am going to die in harness. . . . You know, Joseph, I always wanted to die in harness."

"You mustn't talk so much," said Barton; "you will do yourself harm."

"Here, Barton, give him a little brandy," said Squire Mycroft, handing his flask. "You must not let him die;" and, turning away, he buried his face in his coat sleeve and sobbed most piteously.

"No, Joseph," said the Squire, as Barton held the flask up to his lips,—"no, it is too late. Tell Arthur all about it. Tell him I am going on before—he and Anna will be left"—

There was a long silence, broken only by an occasional sigh, and the piteous whine of one or two of the hounds gifted with prophetic instinct.

"Ah, Rover, boy, you are sounding my death-knell."

The end was near, and all knew it. The old man could not last more than a few minutes.

"Hark! Hu—sh—hu—sh! Do you hear? Can't hunt to-day—it's getting dark. Fox gone home—we must all go home—I'm going, Joseph. Oh, it's so close!—I'm choking. Get on, old horse. Oh dear! he won't move, and those trees are suffocating me. See! push them back, Joseph! they are all marching up to me. Help! Whip! Jack! Help!"

He clutched Joseph Barton's hand, and struggled vainly to press back the imaginary trees.

A few moments of mortal agony—then—"Home at last." All was calm; his head sank heavily on his breast, the outstretched hand fell listlessly to the ground, and all was over; his spirit had taken its homeward flight, and the shell of Squire Maxton was left in the arms of Joseph Barton, cut off in the prime of his life, and leaving behind a son and daughter to mourn the loss of their father, and, alas! as will be seen, unprovided for.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

THE young Rector rapidly gained popularity, not only in the village, but throughout Scardale. The labouring men especially, as they themselves phrased it, "took to him uncommonly." And on Sunday evenings in the summer-time his church was often filled to overflowing, many finding their way there from the surrounding villages. But he was not without enemies in the village. There were those who were always trying to find sinister motives in the changes which he brought about. I suppose it always will be so. And notably among these was the schoolmaster, and the only reason which he had for hating the Rector was this, that changes for the better had been made in the school. The fact of the matter was, that the schoolmaster had a dreadful temper, and during the reign of the old Rector he had been allowed to do as he liked in the school. This was now altered. One of the first things Swindon did on his arrival in the parish was to take over the Scripture lessons every morning, and, further, to keep a very close watch on the method of teaching adopted in the school. The system of "flogging," which had been carried on by Brown—the schoolmaster—in truly military style, was speedily abolished. Brown had his orders—under no consideration was he to strike one of the children. He had practised much cruelty in the past, and Swindon was determined to put a stop to it.

But you can no more cure a man's evil temper by making rules or giving orders, than an Ethiopian can change his skin or a leopard his spots. And the Rector entered the school one morning to find Brown in a towering rage, and in the act of thrashing several boys severely for a trivial offence. The result was, that that same evening Brown was summoned to the Rector's study. He was indignant at the summons, and refused to go, but the counsel of friends prevailed, and he went.

"I was very sorry," said the Rector, after a kindly greeting, "to see that scene in school this morning, and I wished you to come and talk matters over with me."

Brown remained silent, and the Rector proceeded. "Children are, as a rule, very shrewd observers, and nothing will cause them to lose

confidence in you and respect for you sooner than to see you display an undignified outburst of temper."

The schoolmaster seemed deeply impressed with the doings of a spider on the wall. He watched its movements carefully. But it was evident that the parson was making an impression too. Many and many a time had he been told that one day the parson would catch him in a temper, and that when he did he might expect a lecture. But he was hardly prepared for the calm, dignified "dressing down" that he received. Had it been given in a cutting, aggravating manner, he might have retorted. As it was, he could not utter one word in reply. He could only stand still and suffer, and every word went home to his heart like a dagger.

"What respect have these children for you?" continued Mr. Swindon. "And it was the feeling that they would respect you still less had I taken any notice of the incident in their presence, that caused me to ask you to come here. You ought to be my helper in this parish. You have charge of the children five days out of the seven; you could, if you liked, have a good influence over them. Now do try to overcome your temper."

"My temper is my curse, sir. I used to disbelieve the Scriptures about men being tormented with devils, but I no longer disbelieve. If ever a man was tormented with a devil, I am tormented. I sometimes feel as if I carried a fire about with me, and I do want to get rid of it. Tell me what I am to do, sir. You are one of God's ministers. Tell me what I am to do."

There is always relief in expression, and this outburst of confession gave Brown courage to go on. He had fancied that he had known Mr. Swindon well, but he was fain to confess that he had misjudged him.

THE NEW RECTOR GAINED POPULARITY RAPIDLY.

"My dear fellow, nothing that I can tell you will make you any better. God alone can do that. If your temper is your curse, let me ask, have you ever asked God to help you to overcome it?"

"Well, I have, in a general sort of way."

"Yes, but a general sort of way will not do. Prayer in a 'general sort of way' is the curse of our modern Christianity. People too often pray because they have been taught to pray. There is no depth of earnestness, no hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Prayer to them has become a flabby sentimentality, and worship a myth. If you want to overcome that devil in you, be in earnest about it. Look at St. Paul's life. He had temptations and trials enough, God knows. Read that account which he gives of them in the eleventh chapter of his Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and then see what he says of them. When he besought the Lord to deliver him, the answer which he received was this: 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Think

of that, Brown, and let God's grace be sufficient for you."

"I long that it should be so, sir, and I will try, God helping me, to overcome."

Brown was deeply moved; his strong frame trembled with emotion, and it was interesting to watch the features of the young parson as he looked on the grief of this man of iron frame. This outburst from Brown gave him a deep insight into the innermost heart of a strong man. It gave him an influence of which, it will be seen, he made good use in after life. Swindon rarely allowed any one who came to him for spiritual help and strength, to leave his study without first of all joining with him in a short prayer, and telling the whole trouble to God. His was a very simple theology. He did not deal largely in doctrines and creeds. He was rarely known to speak of doctrines at all, except in his pulpit utterances, and even then not to any large extent. And it was this which gave him such a power over the people—his intense sympathy for them. He would sometimes rather startle a heart-broken penitent in the middle of his confession by an exclamatory remark, such as, "God knows your sins, my brother!" But this was done rather to remind them that, although confession was being made, they were known to God already, and, further, that, whilst the sins were known to God, the immense temptations which led to them were known to Him also.

The Rector and Brown knelt down together in the little study, and the weakness was confessed to God. What was there in the gentle voice of Mr. Swindon that caused Brown to sob as if his heart would break? The words were simple enough. A child could not have been more simple. Indeed, his whole faith was simple and childlike, and doubtless its artless simplicity touched a chord in Brown's heart which had long lain dormant.

The prayer was over. A few moments of silence. The two men arose from their knees. Brother clasped the hand of brother. A trustful look into each other's eyes, and Brown left the Rector's study a stronger man by far than when he entered it.

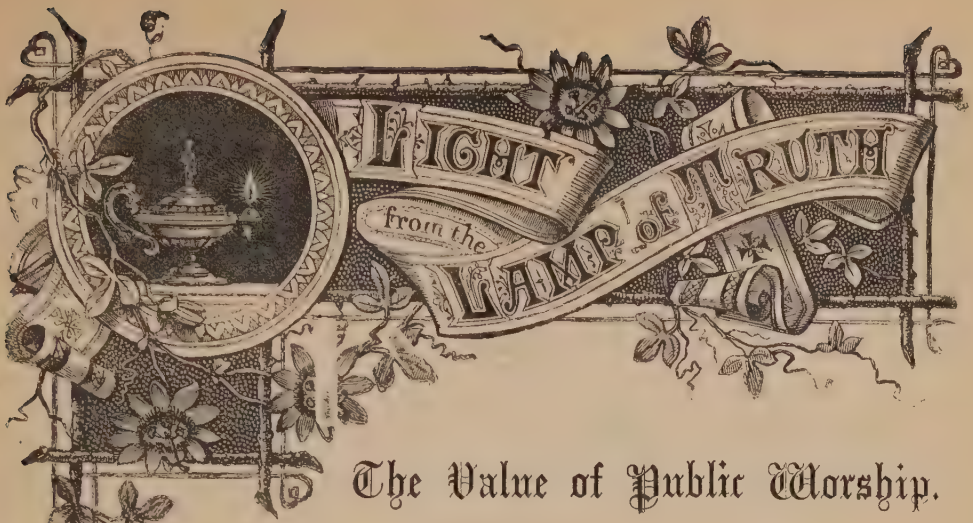
The next task of the Rector was of a very different nature. He had promised the young men of the football club that he would join them in a game that afternoon. It was a Saturday, and those who had a short day's work found their way to the football field—a part of the hunting-park belonging to the "Grange," which Squire Maxton had kindly granted, and was in the habit of patronizing whenever opportunity afforded.

Swindon always felt that the "honour of the sanctuary" was in his hands, and that the force of his ministrations would be weakened if he seemed to speak on the Sunday professionally, and act on the week-day just as other men. To avoid this he determined to be always the same, —in the pulpit, and out of it,—and perhaps he could not be better placed before my readers than in the beautiful lines in which Dr. Monsell describes the English clergyman as

> "Gently bred
> In quiet ways of self-respect;
> Not by the great disquieted,
> Nor fain the humble to neglect.
> A man of *all ranks, or of none,*
> Of peers the peer, the peasant's friend,
> One common link through all to run,
> Flashing one life from end to end.
> Such is the English priest of God,
> Who, wheresoever duty led,
> Through crowded streets or mountain sod,
> In joy or sorrow, or in need,
> At palace or at cottage door,
> With equal right and rank, applies,
> Bends not to rich, nor stoops to poor,
> To fawn upon or patronize."

He was a man of *all ranks*. He was no respecter of persons. He was at home and at his ease everywhere, and he possessed a happy knack of making every one feel at ease.

It is often urged against the clergyman, that he is always with the master in any strife between capital and labour, whereas the Nonconformist minister is on the side of the artizan in any strike or disunion. This, however, could not be said of Swindon. On more than one occasion he made a "dead set" against the farmers in the neighbourhood, when some attempt was made to reduce the labourers' wages—already low enough. And his indignant remarks from the pulpit, when on one occasion such an attempt had been made, bore immediate fruit in an amicable settlement between master and men at the church door after service.



The Value of Public Worship.

BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BARRY.

NEED I remind you how specially our own Church is prominent among all the churches of Christendom in the resolution that her public worship shall be the worship of "one mind"? I can see, indeed, that there is a unity of spirit when, in one communion, a church is thronged with worshippers, each for the most part absorbed in his own private devotion, except when, from time to time, all are called to join, or "assist" (as the significant phrase is) in some offering of collective worship, itself rather felt than properly understood; or when, in others, the minister of Christ alone pours out, each Sunday, as afresh, the utterance of his soul to God, and the mass of the congregation are called on the spur of the moment to listen to it, and join in it as heartily as they may. But it is clear that the worship of our Prayer-Book,—known and familiar to each of us beforehand as is our name,—used again and again till it pervades the understandings and sinks into the hearts of all,—makes a very special provision—not without deliberate sacrifice of some elements of freshness and variety—for the glorifying of God by all "with one mind." It teaches us to pray and sing "with the spirit," and to pray and sing "with the understanding also;" and that, moreover, in words which by the very history of their formation claim unity with the Church of all ages, and mingle with prayers, especially our own, utterances which have gone up to God in many languages of men, even from the apostolic days. We English Churchmen shall, beyond all others, be without excuse if we fail to enter into the utmost depths and fulness of St. Paul's exhortation "to glorify with one mind the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

In this we have the one all-important principle of collective worship. The second, which is added to it in the text, is designed simply to aid and to ensure the first. The worship "with one mouth" is only the means, and is found practically to be the necessary means, to the worship "with the one mind." Prayer, even private prayer, though it has indeed its yearnings which cannot be uttered, and which are heard without utterance by the ear of God, yet delights, as a rule, to clothe itself in words. Like all phases of human consciousness, it gains thereby definiteness, clearness, solidity; the word is not only the vesture, but, as it were, the body of the spiritual thought, reacting upon it as our own material frame reacts upon the soul. But collective prayer must necessarily express itself "with one mouth." It may so express itself literally through the one mouth of the minister of Christ, as the leader of prayer, concentrating in his words the supplications of the people, while they follow him in silence, and only by the responsive Amen make the prayer their own. It may, on the other hand, gather all voices, as well as all minds, in one, like (to use the vivid language of the Apocalypse) "the voice of a great thunder" in its massive strength and volume, or the "voice of many waters" in

its preservation of the effect of multitude, even in the unity of its own collective utterance. In the one seems to be secured the element of thoughtfulness, depth, repose; in the other is the secret of fervour and heartiness.

You know how strikingly our own worship, by following the precedents of the very earliest times, harmonizes the two together, now calling on us to listen with silent adhesion of sympathy, now to claim our share in the utterance of prayer and praise. By one way or by the other, or, best, by such union of both, we obey the second part of St. Paul's injunction that we may carry out the first; and the "one mind" expresses itself through the "one mouth" "to the praise and glory of God."

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER III.

ELIZABETH. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, A.D. 1553–1586.

MARY Queen of Scots became the most dangerous enemy of Elizabeth, and the greatest troubler of the peace of England. She was the only child of James V. of Scotland, and great-grandchild of Henry VII. of England. Henry VIII. wished her to become the wife of his son, afterwards Edward VI., but the Scotch at that time preferred the friendship of France, so the little princess was sent thither, to be educated as the future bride of the Dauphin, or heir of the French crown.

Unfortunately there was then no such school of vice in Europe as the French court, presided over by the wicked Queen Catherine de Medicis, and Mary proved only too apt a scholar. Endowed with splendid natural gifts and great strength of character, she might, under better training, have developed into a noble woman. As it is, her history only furnishes a sad example of a life ruined by unrestrained passions. For a few weeks she enjoyed the proud position of queen of France, as wife of Francis I. On the death of Mary of England, she assumed the English coat of arms, not acknowledging Elizabeth as a lawful sovereign. Her husband Francis soon died, and then, unwilling to remain in a secondary position where she had been in the highest, she determined to come to Scotland, where her mother, Mary of Guise, had ruled for her, but had lately died.

Mary asked leave to travel through England, but this could not be allowed, as she was in fact a rival claimant to the throne, and as she utterly refused to ratify the Treaty of Leith.

Arrived in Scotland, she quickly won almost all hearts by her winning ways and graceful carriage. She soon married again, her choice falling on Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, another possible heir to the English throne.

Two objects were held firmly in view by Mary: one was to re-establish Popery in Scotland; the other to become queen of England, in which country also she would doubtless have restored the Roman Catholic religion. It seemed very likely that she might succeed in both these aims, but her whole career was soon blighted by her own misguided conduct.

Darnley proved a foolish, disagreeable youth, whose only merits were being able to play the violin and to dance well. In a fit of jealousy he murdered Rizzio, an Italian musician, and a favourite of the queen. Mary was naturally horror-struck, but she seemed ere long to forgive him, and a son was not long after born, the seal of their union. She had, however, found another favourite in the bold, bad Earl of Bothwell.

On the night of February 9th, a terrible event occurred. Darnley was staying near Edinburgh, at a house called Kirk o' Field. About ten o'clock the queen left him to attend a wedding dance at Holyrood Palace. At two o'clock next morning, an awful explosion was heard. The house of Kirk o' Field had been destroyed. Darnley lay dead under a tree!

"Who did the deed?" asked Scotland. "Who but Bothwell," was replied, "who had charge of

the house, his soldiers filling its apartments, and himself watching in the neighbourhood?"

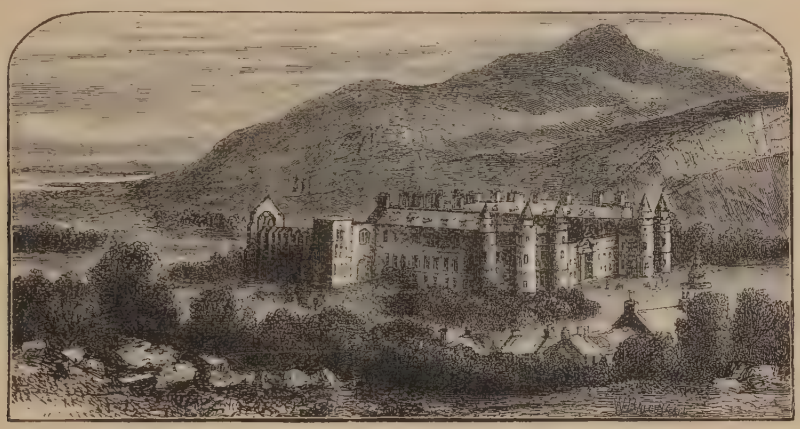
Very tardily the queen allowed him to be tried, and in a few weeks she married him!

The people now cried "Shame" on Mary. Ballads were composed and sung in the streets about her. Of these one verse thus quaintly runs—

"Were I a hound, and if she were a hare,
And I a cat, and she a little mouse,
And she a bairn, and I a wild-wood bear,
I a ferret, and she a cuniculus,[1]
To her, I shall be aye contrairie."

She was brought to Edinburgh as a captive, and as she was led through the streets on horseback, a banner was carried before her on which was depicted her murdered husband. Crowds surrounded her, yelling and shouting at her as a murderess. "The women were most mad against her, but, indeed, the men were mad enough." Arrived at the house where she was to spend the night, the mob gathered under the window, from whence in her rage she hurled words of defiance at them. Her life was not safe in the city, and she was therefore quickly removed to Lochleven Castle, situated in the midst of a small lake, where the sound of quiet waters alone broke the perfect repose.

Mary twice attempted to escape thence, and the second time successfully. She rallied her friends and soldiers around her, but their efforts were in vain. She was obliged to fly. Ninety-two miles she rode without a pause! She crossed the Solway, and never stopped till she reached



HOLYROOD PALACE.

the gates of Carlisle Castle, which readily admitted her.

It was an evil day for Elizabeth and for England when she crossed the border! Any other woman's spirit would have been crushed by such shame and misfortune! Not so the dauntless heart of Mary. She set herself to win Queen Elizabeth's favour, who, while refusing to see her unless she could clear herself of complicity in the murder of her husband, yet for many years protected her life. She would not allow her to return to Scotland, when her angry subjects would have destroyed her. She repeatedly rejected the advice of her statesmen to destroy her, when, as years went by, men forgot her crimes and only remembered her beauty and her misfortunes, when plot after plot was made by the English Roman Catholics in her favour. The danger to Elizabeth was great. "We will make Elizabeth whine like a whipped cur," wrote the Scotch plotter, Maitland. In 1572 a very serious conspiracy broke out in the north of England. It was put down with severity, and it is reported that two hundred Romish priests were then put to death as participators in it.

In the night of August 24, 1572, the fearful Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place; then, as midnight tolled in Paris, a bell was rung, and armed bands fell upon the Protestants, and murdered men, women, and children, till the streets ran with blood!

Philip II. of Spain heard of the butchery, and is said to have laughed!

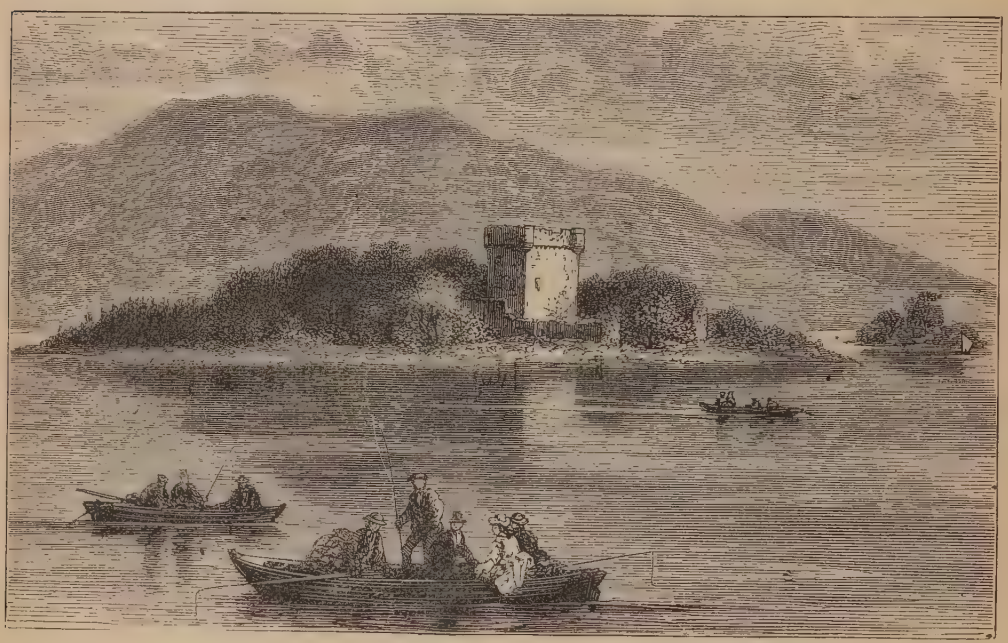
[1] *Cuniculus*, a rabbit.

The Pope heard of it, and celebrated the event with a service of thanksgiving to Heaven, and ordered medals to be struck in commemoration of the destruction of heretics!

Elizabeth and her people heard of it, and received the French ambassadors in robes of mourning and in silence.

Then the English again clamoured for the death of Mary, and again Elizabeth would not allow it. It was not till a detestable plot appeared likely to have nearly succeeded, that she at last yielded to their demand.

Two Jesuits had some time before gone to Rome to consult the Pope as to whether it would be lawful to take the life of a heretical sovereign. The Holy Father gave a cautiously worded answer that it would be lawful. One of these gentlemen was John Ballard. He determined to assassinate Elizabeth, and was joined in his plot by Anthony Babington and a band of young Roman Catholics. Mary was informed of their schemes, and a plan was arranged with her for her escape from Fotheringay Castle, where she then lived. But the conspiracy was discovered, and Mary's correspondence proved her share in it. Elizabeth was forced to



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

yield to the clamour of her statesmen and people, and reluctantly signed the death-warrant.

Mary died as courageously as she had lived. Even now, one can scarcely read untouched the account of the last scene. Robed in black, with her prayer-book in her hand, she calmly approached the scaffold, saying to her weeping ladies, "Do not weep. Tell my friends that I die a good Catholic."

Opinions are to this day somewhat divided as to the extent of her complicity in the murder of her husband. It cannot be forgotten, however, that she married his murderer, and that she likewise settled a pension on the wretch who assassinated her half-brother, the Regent of Scotland. We may pity her for her misfortunes, and still more for the bad influences which surrounded her in her youth, but her gracefulness and her sorrows should never make us forget her crimes. It is weak and foolish to allow a sentimental admiration of beauty to deaden our horror of guilt.

Amongst the last letters written by Mary on the night preceding her death was one to Philip II. of Spain, urging him to invade England and dethrone Elizabeth!

E. A. W.

A Short Tour among the Tea, Cinchona, Coffee, and Gold Districts in South India.

III.—THE GOLD COUNTRY OF DEVALA.

OUR next move was to the gold country of Devala and Pundalur. The first few miles our way still lay through the coffee plantations, but presently we joined the main road, where we got into the bullock-coach and drove on to Goodalur; here we were met by the manager of the gold mine we were first going to visit. He had very kindly brought a dogcart, thinking it would be a pleasant change from the bullock-coach, and in this I was to be driven by him, while he had secured a fresh pony for my husband, who was intended, like John Gilpin, to ride "on horse-back after we." But we were beginning to get hungry, and there were yet eleven miles before us ere we could reach our destination, so our host called a halt, and we found he had breakfast prepared for us under a tree on the banks of a river. This was a very welcome break in our journey, but we had to resume it shortly, for the sun was getting hotter every hour, so we started again, I in the dogcart, behind a horse that had a most unpleasant trick of laying his ears flat back and showing his teeth whenever any one approached him. My husband held his head while I got into the carriage, and it was a great relief to me to find he had escaped his fangs. Probably our host noticed I did not look with much favour on the horse, for he assured me it "was such a nice quiet animal." He then recounted a few not very reassuring stories about it; for instance, I observed the shafts of the dogcart were peculiar, one being much higher up than the other, and considerably shorter; they were also tied and mended in several places. This he said was "nothing," only that when he had got out of the carriage for a few minutes the other day, something must have worried this amiable brute, so he turned over on his back and kicked, thereby breaking off the shaft, and freeing himself from the harness. However, we got safely to our journey's end, and then what a busy scene we came upon! First, there was a huge dam being built; this was to keep back the water in a lake of about sixteen acres, which was intended to work the machinery at the crushing-mill one and a half miles distant. The dam was thirty-four feet thick at the base, as the pressure of water upon it would be sixteen tons to every square foot; there were three pipes built into it for the water to pass through to feed the mill. The lake did not exist then, but there was a large natural basin at the foot of the hills into which the streams from off the hills run, and during the rains it is speedily filled; but now it had been purposely allowed to run off until the building of the dam was finished, then with the rains of the next monsoon the lake will fill, and the water will be utilized for working the mill. In the evening we went for a walk on a path cut round the face of a mountain, and which led to the large mill. We saw the lines laid down for carrying the machinery to the mill. There was a steep cutting of four hundred feet for the trucks to pass down, one set of ropes lowering the laden truck, holding one and a half tons burden, and at the same time raising the empty one that had just delivered its load of quartz for the crushing, for there was a mill already at work by steam, only this was to be superseded by a more powerful one to be worked by water. It was a wonderful sight to see the laden truck descending from such a height almost sheer down the side of the hill. The scenery round here was very grand and wild, and its weird beauty was enhanced by a splendid sunset that tipped the hills with purple and gold, while the valleys lay cold and dark beneath. The enormous heights with the precipices below were grand; but it was giddy work to look down them even with a few feet between oneself and the brink. It was decided we were to go to the mill the next morning, continuing the way we were then walking. The manager told us there were a few places to cross that even *he* called "nasty." I was almost coward enough to give it up and let the gentlemen go alone, for I was told that only one lady had ventured on this path before me; but, having come with my husband for the sake of seeing it all, I was ashamed to draw back.

We started as soon as the sun was up the

next morning, a truck having been promised me in which to pass over the bad places. However, when we came to the first, which was much the worst, the truck was on the other side, and one of the miners advised my walking over instead, which was probably the safest plan after all. This "nasty bit" was a bridge of sixty feet long; it was built simply of planks laid along with girders underneath to support it; on it were the lines laid down for the trucks, the gauge being twenty-two inches, so this was practically the width of the bridge, there being very little margin beyond the rails; there was not the slightest protection on either side, and a clear drop into the precipice below of one hundred and fifty feet! How I wished I had never come! However, I was now afraid to show the least hesitation, lest my husband, in his anxiety about me, should walk carelessly and perhaps take a false step himself. So our host walked first, putting his hand back for me to take hold of, for it was nothing to him who crossed it every day. So I took it and went straight forward, my eyes fixed on the plank, nor did I dare to look off for one instant till safe on the other side. My husband came close behind, and I think we were all thankful to feel it was safely passed. There were several others of the same kind, though none nearly so trying as this.

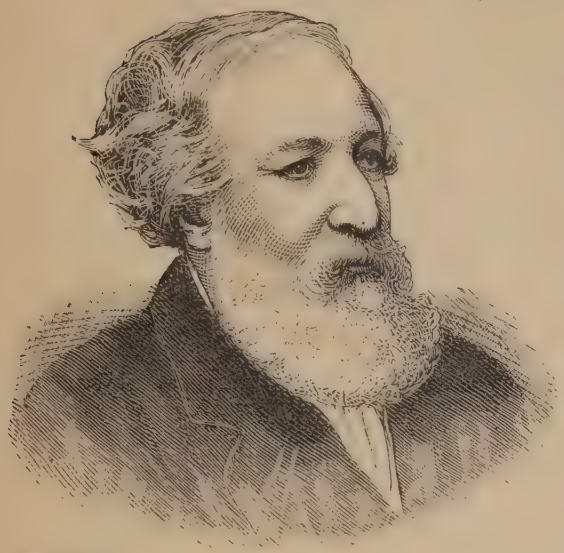
One very curious bridge we passed; it was built *under* a waterfall and over the ravine into which it fell. This was a stronger bridge, and with a good rail on either side. There was a slab of sheet-iron built over it at an angle with the rock, down which the water poured; this diverted its course, so that it ran over the iron roof, under which we walked, and into the ravine below. We were now following the line laid down for the trucks to carry the machinery to the scene of operation: the trucks are pushed by coolies. I got into one for a time, but had not gone far before we saw a piece of paper stuck on a bush, which proved to be a few lines from the engineer at the mill, saying the lady had better get out of the truck at this point, as the lines were not quite right. As we walked, we passed several shafts into the mountain where a quartz-reef with gold in it had been tested, but none of these had proved very satisfactory; gold there is in almost all the reefs, but in such small quantities that it was not paying to extract it, for it cost, as it were, thirty shillings to get a sovereign's worth of gold. However, at any moment a reef richer in the quantity of gold might be found, and it was hoped it would be so. We now came in sight of the mill, and when one sees the difficulty of getting ponderous machinery to such a place, one can realize to some extent the immense expense connected with it; this expense is one difficulty in making the mines pay, for the machinery is expensive in the outset, expensive in its transit to the scene of operation, and expensive to work. There is very little if any alluvial gold about here. This, of course, would pay better, as there is very little labour required in obtaining it, the alluvial gold being found in nuggets in the earth, and often washed down in the beds of rivers. The reef gold is that which is in the hard rocks, which have therefore to be crushed before the gold is extracted. Our kind host explained the working of the mill, etc., to us, and we saw a little of the gold which had been extracted and washed lying on the "blankets." Most of the miners were Cornishmen, brought over from England expressly for the work, and my husband had a little talk with several of them; they were chiefly Wesleyans, as Cornish miners very generally are. There is a little iron church erected at Devala, which is the centre of the mining district in this part, at which we attended divine service, and where several of the mining captains, engineers, and miners were present. Devala is also a station where the Church Missionary Society has a mission. We visited two or three other mining stations, all pretty much alike in character, and in all there was great doubt about the likelihood of the mines paying.

In walking and riding in the woods round this part, I saw two of the most beautiful wild flowers I have met with in India: one was growing close to the ground, of a deep purple of various shades, richer than any pansy; the other was a flower growing on a tree, of a beautiful pale yellow, with a centre of the deepest maroon shading off into carmine, with a pistil covered with pollen of deep orange, shading again into maroon. Both were very perishable, and had completely withered before I had the opportunity of painting them, as I wished to have done to perpetuate their memory to us; but we shall not soon forget these lovely flowers, or the very interesting and instructive visit we had paid to the tea, coffee, and cinchona plantations, and to the gold mining country beyond.

A. B. E.

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

ROBERT BROWNING, POET.



ROBERT BROWNING is dead, and while I write, his body is being conveyed all the way from the distant, beautiful Italian city of Venice to be laid in Westminster Abbey, amongst kings, statesmen, and warriors! This is the greatest honour that can be paid to the memory of any Englishman; and it is generally allowed that Robert Browning deserved it, for he was a great poet. There are many little poets, and we should be sorry to miss them, for they help to make life pleasant, just as the chirps and twitterings and snatches of melody of our common birds enliven the spring. But of great poets there are few, and we must value them accordingly!

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell, London, in 1812. His father was a clerk in the Bank of England. Being a Dissenter, his son was never sent to any university. But Robert went to school; and an old fellow-scholar lives to say that he remembers him as a handsome, eager boy, with bright eyes and long dark hair. He early took to writing poetry, and when twenty-three years of age a kind aunt published his poem "Pauline." It did not sell, as indeed no first poem, hardly, of any unknown person does. Twenty-five years later, however, *one copy of it* brought in twenty-five guineas! Nothing daunted, the young poet wrote on. "Paracelsus" came out—a wild, strange poem, which few people quite understood; then a fine historical drama, "Strafford;" then in 1840 another long, difficult poem called "Sordello." Browning explained that in this last effort he wished to describe "*the development of a soul*"—a difficult subject, and the way he treated it made it still more difficult! It was said that the only comprehensible lines in it were the first and the last!

"Who will may hear Sordello's story;"

and

"Who would has heard Sordello's story told."

But Browning is not always incomprehensible; and from the midst of his most difficult poems grand and beautiful thoughts shine out like spires and pinnacles out of a mist. It would take too long to notice all his pieces,—"Luria," "Colombe's Birthday," "A Soul's Tragedy," and so on, for his pen was always most active!

In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, the greatest poetess that England has produced. It was a most romantic union! This gifted woman had from girlhood suffered very delicate health. The shock of her only brother's death from the capsizing of a boat brought her very low. Yet from her sick-room came forth her noble poems, "The Seraphim," "The Drama in Exile," and her translation of "Prometheus Bound." In one of her lines she praised the verses of Robert Browning. He called on her to thank her for this encouragement. She chanced that day to be very ill, and had directed that no one save a cousin of her own should be admitted. The servant, supposing Mr. Browning to be the expected relative, showed him into her room. The two geniuses seemed at once to blend in mutual esteem. A few days later he asked her hand, and she, with hesitating, trembling surprise, but with ardent love, accepted him. She had thought to die, not to live and be loved! They were married, and spent fifteen happy years together, one son, Oscar Browning, a now well-known

sculptor, being granted them. They lived chiefly in Italy, at Florence. They both loved that fair land, and took the deepest interest in its welfare. During this period Robert Browning wrote "Christmas Day and Easter Day." Elizabeth Barrett Browning died in 1861. Three years after that great sorrow of his life, he wrote "The Ring and the Book," a powerful poem of 20,000 lines, followed by various other poems. His last volume came out just before his death. He was staying at Venice with his son and daughter-in-law, when an attack of bronchitis seized him. He was supposed to be recovering, and was well enough to read out some of his last verses, and to enjoy hearing of their success, when his strength quietly ebbed away, and he painlessly died.

Throughout life he had been temperate and industrious in habits, and to the last he held fast to the great truths of revealed religion.* In his first poem, "Pauline," he wrote,—

"But I have always had one lode-star, now
I look back I see that I have wasted
Or progressed as I looked toward that star,
A need, a trust, a yearning after God."

In his very last he describes himself

"As one who never turned his back but march'd breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

"No, at noonday, in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
Strive and thrive, cry, 'Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here!'"

But Browning's most popular poems are his simplest, such as "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," a grand ballad; "Hervé Riel," story of a brave Breton sailor; and the quaint child's tale of the "Pied Piper of Hamelin,"—

"There was a rustling, that seem'd like a bustling
Of many crowds justling and pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running,
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

Let any one who has not read these last-mentioned poems take the earliest opportunity of doing so. Master of grave and gay, always manly, noble, honest, we may all justly honour the name of Robert Browning, Poet.

E. A. W.

* When twitted about his abstemiousness, he replied, "If you drink little wine you need not fear about your health breaking down."—*A Pall Mall Interviewer.*

Our Young Men.

RECREATION.

WE all know the proverb about "All work and no play," but yet it is astonishing to find how slow some persons are to recognise that young people, at any rate, need recreation. Man, it is sometimes argued, was made to work. So he was; and there is nothing more ennobling than work. But work that is worth anything can be performed only—speaking, of course, generally, there are, I know, some exceptions—by those who are sound in mind and body. The jaded brain and the tired limbs may be made under pressure to produce a certain kind of work, but it is of little value, because it is the product of defective machinery. While, therefore, we cheerfully admit that work is the duty of man, we argue that he works best who interweaves with his labours a fair and reasonable amount of relaxation and amusement.

This is a point that every one, but especially young men, will do well to keep in mind. Recreation is necessary if the work we produce is to be worthy of the name.

What is recreation? There are few commonplace words more misunderstood. Its real

meaning is, however, not difficult to discover. Divide the word into syllables—re-cre-a-tion—and you see its meaning at once; a re-creation, a making again; the brain is exhausted or the body is weary from a long-continued strain of work; it wants renewing, and this can best be accomplished by abandoning work for play for a season.

Amusement is not always recreation, although I know it is often indulged in, in the belief that it is. The city clerk who spends his evenings in the music hall, as I have seen hundreds doing, fuddling his brains with drink and smoke, and blasting his morals by the indecencies he sees and listens to, is, alas! amusing himself, but he is not taking recreation. So too with those who find their chief delight at the liquor bar, or in the taproom of a village public—these men are not being made more but less fit for work by their indulgence.

It will be a good and wholesome rule for us to carry through life, that our amusements shall be really recreation, and not a mere idling away of time, or something worse.

Now, in a paper of the limits imposed upon me, it is impossible to treat of the subject in any great detail, but a few general hints may be useful.

Workers may be divided roughly into two classes: those whose occupations are sedentary, and those who follow active callings. To those in the first-named class, outdoor sports will be found most valuable, while those in the second-named will probably find that they are not in so much need of bodily exercise, and may therefore find much of their recreation in mental occupations.

But I know that this order does not prevail to any large extent. I wish a much larger number of young men found their recreation in mental exercises, for I have a suspicion that what I must call the craze for athletics is being carried too far. I trust that the establishment of Free Libraries and Polytechnic Institutions will recall us to a better frame of mind. Let the body be exercised by all means, but take care that the brain is not allowed to rust.

But I must deal with men and things as they are. To those, therefore, who go in for athletics or out-door pastimes, I would commend these three points of counsel.

First: never allow your ardour for sport to lead you into anything approaching betting or gambling. The love of reward is strong in us all, and I see no reason to object to the losing side in a cricket-match presenting a bat, or in a football match a ball, to the winners. But I have reason to know that many young men are not content with this: they must stimulate themselves and their interest in the game by staking money on the odds and chances of the play. Where is the harm? they ask. The amount is so small, they urge, that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we win it or lose it. Perhaps it may be so. But the harm consists in that it creates an interest in speculation, and when once that feeling is fairly roused in a man, there is no telling to what lengths it may lead him. Beware of the first bet: it plants the feet upon a downward path both steep and slippery, at the end of which is the abyss of certain ruin and degradation.

Second: take care that your excitement never betrays you into any ungentlemanly or unchristian conduct. Football players will know well what I mean. That game, when fairly played, is eminently fitted to discipline the character in the promotion of good temper and of patience under defeat. But it is too often the case that men go into the field with a determination to stop at no brutality if it be needed to win the game. The so-called accidents in the field are—many of them, not all—the result of cruel and cowardly conduct on the part of an opponent. Let us never forget so to have our passions under control that, while we will use every fair means of securing the ball, we should scorn to stoop to any foul or dishonest action.

Third: beware of becoming so absorbed in athletics that you are unfitted for the duties of life. I have known men who have so thoroughly exhausted themselves at cricket or football on Saturday, that they are too tired to attend to their spiritual duties on Sunday. When one finds the least tendency in that direction, be sure there is something wrong. It will never do to exercise one part of our being at the expense of the other. If to refresh the body we have to neglect the soul, the result will be most disastrous. So too with our daily work. The aim of outdoor sports and pastimes should be to make us more capable for the desk or the workshop, or wherever our calling may be; but this form of "recreation" is now-a-days carried to such an extent that I fear the result often is to make men less fit for their work than they were.

But there are men who find their recreation

in other pastimes. Reading, chess, bagatelle, billiards, and other games—these are some of the ways that men employ to pass their leisure time. I see no harm in any of them, provided the three points mentioned above be well observed.

If you read, take care that you study good literature, that which will repay you for the time expended. Abjure sensational novels and novelettes; they have never done much good to any one. If you must read fiction, select the works of standard authors. But don't become too engrossed even in reading. I know one man who is such a bookworm that he is incapacitated for work, and the maintenance of himself and his family depends upon the hard and trying labours of his wife.

As to indoor games, there are many that can be played, with great benefit, over and above the advantage that comes from the relaxation they afford. Given healthy surroundings, and the games I have mentioned will certainly prove recreative and useful.

I trust it may not be thought I have claimed too high a place for recreation. I believe it to be a most important part in the life of man. Christians, above all people in the world, ought to take plenty of recreation, and so show the world that Christianity is not a morose religion, but one that sanctifies and hallows every occupation in life. The great Apostle, who drew so many of his spiritual illustrations from the pastimes of the Romans, gives us a piece of advice that we shall do well to keep in mind, even in our recreations: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." H. C. H.

Incidents in Missionary Life.

NATIVE BOY OF NEW HEBRIDES.

THE Rev. John G. Paton, the venerable missionary to the New Hebrides, has written an autobiography, which his brother, the Rev. James Paton, has edited and published. The latter, in his preface to the book, says, "I publish it because something tells me there is a blessing in it."

Mr. Paton's first impression as to the condition of the natives of the island of Tanna, where he principally laboured, "drives me," he says, "to the verge of utter dismay. . . . On beholding these natives in their paint and nakedness and misery, my heart was as full of horror as of pity. Was it possible to teach them right or wrong, to Christianize or even to civilize them?"

He soon, however, became deeply interested in them; and, despite the horrors he was called to witness, and the opposition and persecution and perils he encountered, he laboured on with great zeal and devotedness. Here is a small portion of the dark picture of life in Tanna: "All the men and the children go in a state of nudity. The women wear grass skirts, or grass and leaf aprons. They are exceedingly ignorant, vicious and bigoted, and almost void of natural affection. They are well-nigh constantly at war among themselves." They feast on the bodies of those slain in war and on those offered in sacrifice to the idols; and such is the desire of some of them for human flesh, that they will disinter and feast upon those recently buried. Woman is the down-trodden slave of man. She is kept working hard, and bears all the heavier burdens, while he walks by her side with musket, spear, or club. If she offends him, he beats or abuses her at pleasure. When the chief Nouka was sick, his people sacrificed three women for his recovery.

Many of these revengeful and cruel natives and habitual cannibals, however, became the trophies of Divine grace and bright examples of the Christian life. Here is an account of a

native teacher—Namuri—who suffered martyrdom: "He instructed the natives, conducted the worship, and taught them much by his good example." His influence increasing, one of the heathen priests threw at him one morning the *kavas* or killing-stone, and then sprang upon him with his club. Bleeding, fainting, and pursued, he managed to get from the village where he was labouring to the mission house. After three or four weeks' careful nursing he was able to walk about again, and as the people at the village now appeared friendly, and promised to restrain the priest, Namuri wished to return to his post.

"He returned to his work, and for several weeks things appeared most encouraging. The inhabitants showed great interest in him and his work, and less fear of the pretensions of their heathen priest, which, alas! fed his jealousy and anger. One morning, during worship, when the good man knelt in prayer, the same savage priest sprang upon him with his great club, and left him for dead, wounded and bleeding and unconscious. The people fled, and left him in his blood, afraid of being mixed up with the murder. The teacher, recovering a little, crawled to the mission house and reached it in a dying condition.

"On seeing him, I ran to meet him; but he fell, saying, 'Missi, I am dying! They will kill you also. Escape for your life.' Trying to console him, I sat down beside him, dressing his wounds and nursing him. He was quite resigned; he was looking up to Jesus, and rejoicing that he would soon be with Him in glory. His pain and sufferings were great, but he bore all very quietly, as he said, and kept saying, 'For the sake of Jesus! For Jesus' sake.' He was constantly praying for his persecutors: 'O Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing. Oh, take not away all Thy servants from Tanna! Take not away Thy worship from this dark island! O God, bring all the Tannese to love and follow Jesus.'

"To him Jesus was all in all, and there were no bands in his death. He passed from us in the sure hope of entering into the glory of his Lord. Humble though he may appear in the world's esteem, I knew that a great man had fallen there in the service of Christ, and that he would take rank in the glorious army of the martyrs. I made for him a coffin, and dug his grave."

Our Church and Parish.

TOM JOHNSON'S CONFIRMATION.

"SHALL we see you on Tuesday, my lad?" asked the Vicar of S—— of Tom Johnson, a lad well on in his teens, whose conduct of late had given his parents and his clergyman some little anxiety as to his future.

"Well, parson," he replied, "I don't know as you will. The fact is, me and one or two other lads what work at the factory don't see the fun of spending all Sunday in psalm-singing, and looking as glum as though we was going to a funeral. And I know it's no use being confirmed unless I mean to stick to it; and I can't say I do as yet."

This was a tolerably frank statement, and showed that Tom had a reason, at any rate, for his growing neglect of religion.

But the Vicar had very little difficulty in answering the objection so ingenuously put forward.

"Tom, my lad," he said, "look me in the face like a man, and tell me whether you ever see me looking as glum as though I were going to a funeral."

Tom was obliged to confess that the Vicar always had a bright, happy face. "Indeed," he added, "I don't know how you manage it, when there are so many old women who come to you with croaking tales of aches and pains, and worry you as they do!"

"My good lad," replied the Vicar, "you don't know one half or a quarter of the sorrows and trials and disappointments that I have to put up with, but they never make me unhappy. And why do you think it is? I will tell you. It is because I have got the love of God in my heart. That's what'll make a man happy. Tom, I know, and you know, that you are not happy. Those companions of yours, who take you away from church and school on Sunday, are leading you in the wrong path, and you know it. Oh, my boy, be warned in time! Neglect of the Sabbath is a most dangerous thing, and leads

on to other and worse sins. I could tell you of many a lad, who by some evil course has blighted his whole life, who first fell away by being careless as to how he spent Sunday. You have a chance now of turning over a new leaf; don't neglect it. It wants some six or seven weeks before the Bishop will be here to confirm those who are determined to take their stand as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and I do wish that you would come to my classes and see whether you could not range yourself under the banner of Christ. I know your mother would be delighted, for she told me the other day that she was praying earnestly for you."

This last shot had its effect. Tom had not gone far astray, and the thought of the mother who loved him praying to God about him pricked his conscience.

"Yes, sir, I'll come, and thank you for asking me. Mind, I don't say I'll be confirmed, but I'll come to your class and see how I like being religious."

True to his word, Tom presented himself at the vicarage on the following Tuesday evening. He felt shy at first when he saw several of the lads he had mixed with in the Sunday school a year or two before, but when the good Vicar came in, he spoke so kindly that he made him feel quite at home. Tom will not soon forget that evening. The Vicar talked to them very tenderly of the love of God to them; and then went on to tell how that when they were helpless infants, their parents had taken them to baptism, that Jesus had received them and blessed them, and was now pleading with them very earnestly to love Him and live for Him. Would they listen to His voice and open the door?

He then asked them to kneel with him in prayer. Oh, how affectionately he prayed for them! Not one was forgotten, each was mentioned by name; and when he concluded, a very hearty Amen came from all the lads, friend Tom included.

Week after week Tom went to this class, enjoying it more and more each time. A fortnight before the day of the confirmation, the Vicar made a very definite appeal to the lads to decide for Christ, and Tom felt that the crisis of his life had come. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!" These words kept ringing in his ears, and a bitter conflict went on within his soul. He saw the loving face of Jesus, and heard His voice saying, "Follow Me;" he saw, too, the glittering tinsel of the world, and heard another voice which told him to wait until he grew older before he yielded himself to Christ. It was an anxious time, but in the end the voice of Goodness triumphed, and before Tom left the vicarage that night, he had decided to walk in the narrow path that leadeth unto life. It was in no uncertain tones that he joined in the hymn with which the meeting closed,—

> "Take my life, and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,"

for he had determined that, God helping him, he would be a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

He had to put up with much jeering from his old companions, but he remained firm, and when the day for confirmation arrived, he witnessed a good profession before the people.

The service was a wonderful help to him, and when in after days he was tempted to go astray, he felt again, as it were, the hands of the good old Bishop resting on his head, and heard his silvery voice praying that "this Thy servant" may "continue Thine for ever."

Thine for ever! Yes, that was Tom's desire, and never a day passed without an earnest prayer going up from his heart that he might be enabled to remain faithful unto death.

And now, at this season of the year, there are many—perhaps some of my readers—who are passing through the same experience that Tom had. They have heard of a coming confirmation, and they have been urged by their pastors to present themselves and make their public profession of faith in Jesus Christ and of their determination to follow Him. It may be that they are not in the same danger of evil companions, but yet the pleasures of the world look very tempting, and the voice of Satan is urging them to put off being religious, as the phrase goes, until a more convenient season. But that time, believe me, will never come. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," the good old Book says; and the preparation for confirmation is a distinct and definite opportunity afforded to young people by God to give themselves up to Him. There is no service so bright and happy as His service, and there is no time more appropriate or more opportune for us to enlist in it than in the days of our youth. Young friend, if you are undecided, hesitate no longer; join the confirmation class, listen to your pastor as he tells you of the love of God to

you, and, above all, hearken to the voice of Jesus as He calls you to follow Him. May God help you to make a full surrender of yourself to Him!

Some young people, alas! go to confirmation just as a matter of form, and to please their friends. Don't *you* do that. Ask God to help you, while you confess with your mouth, to believe in your heart, and to make you and keep you Christ's faithful soldier and servant until your life's end. H. C. H.

Bible Questions.*

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. II. The Eagle.

1. Where are the following characteristics of the eagle referred to?
   (*a*) Swiftness of flight. (*b*) Strength. (*c*) Loftily placed eyrie.
   (*d*) The great height to which it soars. (*e*) Its care for its young. (*f*) Its moulting.
   (*g*) The almost incredible keenness of its sight.
2. To whom do the following refer?
   (*a*) "They were swifter than eagles." (*b*) "Calling a ravenous bird from the East."
   (*c*) "His hairs were grown as eagles' feathers." (*d*) "They shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat."
   (*e*) "Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together."
3. An eagle rises so rapidly and so high that it soon becomes a speck and is gone. What does Job compare to this? Give the word St. Paul uses as signifying the same thing.
4. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest." To what in the history of Israel does this refer? "Fluttereth over her young." What is the allusion here?
5. What is meant by stretching out or spreading abroad wings (eagles' wings) over a country? Also explain: (*a*) "My strength is renewed as the eagle's." (*b*) "Make thee bald . . . as the eagle."
6. How does Job rebuke man's vain conceit by pointing him to this king of birds?
7. What does the son of Agur say shall be the fate of children who mock and disobey their parents?
8. Where are horses spoken of as swifter than eagles? Whose horses were they?
9. Sometimes an eagle comes down upon a number of small birds with the speed of a thunderbolt and the rushing sound of a whirlwind, and so confuses the birds that it seizes and carries off two or three before they know what has happened. Upon what country is Nebuchadnezzar said to have thus come?
10. Where does the word eagle occur in Scripture—(*a*) In a parable, (*b*) in a proverb?

* *Answers to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age, and a Concordance not to be consulted.*

If! If!

IF every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done.

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend;—

If every man, and woman, too,
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, must watch to see
If *other* folks are true,
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

Social Paper.

L. S. D.: THE MODERN TALISMAN.

WHEN we speak of the dangers of covetousness, the great mass of persons who are not rich are apt to think that the warning applies not to them, but only to the rich. This is a great mistake. The old man who hoards his few shillings, and tells falsehoods about them, in a back street, the needy clerk secretly longing for the death of some one who may leave him twenty pounds, the workman fraudulently trying to make bad work pass for good, the begging letter impostor, the idler, the so-called Socialist indulging in the senseless ravings which persuade men that luck will come to them by the ruin of tens of thousands more worthy than themselves,—all these have as much need as the rich to take heed, and beware of covetousness.

In human life the rich man may despise mammon though he is rich, and the poor man may worship mammon though he is poor. The rich by its use, and the wealthy, no less than the poor, by his indifference to it, may pour silent contempt on gold. There is a very shallow proverb which says, "it is easy to be virtuous on ten thousand a year." It may be easy to be virtuous, as the world accounts virtue; but it is quite as hard to be holy, as God accounts holiness, on ten thousand a year as on a labourer's pay.

Riches may increase, and yet will not harm a man if he sets not his heart upon them. Nevertheless, if there be any truth in Scripture, there is in wealth a peril and a snare which require a constant watchfulness. You know who it was who said, "How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven." George Peabody was a millionaire, but how few can say as he does, in the sentence of his diary carved in the Abbey, that he made it his daily prayer to his Heavenly Father that He would enable him, by his wealth, to render some conspicuous benefit to his fellow-creatures. Many men, alas! become only the harder, the less generous, the less useful, and much the less happy because of their riches.

Men sometimes excuse themselves in their passionate desire for gold: "Oh, if I were but rich, I could do so much good!" Such a remark may be intensely hypocritical; but even when it is sincere, or half sincere, it is an absolute mistake. In the first place, we are only called upon to do good with that which we have, and not with that which we have not. We may also say with St. Peter and St. John, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, that give I thee." If we have nothing else to give, Christ will only ask us whether we give in His name that cup of cold water, which every one alike can give.

But it is sad to see how vast a place money occupies in the thoughts and desires of men. How few of us are free from its wide temptation! How evenly emphatic are the warnings of Scripture respecting it! How many and how varied are the crimes which attend its servitude! For money, men, rich and poor alike, have been ready to make all their lives a lie to themselves, and a fraud to their neighbours; for money, men have betrayed their country, their friends, their God, their immortal soul; for money, men forge and cheat, and start bubble companies, and tamper with securities, and snatch the support of the widow, and steal the bread of the fatherless. "Money," as has been ably said, "corrupts trades and professions oft-times into that mere commercial standard of morality which is often little better than a systematized dishonesty." Gold can condemn the innocent, and shield the guilty. Look into the history of any civilised nation, analyze it with reference to this one cause of crime and misery. "The sin of the whole world," as a great moral teacher has said, "is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve in Christ, but they sell Him." Let every one take heed and beware of covetousness, for mammon is a jealous god. When once a man has accepted wholly his shabby gospel, he will not be content to leave one single spark of nobleness in that man's soul. Indeed, "man's life consisteth not in the multitude of things he possesseth." "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

ERIC VANDAL.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER II.

MR. GRIMSBY'S DECISION.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

MR. LESLIE had spoken with truth when he said that Wildermoor was only represented at church by four of its families; and not even the name of a new Rector raised sufficient curiosity to add to the number.

"I shall have to tell my friend Clement how lamentably I have failed in my first effort," thought Cyril Trevor, as he stood moodily in the centre aisle, after his third Sunday in Lynwood. At this moment a door leading out of the organ chamber opened, and David North, the parish clerk, espying his opportunity, came up for a word with the Rector.

"I guess you don't like the look of those empty benches in the north aisle, sir?" he said, putting on his spectacles, as if to see the effect of his words. "I hear you expected the Wildermoor folk to fill them this afternoon."

"I certainly hoped, some of them, at least, would have kept their promise to attend," replied Mr. Trevor gravely.

"Then, sir, don't you think *nothing no more!*" said David sententiously. "Mr. Leslie was a fine preacher,—better sermons could not be made, or given out with a clearer sound; and *yet* Wildermoor never put on Sunday clothes to come and hear *him*—no! not from year's end to year's end!" Here David North put his spectacles into a stiff black case, and shut the lid with a snap, which said—what perhaps he might not have ventured to express—"*You* can't expect to bring them!"

"With regard to Lynwood itself," remarked Mr. Trevor, "I understood that the church was usually filled, and much regret to see it otherwise."

David smiled. "True enough, sir! There were a *sight* of people in Mr. Leslie's time. Bless your life! we had 'em from Cransmere, Dunnersley, and High Netherton. We should never have known where to find seats for them if the Wildermoor folk had come." He was ready to say more on this refreshing subject, but a reproving glance caught his eye, and a stately figure in the doorway signed to him to lock up the organ and put out the pulpit lights. So David quietly moved off, without even saying good afternoon to his Rector; for it was a well-known fact that when Mrs. North made her appearance, David's "time to be silent" had arrived.

And now Patience North walked up the aisle, with her customary self-possession, and, with a dignified curtsey as she approached the Rector, said emphatically, "Six-and-forty years, *this day*, I have taken care of this church! and my father and grandfather before me. I hope, sir, you find it kept to your satisfaction? The tiles and carvings—polished brass—and all of it!"

"Unexceptionably so," replied Mr. Trevor

kindly; "I never saw a church in better order, or more carefully attended to."

Mrs. North took out a white handkerchief, raised her eyebrows, and produced a tear: this she solemnly enfolded as a tribute to past memories, remarking with a deep sigh that the late Rector had taken great delight in all of it, often giving her a cheering word of commendation.

"Ah, he will be greatly missed, Mr. Trevor—greatly missed! but I trust we shall—*in time*—have a like regard for *you*, sir!—and also Mrs. Trevor. As for our late dear Mr. Leslie, and his excellent mother—you must excuse me, we all have our feelings!"

"Quite so! replied Mr. Trevor absently. His quick ear had detected a footstep in the porch, for which he had been listening. "Ah, you are ready at last!" he said, with a welcoming smile, as he placed his wife's arm within his own, and took possession of her music-books. "You look tired, Violet; is it the new organ, or the length of my sermon?"

"My dear Cyril, it is nothing but a conversation with Miss Mortimer. She left the chancel door at the same moment as myself, and held me fast."

"Who *is* Miss Mortimer?" asked Cyril quietly, as they left the churchyard for the open road. "Oh, I recollect! she is a companion-nurse to poor old Squire Beverley."

"Yes; and what is more," said Violet half mischievously, "she is a person who takes ample note of the Rector of Lynwood and his work. She met me dissolved in tears, and I almost felt obliged to apologize for my intrusion into Mrs. Leslie's place at the organ. Yet I received a solemn shake of the hand as a reward for my services; and listened to the hope I should be able in time to acquire as lovely a touch, and the same exquisite taste, as the dear lady who had gone from among them."

"Is that all?" asked Cyril. "And you were so soon wearied!"

"N—no! not quite," replied Mrs. Trevor, with some hesitation. "The fact is, she criticised your sermon rather sharply, and intends to write to you about it. She said their late Rector had preached from the same text, and that your views do not accord with the 'careful rendering' she had received. I could almost wish the 'late dear Rector' were here at this moment, and that we were once more in our old home at Heatherley. We shall have no influence for good here."

Cyril smiled. "Yet it was only last evening, Violet, that you read to me of the slow growth to perfection of every great and glorious thing, as well as the small things of everyday life, and you remember that,—

'Never hasting—never resting—legend fine and quaint and olden,
In our thinking—in our acting, should be writ in letters golden.'"

Violet's face grew bright, and Cyril went on speaking cheerfully of the future, little thinking that disappointments and vexations were already gathering round them.

Yet so it was, and from a source in which they were least expected—even Lynwood itself, where the good work built up by Mr. Leslie's influence seemed fast crumbling to its fall. His kindly and yielding nature had smoothed over difficulties that would have been more wisely looked into and settled with true and direct purpose. "Let us be a united people," was his cry, but "united effort"—the practical response—had not been given. So that when the testing time arrived, and new schools had to be built, each had his own opinion, and began to speak and act for his own interests.

Besides all this, Cyril found himself to be keenly watched and warily listened to; while at the same time he took sorrowful note of the fact that the attendance at church lessened, and a cold reaction seemed to be replacing the warmth and brightness of the Christian life which had been described to him.

Even Miss Mortimer, who had given him a tearful welcome, began to assert her opinion more boldly, that the new Rector was a man whose short and practical lessons had been thrust upon them, less for their own benefit, than as a punishment for their inattention to the beloved instructor they had once possessed.

"Sir," she remarked coldly to her new teacher, "you take what I should call a very *inferior* line of thought to my late dear and much-revered minister. His explanation of that ninth verse was deeply instructive, and of so spiritual an interpretation, that you must excuse me if I am unwilling to accept your exceedingly plain and literal remarks." Tears followed these words, and in breathless sobs she added, "My old friend and master—Mr. Beverley—who, I perceive, has fallen asleep rarely, if ever, dozed

when our late Rector sat beside him—which he did most days—in the friendliest manner—with a cheerful word! Ah, sir, you must forgive my tears, they *will* flow."

"Your regrets are perfectly natural," said Mr. Trevor, with a kindly smile, "and I share them with you. Mr. Leslie and I were at Oxford together."

"Indeed! Well, to be sure!" said the Squire, rousing himself. "Learned your lessons together, eh? Well, Mr. Leslie is a good man, a very good man, but he don't know *everything*. I doubt if he can tell an apple tree from a hawthorn."

Miss Mortimer rose up with an offended air.

"Sir! Mr. Leslie's knowledge is not to be questioned upon *any* subject!"

Cyril felt that at all events this one was becoming dangerous, for an angry light came into Miss Mortimer's grey eyes; and with ready tact he discussed the merits of various red-streaked apples which filled a basket on the table, until the Squire grew interested with his friendly Rector, and even Miss Mortimer had forgotten her ill-humour.

"Pleasant man that," said the old gentleman, as Mr. Trevor left the house. "Send him a present of those 'Seek-no-furthers' and 'Long Pippins,' Deborah. He knows a good apple when he sees one, and that is more than *some* persons do."

Miss Mortimer sighed. "This time last year, Mr. Beverley, you sent that same basket of fruit to our late Rector. I took it *myself*, and laid it on his study table with my *own* hands. I well remember his gracious '*Thank* you, Miss Mortimer.' Ah, time may reconcile, but it can never *obliterate*."

"Well, well," said the Squire good-humouredly, "your feelings are readily touched; but never mind, cheer up, Deborah, and, take my word for it, you'll soon come round. I never saw a good up-standing parson that's *all there* whether you talk of an orchard or a haystack, who wasn't a worthy man in the pulpit, *or out of it*."

"Maybe," replied Miss Mortimer; "but we have so recently parted from our late lamented pastor, that I cannot, *as yet*, see any other clergyman taking his place without many tears."

Mr. Trevor had no sooner left the Lays, and come out into the open road, than he was waylaid by the Lynwood schoolmaster; always rather an unwelcome individual, he was especially so just then.

"I wanted a word with you on school matters, that's what *I* wanted," he said, in a horrible nasal voice, and with rude emphasis, "but you hurried out of the school committee meeting too fast for *me* to come up with you. I daresay you saw what a storm was brewing in certain quarters, and thought you'd be off *first;*" and the grim smile with which he repeated the words was not a pleasant one to behold. "There 'll be a fine rumpus, Mr. Trevor, before that site is settled. You mark my words. And it's a pity, a great pity, that the new schools were not built in Mr. Leslie's time. He would have been listened to, *he* would. Our late Rector was a *conciliatory* man, sir!"

"I think," replied Mr. Trevor in his quietest tone, "this is scarcely the time or place to discuss the question. By-the-bye, can you distinguish the minute hand on the old clock there? The ivy grew up to the point of stopping it, you know, and I fear David North's plan for reaching it may have failed."

"Not unlikely," said Mr. Grimsby; "but with regard to the new schools, there will be *no failure* if the site *I* have suggested is decided upon."

"Possibly; but your opinion had better be reserved for the next meeting;" and, pointing to the grand, dark yew trees above them, Mr. Trevor added, "Whatever site is selected for the new schools, nothing could be more beautiful than the situation of the parish church, while the interior is equally"—

"Ha!" interrupted the schoolmaster gruffly. "The *interior* of *that* church used to be *crammed*, Mr. Trevor, from the chancel to the west end—CRAMMED! Our late Rector was a *popular* man, sir!"

"And deservedly so," replied Mr. Trevor. "I am sorry to say it is far from the case now, and I fear that, if the worshippers here depend upon popularity, it will remain so."

"We had stirring services, and Mr. Leslie spared no pains to obtain listeners," said Mr. Grimsby loftily.

"I believe so," said Mr. Trevor; "and if I take a different view of my duty, you may rest assured that I have an equally earnest desire for the welfare of these people. Good evening to you, Mr. Grimsby."

No response was given back, but the schoolmaster nodded; it was an easy way of his, and

saved the brim of his hat. He was a hard-featured North countryman, and his face wore a sullen and dissatisfied look. The new Rector had a quiet but independent way of his own, which Mr. Grimsby had not mastered, and there was a certain amount of influence over the school management which he coveted to obtain.

Shutting his garden gate with a loud slam, he turned into the school premises, and into his own parlour, in a mood which balanced between good and evil, genial or severe. At this moment, his wife's smile, and a plate of hot buttered toast, caught his eye. A softening influence gathered round him; he stretched out his slippered feet without so much as waking a Persian cat on the hearth-rug; and at length, within easy reach of the toast, and opposite to the well-filled teapot, he became communicative.

"We had a stormy meeting, Jemima; all the school committee were present, yet none of them could agree together, and settle the question. One wanted the site *here*, another *there*, and no decision could be arrived at. Mr. Trevor said less than any one, and at length he left, muttering something about an engagement with the Squire. Then I followed, for I thought I might catch the blacksmith at his forge, and it would be as well to explain why Sam got his thrashing yesterday. I was there a good while, and, as I hoped, just met the Rector coming out from the Lays. Of course I did my best to have a talk upon school matters, but"—

"Well, Simon, and what's your opinion of him?" asked Mrs. Grimsby anxiously. "I mean, how shall *we* get on with him about the school?"

"Oh," said Mr. Grimsby, "I made up my mind about *that* long enough ago. We've got a very different man to deal with,—a *queer, difficult, decided*, go-through-your-duty sort of parson, Jemima."

"Ah! you think he'll not be so *considerate* and accommodating as Mr. Leslie. *In-deed!*" Mrs. Grimsby's teapot took a melancholy attitude in her hand, as she slowly filled her second cup.

"Well! as to '*considerate*,' I *don't* know," replied Simon Grimsby meditatively. "He has just sent us a load of coal, and without my asking the broken tiles are replaced; but I mean, he'll hold his own, Jemima! and, if I'm not mistaken, he and I will be at cross-purposes before long. I don't think we shall get a rise of salary out of *him*. He is beginning to be 'down' on us already about saving, and has asked me some awkward questions; but we shall soon see *who is master!*"

Mr. Trevor, in perfect content to leave that question unsettled, dismissed the school altogether from his mind, and strolled quietly home. Violet met him on the terrace. "You look tired, dear!" she said, taking quick note of a wearied expression in the eyes that met her own.

"That is very possible," replied Cyril, "as the school committee meeting was by no means of a soothing nature. Clement's united parishioners have disappeared with his own influence; no two came to the same decision, and a host of difficulties have arisen. The site—the funds—the management! all are lying in a storm-tossed sea."

"Poor Cyril!" said his wife, with ready sympathy; "I wish I could help you to pilot the good ship! But you know—

'Vessels large may venture more,
The *little boats* should keep near shore.'"

Mr. Trevor smiled. "At all events, my dear Violet," he said, "you can take Anthony Hiles' place, and 'hold the lantern steady;' and then, when the haven is reached, you will be able to say, 'Captain and I—*we* did it, sure enough! and *here we are!*'"

The Loving Memory of Dogs.

THE late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog, which was very much attached to him, at the country-house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, arriving at his friend's house late at night, and retiring without having the dog called.

Next morning Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog bursting into the bedroom, and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstrations of delight.

"How did he know I had arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant who brought hot water.

"Oh, sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognised them, and became excited beyond measure, and I have not been able to quiet him until he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed up along with me to your door."

OUR HAPPY SECRET.—*Page* 67.

MARCH.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER V.

ARTHUR'S TRIALS.

"Life is a battle, Arthur,
Where the strongest sometimes fail;
But the strength which comes from God in prayer,
Makes even the weak prevail."

ARTHUR left Harrow on the morning of the accident, full of hope and bright sunshine. His course there had been a successful one, and he left with the good wishes of both master and scholars. He was looking forward with joy to the thought of being at home. Little he knew, poor fellow, of the trouble in store for him there. He was met at Dorcaston station by Joseph Barton, and when he saw him standing on the platform as the train steamed into the station, his heart sank within him. He knew that something had gone wrong. It was plainly written in Joseph's face,—good, honest old man,—and Arthur could not wait until the train had stopped, but jumped out and eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"Tell me at once, Mr. Barton—has anything happened to my father?"

"Come with me, my boy, into this waiting-room; we shall be quiet there. I cannot tell you here."

Arthur followed him into the waiting-room, trembling with the vaguest misgivings. What could it be? Was it Anna? Was it his father? After all, it might not be so bad. Such were the thoughts which chased each other madly through his brain. The walk to the waiting-room, picking their way through the crowd of passengers, seemed interminable.

"Keep me no longer in suspense, Mr. Barton," said Arthur, as they entered the waiting-room. "Is it my father?"

"Yes; your father had an accident this morning in the hunting-field. He"—

"Is he ill?"

"He is"—

"Dead? Tell me—is—?"

"Yes, my dear boy, he is dead."

There was no need to tell more. The lad's grief became almost uncontrollable. He wept like a child, and sobbed most piteously. But Joseph Barton was a true comforter. He laid Arthur's head on his shoulder, and allowed him to spend his grief in tears.

The first burst of grief over, Arthur suffered himself to be led to the carriage awaiting them.

It was a dreary drive home. Home!—it hardly seemed to him like going home. His horizon

had suddenly been darkened. The morning had broken for him full of bright hope and pleasant sunshine, but the afternoon found him on the verge of despair. It was as if some awful avalanche had opened before him, and, helpless and alone, he were reeling into it. But before they had proceeded far on the journey homewards, the opportunity came for which Joseph Barton had been patiently waiting.

Arthur asked him a few questions as to how the accident had happened, and he speedily took advantage of this to breathe strength and comfort into the lad. And this he did well. Barton's was a powerful nature; he *believed* in God with an intense belief. He was a man of few words—plain even to bluntness—spoke with deliberation, yet with decision.

"Few of us, my boy, are without trials of one kind or another. This is a sad trial for you and for Anna, but it rests with you to keep up the spirits of both. You are the man, and God has given you health and strength, and a good understanding, and you must look to Him to give you still more than that—fortitude and resignation in the hour of affliction."

"But," sighed Arthur, "this is a heavy trial. It cannot be for the best; at least, I cannot see it."

"Why not, then? My father was taken suddenly from me, leaving me almost penniless, but strong in the love of one that's dead now. The grief did not seem so great; I had strength and hopeful manhood and love on my side, working with me, and helping me. I was a poor man, but I had my ewe lamb. But there came a greater cloud even than the death of my father. A rich man came my way; his lips uttered nothing but deceit; flattery was on his tongue. He stole away my love, and left"—

There was a long, solemn pause. Arthur could not tell why, but he felt strong from that moment; and by the time the carriage had reached the Grange, and Anna met him at the door and fell upon his neck weeping, he had become calm and resolute. Firmly he led his sister to the chamber of death, and, as they knelt down together at the side of the bed, he uttered the prayer from his favourite poem:

"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"

A week passed by. The funeral had taken place, and Squire Maxton was at rest in the old churchyard. But strange things had been revealed to Arthur. He heard from the Rector, and also from Mr. Barton, that there had been something weighing on his father's mind; and one morning the whole trouble was explained to him in looking over some of his father's papers. It was found that the Squire had embarked in some speculation which had turned out badly, and another had been entered upon with the hope of recouping his losses, but, alas! had failed also. Ultimately a mortgage had been given on the estate to raise money to meet pressing liabilities. Not a word of all this had been breathed to Arthur either by his father or by Mr. Barton, and there was every reason to believe that the latter knew all about it. One thing was certain, the estate would have to go to the "hammer," and Arthur and Anna would no longer have a home at the Grange.

A month after this discovery, the estate was sold, and it was found that, after all outstanding liabilities had been met, there only remained between two and three hundred pounds, and that sum Arthur generously handed to Anna—or rather, to Mr. Barton for her.

Meanwhile the two had been staying with Mr. Barton and his niece, Mary. Mary and Anna had always been great friends. It was whispered in the village—not unkindly—that Arthur and Mary were great friends also. Indeed, it had been hinted by one of Mr. Barton's servants that they were more than friends—at all events, Mary had lost her heart to him, whether the love was returned or not.

The whole question of a home for Anna had already been thought out by Miss Amelia Swindon. That good kindly soul had intimated to her nephew that, there being no use for the two rooms known as the "day and night nurseries," they should offer a home to Anna. But the Rector—whilst quite as anxious to offer a home to Anna—had already heard that Joseph Barton intended taking her. Miss Amelia, however, was not content with this. She called on Mr. Barton, and talked the matter thoroughly over. She also discussed it with Mary, who had set her heart on having both Arthur and Anna. Miss Amelia made several discoveries in this talk with Mary. The first one was that Mary was an exceedingly nice and thoughtful girl. She was quite astonished at the depth of interest this girl took in the two homeless orphans, but still more so at the know-

ledge which she displayed of the people in the village. But by no means the least important discovery was that Mary loved Arthur. Mary did not confess to any such thing, but Miss Amelia could read between the lines; and, putting "two and two together," she concluded that Mary was in love with Arthur, and she was not far wrong. Somehow or other Mary contrived to bring "Arthur" a good deal into the conversation, and Miss Amelia rather encouraged it.

"He is a brave young man," she said, "and as good as he is brave. Whatever he does, you may rely upon it he will do well."

Later in the same day Mr. Barton had a long conversation with Arthur; and finally, after much beating about the bush,—for there was a good deal of shyness in Joseph Barton's composition,—offered a home to himself and Anna.

"Mary has set her heart on it, my boy; and I am sure you would be the last in the world to thwart her purpose."

Arthur received the offer with deep gratitude.

"It is very good of you to make such an offer, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it. For the present I gladly accept it for Anna, but for myself I must work. God knows this has all been a deadly blow; but, God helping me, I will work hard to build up a home again."

"Well said, my boy; and I admire your determination. Work is the best thing you can turn your hand to. But where will you work? Have you thought at all on the subject? It is not an easy matter now-a-days to get an inexperienced hand into an office or bank, and the professions are of course out of the question—unless"—

Mr. Barton paused a moment.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you will allow me to send you at my own expense to one of the Universities?"

"I cannot think of"—

"Hear me out first. I have no one dependent upon me except Mary; and during the past thirty years I have laid by large sums of money; and how could I spend my money better than by helping you?"

"I could not think of such a thing," Arthur interposed.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Barton, putting his hand gently on Arthur's shoulder, "you have heard a little of my early disappointment. I should not have uttered a word to either you or any one else on the subject, had it not been that I knew it would help you in your struggle. Now, let me plead that disappointment with you. Add a ray of cheer to my approaching old age, by accepting help from me. Let me do for you what your dear father longed to do!"

"I cannot. You first taught me to see the hand of God in this trial. You have taught me to bear up manfully, and counselled me to assert my manhood. I have taken you at your word, and mean to work."

"But," argued Mr. Barton, "you are unaccustomed to work of any kind. What could you do?"

"I have talked the matter over with Swindon, and he suggests a clerkship in a bank."

"A local bank?"

"No. I don't feel up to that quite. He has some influence in the —— Bank in London, and wrote a few days ago asking if they could give me a berth, and here is their reply."

Arthur handed the letter to Mr. Barton, who read it through twice carefully."

"I think the offer—under the circumstances—a very good one. I should accept it if I were you. The worst part of the thing is, that it is in London. You will be a long way from us, and I fear you will be very lonely; and London has many temptations to offer to young men."

"I am not afraid of temptation, and I do not think London can offer more than one has to face at a public school. I wonder, sir, why fathers don't warn their sons of the dangers they will have to meet at school. They little know the manner in which boys have their eyes opened when they come to mix with other boys, or they would be more faithful and explicit on matters which they now are afraid to mention."

"Don't the masters do their best to warn the boys? They are mostly clergymen, are they not?"

"The masters do their part well, sir. They are for the most part desperately in earnest. But they would tell you just the same as I have, were you to ask them. It is the part of a father to guard his boys against evil."

That night the question of Arthur's going to London was duly discussed in the family circle, and prayed over at family prayers.

The next morning Mr. Barton was off betimes to a "meet," and Arthur went to the Rectory to make arrangements with Swindon for accepting the post offered to him in London.

THE NEST OF THE WOOD ANT.—*Page* 67.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MIGHTY BABYLON.

"The world was all before me, where to choose."

ARTHUR found the Rector in his study over a morning pipe,—not a "churchwarden," but a dirty scrap of a briar, very stumpy, and showing signs of long service.

"How can you stay in your study this bright frosty morning? You should be out among the lanes in the fresh air. How many hundreds of hard-worked town parsons are there, who would give anything to be in the country on a morning like this! and here you are indoors—well, not moping over books, but polluting what little fresh air you have with baccy smoke."

"Steady, steady, my young Daniel come to judgment! not so fast! How do you know that I have not been in the lanes already this morning? Ay! and done nearly a day's work of reading besides? Long before you had rolled from your downy couch, I was hard at it in this room; and whilst you were tumbling into your tub, I was off and away across the moors getting up an appetite for breakfast."

Arthur could not help laughing at this hearty outburst. He felt in the Rector's presence a sense of freedom such as he could feel in the society of no other man.

"Well, now, since you have utterly vanquished me—what of the matter of mighty Babylon? When am I to start?"

"The sooner the better, say I. A start must be made sooner or later, and the sooner you make it, the better for yourself and your self-respect."

"Mr. Barton doesn't quite like the idea of my going."

"Of course he doesn't, good, kindly soul. He wants to send you to Cambridge, and make a barrister of you yet. He told me so yesterday. But I advised him to do no such thing, seeing that you had made up your mind to work. Off you go to London as soon as you can get your traps together."

"I could start to-morrow."

"Then do so. I have written to Jackson, asking him to assist you to modest lodgings not too far from the City. And mind, my dear fellow, when you get to London, *don't forget to pray.*"

Arthur took his leave of the Rector, and hurried off to have a last look at the old home—the home of his childhood, and then returned to Mr. Barton's, where to his delight he found Mary all alone. This was what he had longed for. He wanted a talk with her before starting for London. There had been a little coldness between them for the past few weeks. They had not been on their old "footing" of close friendship. They had been "sweethearts" as children, and indeed until quite recently, but of course, now that Arthur was growing into manhood and Mary into womanhood, it would be absurd to carry on that childish notion. So Arthur thought. But not so Mary; Arthur filled her dreams and her imagination.

"Well, Mary, I have decided to start for London to-morrow. Shall you good folks miss me very much?"

"The 'good folks' have grown accustomed to missing you, you know. We have seen very little of you for the last year or so. Still," with a slight sigh, "we shall miss you. We shall often think of you at work in London. Of course you'll be able to run down now and again for a few days. The change will do you good, and Anna and my uncle will want to see you."

"And what about you, Mary? Shall you not want to see me? There used to be no holding you when I came home for the holidays. We must not forget old times *altogether.*"

A deep crimson flush spread over Mary's face, but she struggled bravely and overcame it, and answered somewhat archly,—

"We must forget those old days now. You have work to do, noble work, and I shall always pray for you, and Anna and I shall be sisters."

"You are a dear, good Mary still, you see, and you must allow me to be your *brother.*"

Arthur placed perhaps undue emphasis on the word brother, but Mary quietly and meekly acquiesced.

"You will allow me to assist in packing?"

"A favour I was just about to ask of you, Mary. I hate packing. It's a fearful bore having to fold things up squarely and neatly. I always admired the system of the sailor. He doesn't indulge in the luxury of a portmanteau; an old canvas bag is good enough for him, into which he thrusts his garments, and presses them down with his foot. But of course that would not do in civilised life, and especially in the civilised life of a City clerk."

Arthur's "traps" were duly packed—Mary packed them, and shed tears as she did so. She was a foolish girl, perhaps, for doing so, but she loved Arthur with a pure love, and her heart went out to the noble lad who had

determined to maintain a dignified independence, and work for his own living.

The next morning Arthur started early for the "mighty Babylon," not without tearful adieus, but full of hope and bright dreams of the future.

Mr. Barton wanted very much to accompany him, but he preferred facing the first struggle alone.

It needs not to be said that large numbers of young men go up to London from the country, and are obliged to live at a distance from their relatives and friends, owing to the necessities of their work. They are lonely in their cheerless lodgings. Whilst they are absolutely their own masters, they are more or less friendless, and as a rule thrown entirely upon their own resources for recreation and amusement. This is well known to every one.

Arthur found himself in London late in the afternoon. He was met at the station by one of the porters from the bank. "Mr. Jackson's compliments, and he was very sorry that business detained him in the City;" but the porter gave Arthur an address in the Brixton neighbourhood, where suitable apartments could be found. It was true Mr. Jackson knew nothing about the apartments, beyond the fact that one or two of the clerks in the bank had rooms in the same house, and, as far as he knew, they were very comfortable; at all events, they had made no complaints to him, etc., etc.

Arthur, with his worldly possessions on the top of a four-wheeler, set out for the rooms, and rumbled through miles of streets, until at last he reached the apartments. They were in a street where every other window exposed a card with "Apartments," showing through layers of dirt. The door was opened by a slovenly "slavey," from whose life all the beauty of existence and the joy of service had long been driven.

Yes, Mrs. Jones was at home. Would the gentleman walk into the front parlour?

The landlady—Mrs. Jones—appeared, and a satisfactory arrangement was made. Arthur was to have the front parlour or sitting-room, with a small bedroom opening out of it at the back. Whilst tea was preparing, Arthur unpacked his traps, and prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The sitting-room was of fair size, but scantily furnished. There was an air of shabby gentility about it, which looked particularly cheerless to Arthur. Nothing could be more dismal than the first evening he spent in it. There was an old, wheezy, asthmatical piano in one corner of the room. He tried to extract something approaching a tune from it, but more than half the keys were dumb, and the remainder were as flat as a pancake. He gave up music, and for a time amused himself examining the pictures on the walls. There was a cheap print of Nelson dying at Trafalgar, with a miserable representation of "Up, Guards, and at them," at Waterloo, as a companion picture. Then there was the inevitable oil painting of the landlady's late husband,—Arthur had his whole history before he'd been in the house an hour,—and finally, there were a few representations of Scripture scenes,—"chromeos," as the landlady called them. Nothing could be more cheerless than this room. It depressed Arthur so that he had a good cry after the landlady had cleared the table of the "tea-things." He had never truly realized his position before. There had been a certain excitement in the anticipation of a great change in life. He had made up his mind to "rough it," but he had not thought that it would be like this. He thought of his old comfortable room at home—what a contrast! He paced the room impatiently, somewhat angrily. Swindon's remark came to him, "*Don't forget to pray;*" but—perhaps for the first time in his life—he had no desire to pray.

Just at this stage he heard the fumbling of a latch-key in the house door, and presently some one with a jaunty step—evidently a young fellow—entered the hall, singing cheerfully,—

> "There's a good time coming, boys,
> A good time coming;
> There's a good time coming, boys,
> Wait a little longer."

And a cheerful voice called out to "Mrs. Jones" to "bring up tea at once, and not to stand gossiping down there, slandering her neighbours and taking innocent people's characters away." At which the said Mrs. Jones was heard to laugh, as of course any sensible landlady would, when a lodger, who paid her pretty well, made a joke. There was a contagion about the cheerfulness which immediately brightened Arthur. He determined to make this young fellow's acquaintance as speedily as possible. It had been well for him had he thought twice before doing so; but alas! few of us are given to over-thinking.

Coming forth as Gold.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A., HONORARY CANON OF NORWICH.

"He knoweth the way that I take; when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."—JOB xxiii. 10.

WE must observe the contrast between what Job knew of God, and what he felt God knew of him.

According to Ebrard, this was an expression of self-righteousness; but surely that is altogether to misunderstand what he meant. What it expresses is his knowledge of the purpose of God in sending affliction. So far from its being self-righteous, it shows his consciousness how much there was of dross, and his need of the trial, and what was to be the result of it. It is the language of faith.

Job knew that God was ordering all things aright, and directing all his ways. He had the strongest confidence in His doing all things wisely and well. At the moment he uttered these words, he caught a glimpse of the good which God had in view for him. He saw that there was a purpose of love in his trials, and that he had no more reason to complain of them than the gold of being put into the furnace. He saw at that moment what before and afterwards he forgot, that what God was doing was both testing him and purifying him: "When I am tried, I shall come forth as gold."

We know that to have been true about Job, because we are admitted into all that had taken place in heaven. We have seen the real, that is, the supernatural history of Job's trials, and know why God permitted it. Job did not know that history at all, and only knew the reason and purpose of his trial by faith. His faith only saw it when a momentary flash of light fell upon it. But at this moment he did see it, and felt confident of the success of the experiment, and of his coming forth eventually like gold.

In this Job was only an example of what God is continually doing with many of His children, of what perhaps He does at some time or other with all of them. He puts them into the fire, not to injure them, but to purge them. It is because there is much gold, or, at all events, some gold, that He takes pains to remove the dross; and the hotter the furnace, and the more frequent the process, the more perfect is the result He is designing.

When the Christian is tried, tried deeply, we must always remember this. We must not forget the gracious purpose which God has in view in all that He is doing. And in the fire, One is ever with His people, whose form is as the Son of God. Job saw this very dimly. Had he seen it more clearly, he would have been able better to understand the affliction. The tried Christian must never forget it; and, with Christ's presence in the furnace, and the prospect of coming forth of it like gold, he must sing in tribulation and glorify God in the fire.

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

IN MEMORIAM—BISHOP LIGHTFOOT.

ON Saturday afternooon, December 21, the Right Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Bishop of Durham, breathed his last, at the Imperial Hotel, Bournemouth. Words cannot express the full sense of the loss which the Church of England has sustained in his demise. He was only in his sixty-second year, an age when bishops, as a rule, may look forward almost to twenty years' further work. He was a younger son of the late Mr. John Jackson Lightfoot, accountant, of Liverpool, where he was born April 13, 1828. On his mother's side Dr. Lightfoot claimed kinship with Wordsworth's immortalized pastor in "The Excursion"—the wonderful Walker of Seathwaite. The prelate's maternal uncle, Joseph Vincent Barber, an artist of much repute in Birmingham, married Ann Easter Walker, only daughter of Zaccheus Walker, the eldest son of "the Wonderful." His earliest education was received under Dr. Cliffe at the school connected with the Royal Institution in Liverpool. His mother and his other Birmingham relatives thought he would do much better if sent to the famous grammar school of that town, then under the high mastership of Manchester's first diocesan, Dr. J. Prince Lee. Here Lightfoot formed one of a trio of remarkable boys —"three boys," it is said, "Prince Lee loved more than any one else in the world, and in whom he took every human interest in pushing forward, the other two being the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, and Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott." From Birmingham he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and obtained the highest honours in his degree. He was Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 1851, and was also a Wrangler or a First Classman in mathematics. His subsequent life was for many years mainly devoted to the University, to which he was intensely attached. He became Fellow of Trinity in 1852, and subsequently tutor. In 1854 he was ordained by his old Birmingham master, Bishop Prince Lee, at St. John's Church, Heaton Mersey. In 1861 he became Hulsean Professor of Divinity, and in 1875 Margaret Professor. He combined with these University offices, indeed, various other important duties. He became Chaplain to the late Prince Consort in 1861, Chaplain to the Queen in 1862, and Deputy-Clerk of the Closet in 1875, and Examining Chaplain to Dr. Tait, both as Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1862–79. In 1879 he was appointed Canon-Residentiary at St. Paul's Cathedral. His name will always be cherished in that cathedral as one of its great ornaments. His influence there was of the utmost value, as he brought the gifts of his unsurpassed learning to the work of the practical instruction of a great London audience.

Dr. Lightfoot never married. He was wedded to his studies, to his duties, wherever they might be, and to the Church, which he regarded as a spiritual mother to her children. In 1879 he accepted, not without reluctance, the Bishopric of Durham, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, who, it was very well known, had correctly interpreted Her Majesty's own wishes on the subject. For ten years Dr. Lightfoot

added to his ordinary studies—for these he never abandoned — the trials of a prelate burdened by one of the most difficult and cumbersome sees in the Church. "For ten years," says the *Daily News*, "he administered a large and populous diocese with such perfect tact and fairness, with such singleness of purpose and elevation of mind, that it would be difficult to say whether he was more beloved by Churchmen or more respected by Nonconformists. He was, when what he thought necessity required, an unsparing controversialist, and in his detailed criticism of 'Supernatural Religion' he may be thought to have made too much of these errors in detail, which, as Horace says, are due either to individual carelessness or to the innate incaution of mankind. But his vehemence sprang from no personal acrimony—a sentiment of which indeed he was wholly incapable."

The funeral of the late Bishop took place at Durham on Friday, December 27, the feast of St. John the Evangelist. The body was conveyed from Bournemouth on the previous day, and deposited in the cathedral sanctuary. Friday was observed as a day of general mourning in the city. Nearly all the clergy of the diocese attended the funeral, or the services, of which there were two—one at the cathedral of Durham and the other at Bishop Auckland. Both the Archbishops took part; and there were also present the Bishops of Ripon, Carlisle, Newcastle, and Bishop Sandford; the Lord Lieutenant, and all the principal laymen of the city and diocese. It was a grand and solemn function. Never, perhaps, since the burial of Archbishop Tait, has there been a more impressive scene.

There can be little doubt that the good Bishop died from overwork. In his address to the Diocesan Conference on October 17, there occurred a touching passage, which is now worth quoting, showing how the learned prelate anticipated, but did not deplore the result: "While I was suffering from overwork, and before I understood the true nature of my complaint, it was the strain, both in London and at home, in connection with this pan-Anglican gathering which broke me down hopelessly. I did not regret it then, and I do not regret it now. I should not have wished to recall the past, even if my illness had been fatal. For what, after all, is the individual life in the history of the Church? Men may come and men may go—individual lives float down like straws on the surface of the water till they are lost in the ocean of eternity; but the broad, mighty rolling stream of the Church itself—the cleansing, purifying, fertilizing tide of the river of God, flows on for ever and ever!"

In that last public utterance of the late Bishop of Durham there occurred another passage, which will be noted now that he has passed away. It refers to the fourth Gospel—to which, as is well known, his scholarly arguments referred in the discussion on "Supernatural Religion." He said: "I believe from my heart that the truth which this Gospel (St. John) more especially enshrines—the truth that Jesus Christ is the very Word incarnate, the manifestation of the Father to mankind — is the one lesson which, duly apprehended, will do more than all our feeble efforts to purify and elevate human life here, by imparting to it hope and light and strength, the one study which alone can fully prepare us for a joyful immortality hereafter."

ERIC VANDAL.

Our Church and Parish.

VISITING THE POOR AND NEEDY.

I WANT the reader to follow me in imagination to a crowded district of London, to see something of what is being done by the Church in the homes of the people.

As we pass through its streets, its courts, and its alleys, and see not only the poverty, but the wretchedness, and, in some cases, the wickedness of the people, we are perforce reminded of the difficulties that beset the work of the parish pastor, whose lot may be cast in such a district. For people of that class, ordinary methods are unavailing. The church bell may and does ring out Sunday by Sunday, and often during the week, calling them to the house of God, but they heed it not; and unless some effort were made to take the good news of the gospel to them in their own homes, many of them would live and die in utter ignorance of religious things.

It is one of the glories of the National Church that her clergy are the friends not only of the rich, but of the poor, the sinful and the outcast. This is not the place to speak of what denominational ministers may do, or may leave undone, but it is well that we, as Churchmen, should thoroughly and clearly understand that the clergymen of the parish provides for the spiritual necessities, not only of those who seek him, but also of those who hold aloof from him and the services he offers them.

The parish clergyman cannot possibly do this work single-handed. He is assisted sometimes by a curate or Scripture-reader, and in many cases by a band of noble-hearted persons — often women — who go by the name of district visitors.

District visiting is often looked upon as unromantic work. It may be so; but I can conceive of few other labours in the home mission field that bring a greater blessing to the worker's own soul than that. He or she may be inclined to be discontented; a week of district visiting in the homes of the poor will soon bring about another state of mind, and the heart will be filled with praise and thanksgiving for the many mercies God has bestowed. As with temporal blessings, so also with spiritual grace. Personal acquaintance with the godly and devoted lives of some of the poor, practised often under the most trying circumstances, will make us ashamed of our own shortcomings, and more than ever resolved to walk more worthily of our high calling in the future.

But while we have been ruminating, we have arrived in the district, and we meet the "visitor" just as he is beginning his rounds. He gladly gives us permission, and we accompany him.

"You see this house," he says, as he pauses in front of a tumbledown building, one story high; "it has seven rooms, and almost as many families live in it. Follow me in; there is a most interesting old woman living in the front parlour."

A rap at the parlour door, and we heard a faint voice calling us to come in. We see a poor lone woman, weighed down with the burden of some eighty summers, ill, and desperately weak. The room is close and stuffy, and altogether a very undesirable abode for one suffering from bronchitis. We look round at the furniture, and we notice only a broken-down wooden bedstead, a couple of chairs, and a few oddments. The aspect is cheerless enough in all conscience, but as the kind voice of the visitor breaks the silence, a bright smile comes over the face of the sufferer, and she asks him to read to her the 23rd Psalm. "The Lord is my Shepherd," he proceeds, and the poor lone creature follows every word, and when he finishes with the verse, "and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," a hearty "Amen' testifies that she is looking forward to the time when she too shall be "for ever with the Lord."

We enter another house in the same street, and here find sad evidence of overcrowding. In a small room, some ten feet square, there are a man (ill in bed), woman, and four little ones. Here too there is every aspect of dire poverty. The visitor approaches the bedside and speaks kindly to the man.

"What do you do for a living, friend?" he asks.

"Oh, anything I can; but generally I'm a coster. I have been out of work, though, now for many weeks."

The poor fellow is inclined to complain of his lot, but the visitor, while not forgetting his bodily necessities, speaks to him with admirable tact of One who causes all things to work together for good to them that love God, and after a while the sufferer becomes more patient.

Passing to another street in the same locality, the visitor stops before a high house, and asks us if we can mount to the top floor front. We readily consent, and follow him up the creaking stairs.

"Are you at home, friend?" he asks as he pushes the door slightly open.

And we hear a cheery voice reply, "Oh yes, sir; glad to see you. Come in."

We all go in, much to the consternation of a woman, who is busy with pastepot and paper making artificial flowers. There is only one chair in the room, and this she readily placed at our disposal. The husband is out; he has gone to hawk the goods made the previous day. In our ignorance we presume that the apartment we are in is a workroom only, and are surprised to find that it is a bed-sitting-living-working room combined. Frequent visits to the pawnshop, bad trade, and signs of approaching illness in her husband have combined to make her depressed. But for her

too the visitor has words of cheer. He pictures the glories of heaven, where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away," and very earnestly and affectionately asks her if she has a good hope of a bright and happy hereafter.

At this she hangs her head, and the tears come into her eyes. She knows she lacks the one thing needful.

"Ah, sir," she piteously exclaims, "if I only knew it was all right, I shouldn't be sorry if my turn came to-morrow!"

No wonder that, as we leave the room, our eyes are dimmed, and we feel a choking sensation in the throat, for the thought of a fellow-creature being tired of life may well move even a stout heart.

We visit other cases, and meet with varying kinds of people. Here and there we come across a true Christian living as a shining light in a dark place; here we find a worldling, there a careless one, there again a hardened sinner. But for all the visitor has a message. The Christian is encouraged; the worldling is told how soon the things of this life pass away; the careless one is warned; the hardened sinner hears that God commandeth all men everywhere to repent. To each and all he proclaims the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Thus is the good seed sown in the homes of the poor. As we bid the visitor good-bye, we wonder, What will the harvest be?

H. C. H.

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ARMADA, A.D. 1588.

PHILIP II. of Spain hardly needed the dying charge of Mary Queen of Scots to invade England. He had long been preparing to do so. The Spanish nation was then the most powerful in the world, and its fleet the largest. The navy hardly existed in England as a profession. But there were brave sea-captains who fitted out vessels at their own expense, and explored unknown seas. Thus Hawkins coasted Africa and visited Newfoundland; Drake had been round the world; Winter had baffled the French fleet at Leith.

Those were wild days. Although England and Spain were nominally at peace, English sea-captains pounced upon rich Spanish galleons* whenever they could, and brought their spoil home, and Spanish commanders only too often took English ships as prizes, and threw the sailors into the dreadful dungeons of the Inquisition, where they remained till death, or were burnt alive, unless they gave up their Protestant religion and their allegiance to their Queen.†

Many thought this state of things was worse than open war.

At last the Great Armada, or Spanish fleet, sailed from Lisbon out of the Tagus. (Portugal then belonged to Spain.) There were 136 ships, 8746 sailors, besides 2088 galley-slaves, and an army of 21,639 men. There were likewise 600 priests, 290 monks, and a legate of the Pope's, who carried a letter calling on all good English Catholics to forsake Elizabeth and welcome the Spaniards. An abundance of crucifixes, images, and consecrated banners completed the equipments.

In the afternoon of July 3, Admirals Drake and Frobisher were playing a game of bowls on the Hoe at Plymouth, when news was brought that the Armada was in sight! A stir and commotion arose, but Drake called out, "Stay! There is time to finish the game and beat the

* A man-of-war with three or four decks, navigated with sails and oars, which were often worked by slaves.

† Cecil stated that in one year twenty-six Englishmen were burnt in Spain. Out of seventy-one of Sir J. Hawkins's captured sailors only three refused to give up their faith when placed under the terrible rack. Noble three!

Spaniards too!" They did finish the game, and then, amid squally weather, made for their ships.

On came the Armada, a splendid sight, sweeping slowly forward in the form of a broad crescent. Then followed a wonderful week, upon every day, upon almost every hour of which hung the fate of England.

July 21, Sunday.—On came the big Spanish ships "like Thames barges filled with hay." But the little low English ships sailed two feet to their one, and shot in and out amongst them like magic. The English Admiral ran along the whole line, firing his broadsides, back, and over the whole course again.

On this day, too, Pedro Valdez, the only captain who knew the Channel, lost his ship and was taken prisoner, and another Spanish vessel was blown up by some one on board.

July 22, Monday.—Two Flemish pilots forsook the Spaniards and went off to the English, leaving the invaders terribly at a loss for guidance.

July 23, Tuesday.—The English nearly took another great Spanish ship, but had to let her go for want of ammunition.

July 24, Wednesday.—The English could do nothing for want of powder.

July 25, Thursday.—Lord Howard, in his ship "The Ark," attacked the Spanish flagship, but

FROBISHER, HAWKINS, AND DRAKE.

"The Ark" was injured. The Spaniards chased her, but she slipped away safely.

And now the Spaniards began to be afraid of the English, and of the torrents of shot which their little ships poured into the huge Spanish vessels, glancing away themselves unhurt.

July 26, Friday.—The English were very short of provisions. They had made three weeks' fare last seven weeks.

July 27, Saturday.—The Duke of Medina Sidonia made for Calais on the French coast.

July 28, Sunday.—The English, unable to attack the whole fleet at anchor, in dead of night sent off eight fireships amongst them.

In sudden dismay the Spanish fleet dispersed.

July 29, Monday.—Afraid to encounter the English again in the Channel, the Spaniards made for the North Sea, and determined to go round the north coasts of Scotland and Ireland. Terrible weather set in. Many of their vessels were wrecked on those wild rocky coasts, and hundreds of sailors were murdered by the fierce Irish peasants.

There was one ship whose captain, De Leyva,

had been so esteemed in Spain, that the tenderest Spanish mothers were glad to commit their sons to his care. Twice wrecked, after fearful sufferings of its crew from hunger, that ship went down. One cannot but feel a thrill of compassion for the gallant lads thus sacrificed to their sovereign's ambition.

At last the Duke of Medina Sidonia reached Spain with only a third of his great fleet, and his sailors in a fearful state of disease.

King Philip in gloomy despair shut himself up in his palace, and none dared speak to him.

Meanwhile England slowly learnt her great deliverance. On August 4, Elizabeth reviewed her army at Tilbury, and spoke such stirring words to them, that they felt they had indeed, as she said, "a queen who might be broken, but could not be made to bend." Their courage, however, was not to be tried. The navy had saved England.

On August 20 a thanksgiving service was held, but the chief celebration of the event was on Sunday, November 24. Then Elizabeth drove in a chariot drawn by four white horses to St. Paul's, and queen and people joined together in a so'emn service of praise and thanksgiving.

Truly, if ever there was a national deliverance, this was one, "stormy winds fulfilling the word" of the Most High.

A medal was struck bearing the motto: "The Lord sent forth His blasts, and they were scattered."

Thus ended the so-called Invincible Armada.

Why?

WHY stop me at stars on the way,
When to heaven my soul would away?
Wanting God, why to saints should I pray?
Answer me that if you may!

Why tell me of Fathers, of Laws,
Of Councils, not one without flaws,
When light from God's Word on each cause
My intellect draws?

Hush, hush! you are wasting your breath.
Whisper not what a priest murmureth!
For living, and likewise for death,
I ask what God saith!

What! back, looking backwards again?
Forgotten, the centuries' pain;
Forgotten, their struggle and strain,
And adequate gain?

Forgotten, the long stifling air,
Forgotten, the dull Latin prayer,
When none in plain English would dare
To tell God his care?

Forgotten, the rights trampled down
Of people, nobility, crown?
Again would we sink, would we drown,
Afraid of a frown?

Alas! noble hearts, interpose
Between England and all the old woes!
Shall our glory in bathos thus close?
Kissing meekly—Popes' toes!

E. A. W.

Our Young Men.

ON MARRIAGE.

THERE are few young men who do not look forward to the time when they will be able to marry and settle down comfortably in a house of their own, and it may not be out of place, in such a series of papers as these, to give one or two hints on a subject of such vast and far-reaching importance.

Men are seldom confirmed bachelors from choice; that they are such is due in most instances to their being the unhappy victims of unhappy circumstances. Yet many young men, who think to make a good impression, talk just as though they had only to offer themselves to at once secure the homage and devotion of any number of the fair sex. It is well to speak plainly. The young man about town is often so puffed up with his own conceit that he believes any girl would be honoured by his attentions. A greater mistake was never made. A young woman who is worth having as a partner in life

will hardly look at a man unless he has some sterling qualities of character to recommend him. The latest cut in clothes, a couple of sparkling rings on each hand, a massive watch-chain—these are all characteristics of the "fop;" and if beneath a glittering exterior a young man has little intelligence, no kindness of heart, no patience, no self-sacrifice, he may be sure that it will be a long time before he will be enabled to confer the "honour" upon a true and noble woman of calling her his wife.

Such a young man as I last pictured met with a decided rebuff at an evening party. He was told by his host that he could be introduced to a very nice young lady. "Trot her out," he retorted; "let's have a look at her."

But he spoke too loudly. The young lady overheard his ill-mannered remark, and was equal to the occasion. Introductions followed, and she eyed him from top to toe. "Trot him back," she exclaimed, when she had finished her examination; "he's no good." Before the fellow could recover from his surprise, he found himself the laughing-stock of the whole room.

This little incident points a useful moral. Let a young man, in seeking a wife, remember that a young woman in consenting to be his partner confers an honour upon him fully equal to that which he believes he bestows upon her. The reason for this is apparent. Marriage should be the *union* of two loving hearts. But there can be no true "union" where there is a feeling on the man's side that the woman gains the greater advantage from the match.

It would seem almost superfluous to say that for a marriage to prove a happy one it must be (to use a slang but very expressive phrase) "a love affair;" yet the correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph* showed conclusively that hundreds of couples enter into matrimony without anything approaching real love on either side. No wonder that marriages so contracted prove "failures." It would be strange if it were otherwise. But I make bold to say that no marriage that has for its foundation real true love can ever be a failure. When I speak of love, however, I do not mean its counterfeit—the sentimental nonsense that often in the present day passes for true affection. *That* will vanish when the first trial or difficulty crosses the path of the married pair, but true love will rise superior to every affliction. Love is the holiest and purest of God's graces, and its fruit is self-sacrifice. To love is to go out of self; and it is self-sacrificing love that alone can enable husband and wife to hold to each other for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death them do part.

But it has been truly said that love will not "keep the pot boiling," or, in other words, something more than mere devotion to each other is required, if a household is to be maintained. It may seem unromantic to write of ways and means, but young men cannot be too strongly cautioned against contracting marriage—however deeply they may be "in love"—before they have secured a position in life that affords them a reasonable belief that they will be able to maintain a wife and house. This need not alarm any young man, provided he will be content to begin his new life on the lowest rung of the ladder, and mount upwards by degrees. The mistake so many young people make is in believing that they must begin where their fathers left off, and hence marriage is deferred, or else at the very outset the young couple get hopelessly into debt. The question of income cannot be gone into here, so much depends upon the social position of the parties interested, but this much may be said, that no man ought to think of marriage who has not a decent balance in the bank, and an income of nearly double the amount that it would cost him to live fairly economically as a bachelor.

But in saying this I do not desire to disparage early marriage. I know that it is often argued that such marriages form one of the most fruitful causes of the poverty and misery of our time. But I venture to demur to that statement. The cause of a great deal of the prevalent social wretchedness is not early, but improvident marriage—a very different thing. I have endeavoured to caution the reader against committing so profound a blunder as that—a blunder, be it said, that will do more than anything else to blast his whole life; but when a man has the wherewithal to maintain himself and a wife in a position of comparative comfort, it is my solemn conviction that the earlier he enters the marriage state the better it will be for himself, his wife, and the community at large. The ennobling influence of married life cannot be over-estimated, and it is not surprising that an American firm has lately decided to employ only married men. If young men could only be thrifty, industrious, and painstaking, they would find that they would be able to marry at an earlier age than many of them do at present.

And it cannot be too strongly borne in mind, that until they are so they ought not to marry at all.

To sum up these cursory remarks, the hints I would give to young men on marriage are :—

1. Do not lose sight of its mutual advantage.
2. Marry *only* for love.
3. Avoid improvident marriage, but consistent with this,
4. Marry early.

H. C. H.

Temperance in Canada.

NO intelligent and unbiassed traveller can spend any time in the Dominion of Canada, without being forcibly impressed with the sobriety of its population as a whole. I suppose it is a fair assumption that more than half the people of Canada, without being total abstainers, habitually drink nothing stronger than tea or coffee ; while the number of abstainers is proportionately larger than perhaps any other Christian nation. The evidences of this state of things are abundant. I have been six weeks in Canada, the whole of which time has been spent in hotels — good, bad, and indifferent — in towns like Montreal and Toronto, in country villages and Western mushroom towns. I have never seen a Canadian take intoxicating liquor with his meals. If any one is drinking, it is sure to be an Englishman. It is the same in almost every private house. A minster of religion who is not an abstainer hardly exists in all Canada. The medical profession do their utmost to maintain habits of abstinence from strong drink, and members of the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments take the warmest interest in all laws dealing with the liquor trade.

The active temperance movement is healthy and vigorous. The organisations are much the same as those existing in England. Temperance meetings are usually held in connection with church or chapel, and a Band of Hope is attached to every Sunday school.

A strong movement is on foot to provide temperance teaching in public schools.

The Church of England, especially in Ontario, is very active in the temperance movement.

The strongest of all expressions of public opinion in countries enjoying a fine representative constitution, is to be found in the Acts of Parliament placed on the Statute-Book by the elected representatives of the people, and a study of the temperance legislation of Canada brings out very strikingly the rapid development of public sentiment with regard to the liquor trade. . . . The Canada Temperance Act 1878 is a local option law, affecting the whole Dominion of Canada, and was enacted for the purpose of enabling a majority of voters to suppress the retail sale of liquor in any city or country. . . .

The temperance party in Canada look upon this, the Scott Act, as only a stepping-stone to prohibition.

W. S. Caine, M.P.

Incidents in Missionary Life.

THE Mohammedan ruler of a farming village in Persia had been bitterly opposed to having any Christian work done among his tenants, even among his nominally Christian subjects. The missionaries sent a preacher to his village. The ruler ordered him away; that not availing, he ordered his goods and furniture to be put out of the house into the street. Later, the ruler's son was sick. He needed to have an operation performed, for which he must be taken to the hospital. The father accompanied him, and afterward kept visiting the hospital, occasionally spending a night, thus keeping well acquainted with all that was done for his son. He watched the workings of the establishment. When well enough, the son was sent home, and later the father called for a Christian preacher in his village, and attended service himself, carrying his own Persian Bible, a translation made by Henry Martyn, often comparing passages and asking questions, and discussing the Christian faith. This course excited comment. Mohammedans asked, "What does this mean ? Recently you drove the preacher from your village, and now you are attending services and reading the Bible." "Well," replied the ruler, "I

will tell you. I did not know these people. My son was sick, and I sent him to their hospital, and I got acquainted with the missionaries, and I know they are good people, and I wish for their teachers, and I am going to have them." That man will never again oppose the missionary work.

There was an old Koordish chief and robber, who, with others, had repeatedly perpetrated outrages on Christians. Redress was sought of the missionaries, and some of the robbers, among them this old chief, received punishment. Dr. Cochran had been instrumental in obtaining this justice, and the chief vowed vengeance upon him—even threatening the life of the "Christian dog." While breathing out his hatred, a cataract blinded his eyes, and he felt compelled to seek the hospital for help. He was kindly welcomed. The "Christian dog" removed the cataract; the chief recovered his sight. Later, the doctor visited the village where the chief lived, and as he sat in one of the houses reading the Bible aloud, there was a sudden stir among the people. A passage was quickly made, and this chief passed up between the rows of people to the doctor, who stopped reading, but the chief bade him resume,

adding he was glad to have him preach to his subjects, and he himself wished to learn more of Christ. Thus the once proud, cruel man sat down a humble listener at the feet of the Christian whose life he had threatened. He could well have said, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Self-denial of Missionaries.—Sir Charles E. Bernard, at the last annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society, said: "I have seen a good deal of missionary work during the thirty years I have been in India, and I am able to tell you that your missionaries do live self-denying lives, not in any way lives of luxury. Thirty-one years ago, when I first went to India, I was in the camp of Sir John Lawrence, in the Punjab, and when we came into the station at Rawul Pindee, and a sheep was killed, Sir John Lawrence ordered that a part of it should be taken to an old missionary who lived near; and he said he did so because he knew that the missionary was in such circumstances that often he and his family had no meat on their table. That struck me as showing that missionaries lived in a different way from other Englishmen in the Punjab and elsewhere."

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY. (*Page* 54.)

No. III. Agur's "four little things that are exceeding wise."

1. (*a*) Which of these teaches us to have no confidence in ourselves, but to hide in a crucified Saviour?
   (*b*) Which rebukes the folly of those who lay not up treasures in heaven?
   (*c*) Which illustrates the words: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."
   (*d*) What does the other teach?
2. Where are the following characteristics of the locust referred to?
   (*a*) Their immense number, obscuring the sun or darkening the land. (*b*) Their voracity.
   (*c*) The noise they make. (*d*) Their irresistible progress. (*e*) Crawling. (*f*) Leaping.
   (*g*) Flying. (*h*) Running. (*i*) Sudden and complete disappearance. (*j*) Sluggishness in cold.
   (*k*) Activity in heat. (*l*) Unbroken ranks. (*m*) The terrible devastation wrought by them.
3. Explain the following phrases:
   (*a*) "Whose trust shall be a spider's web." (*b*) "Tossed up and down like a locust."
   (*c*) "Having no guide, overseer, or ruler." (*d*) "The spider taketh hold with her hands."
   (*e*) "They shall climb the wall like men of war."
4. The coney in its teeth and feet resembles the rhinoceros and hippopotamus: with what animals does Moses join it, and why?
5. What insect teaches little people to attend to their own work and do it well, and not need some one to be always looking after them?
6. Why was the locust reckoned clean? Who made it his food?
7. What little creature is probably meant by the spider in Prov. xxx. 20?
8. Where does it seem to be asserted that they who go about to establish their own righteousness are weaving a spider's web, and that the works of such are as unfit for salvation as gossamer thread for clothing?
9. In the East ants may be seen ascending stalks of growing corn, and throwing down the ears which they have bitten off to their companions below, who pick them up and carry them home (Rev. J. G. Wood). What passages of Scripture does this illustrate?
10. When little people make Jesus their refuge, "The Rock that is higher," what do they also show themselves to be?

Our Happy Secret.

(*Frontispiece.*)

AH, I couldn't help it!
It came to me,
Out of the midst
Of an old apple tree;
Came to me soft,
With a chirping note—
Out popped the secret,
From dear little throat:
"Just here, just here, the nest shall be.
Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"

I *didn't* listen!
I tell you true;
They told it—and I,
Say—what could I do?
They sang it, and sang it,
Not looking at me,
Who sat looking out
At that old apple tree:
"Just here, just here, the nest shall be.
Nobody knows it! Oh, happy are we!"

Do you think I'd tell,
Oh, dear me, no!
Just where that wee nest
Is going to grow?
You couldn't find,
If a week you tried,
My apple-tree, where
That home shall hide.
Just where, just where that nest shall be
Nobody knows—only we three!

The Naughty Fairies.

THERE are two or three naughty fairies,
Who lurk in our pretty house:
They are sly as the wily foxes,
And one is as still as a mouse;
And one can growl and mutter,
And one has a chain on her feet;
These naughty and mischievous fairies,
Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers,
When a bit of work must be done:
"Oh! just let it go till to-morrow,
And take to-day for fun!"
And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you,
Till you pucker your face in a scowl,
Or whimper and fret in a corner,
Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies
Is the one with the chain on her feet,
And the strangest thing is her fancy
For a child who is gay and sweet.
She makes her forget an errand,
And loiter when she should haste,
And many a precious hour
She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,
Please pass them proudly by,
With lips set close and firmly,
And a flash in your stedfast eye;
For three very naughty people
These little fairies be,
Who mean, wherever they're hiding,
No good to you and me.

The Book of Common Prayer.

BY THE RIGHT REV. ROWLEY HILL, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

THE Prayer-Book is, for the most part, a very old book. It is not the composition of one individual or of one set of men, but it is a compilation of prayers and services derived in a great measure from very ancient sources, and which have been used in the Christian Church from time immemorial. I do not feel it necessary here to enter into an account of all the early liturgies. It is sufficient for my present purpose to state that when the glorious Reformation had fully set in, and when, in the reign of Edward VI., Cranmer, Ridley, and others undertook to frame a new manual of public devotion, they abstained as much as possible from original composition, and preferred to make a compilation from the offices of the unreformed Church. Whether this was a wise proceeding is a question. It certainly gave to the Prayer-Book all the authority of antiquity, and made it a connecting link between the past and the present; but, at the same time, in clearing away mediæval superstition, it was almost impossible not to leave some expressions which can be twisted by the advocates of Romanism to suit their purposes. Such, however, was the origin of the Book of Common Prayer. It passed through a revision on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and again at the beginning of the reign of James I. During the Protectorate the public use of the Prayer-Book was prohibited; but, on the death of Oliver Cromwell, a sudden reaction took place in favour of the ancient institutions both in Church and State. The Prayer-Book was once more restored; and, after passing through another revision in the year 1662, it has remained up to the present time without alteration.

This leads us also to consider something about the interpretation of the Prayer-Book. We can well understand how much depends upon the way in which it is interpreted; in fact, how everything turns upon that point. If a man is free to put whatever construction he chooses on the language of the book, he will have little difficulty in making it suit his views, whatever they may be. The late Mr. O'Connell used to say that he could drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament. But have we no guide in this matter? Has the Church of England left us without any clear exposition of her faith and teaching, whereby we may be assured of her meaning in the Prayer-Book? Certainly not. She has laid it down most plainly in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion, and, whatever doubt we may have as to the meaning of any expressions in her services, it will be at once made plain by a reference to the Articles. It is no doubt from this very fact that they are styled, by those who would put their own interpretation on the Church services, "The forty stripes save one." They do not like the burden that is thus put upon their consciences, and they would gladly be rid of it. In this, however, is our safeguard. Men may write as they like, and claim Churchmanship as they like, and refer to the Fathers as they like, but, as long as we have this clear exposition of the doctrine of the Church, we need pay little attention to all shallow assertion. To my mind this is a matter of the greatest importance, and one that we should never lose sight of in our interpretation of the Prayer-Book. But there is another point which it is well for us to remember in entering upon a consideration of the services of the Church of England.

The Prayer-Book is drawn up only for one class, and that is for believing people. Others may join in the services, and many do so; but for this the Church of England cannot be answerable.

There is but the one ground on which all worship can be established: "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." On this ground the services of the Prayer-Book are built: they are founded on the assumption of faith, that those who take part in them are believing people. And just as we remember this, and at the same time look for reference to the Thirty-nine Articles, we have the key to the interpretation of the Book of Common Prayer.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER III.

VIOLET'S LITTLE VENTURE.

"A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man."

THE large sailing vessel—which had seemed in such imminent danger—completed its voyage in safety. It had borne itself nobly among threatening rocks, and at length was riding at anchor, fitted, and ready to take up goods and passengers in regular succession.

In other words, the new school was finished and furnished, to the satisfaction of all concerned in the matter. All—excepting Mr. Grimsby himself, who had settled the question of mastership by a final insult to the school committee; and, in consequence, had disappeared from Lynwood. Yes! after all, there *had* been united effort in the building, and it was with a look of infinite content that Mr. Trevor expressed his comfort and relief in its completion.

"And now that it *is* fairly launched," he added cheerfully, "I have been thinking of a certain small vessel that is lying stranded, and which I think can be repaired and made of good service; 'a little boat' in which my wife may venture, and at the same time 'keep near shore.'"

Violet looked up wonderingly.

"'A little boat,' Cyril!" she repeated. "What can you possibly mean?"

"Only that I can see a small beginning to what may have a greater ending," he replied. "The thought has been much in my mind, but only this evening took definite form. I have been, as you know, to Wildermoor; and a more unsatisfactory visit could scarcely be imagined."

"Ah, yes! I thought you had been discomfited," said Violet; "for it was not 'the cheerful step of success' which passed this window."

"Perhaps not," replied Cyril. "Nevertheless, it *should* have expressed simple weariness; for what with the sultry day, and the closed casements in old Enoch Barton's cottage, I felt utterly lazy, and have been resting for an hour at least by the Long Pool."

"Indeed, father," said a little voice beside him, "you were not at all 'lazy.' You made quite a fleet of tiny boats. Father was the

shipbuilder, you know, mother! And I was the master mariner. I sailed them all!"

"How did he build them?" asked Violet, with a smile.

"Oh, mother, with a hollow reed, and a bit of white feather for a sail. They were *lovely* ships; but they nearly all got wrecked among the sedges. There was *one*, however,—such a beautiful frigate!—and it sailed right away to the Swans' Island, like a real, grand ship going to Australia."

"So it did, so it did, Ronald!" said his father. "And while you watched it safely into harbour, my thoughts turned to another little vessel, which I have often longed to refit and send with sail unfurled to the 'Land of Light.' Violet, our people at Wildermoor will *not* come to Lynwood; we must therefore in some way or other *go to them*. I have an inexpressible longing to gather them together for a service."

"A service! Oh, Cyril, you cannot be speaking seriously. A *service!* Why, that is by no means 'a little boat' in which *I* can venture."

Mr. Trevor looked at her half mischievously.

"Perhaps not in the *future* development of the 'venture,' but the present idea in my mind is especially fitted to your capabilities. What do you say to a mothers' meeting as an *introduction* to further efforts?"

Violet looked thoughful.

"Y—yes! I think perhaps it might do. And I know you have a firm belief in their usefulness; but, Cyril, there is *no* room of any kind large enough. The cottages at Wildermoor are all so small, low, and ill-lighted."

"I have thought much of the disadvantages awaiting us," replied Cyril; "but it is needful to make *a beginning*, and to make it warily. We must take the first step we can *see* in the right direction, notwithstanding these difficulties. Hereafter we may make better progress and find better accommodation."

"*I* cannot see it—even in the far distance," said Violet regretfully.

"Then we will look only at the present," replied Cyril cheerfully. "You and sister Evelyn, with your usual tact and discretion, will discover the most suitable room for our purpose; and as at Heatherly the women preferred bringing their own work, let it be so here. Only, the needful provision of *appliances* shall be ours."

Violet laughed.

"What! the 'pedlar's basket,' as you used to call it? Is *that* to go on its travels again? Do you know, I was recommending it to Lady MacArthur only yesterday; and, although she expressed approval of my list of items,—or '*appliances*,' to use your own word, Cyril,—she most emphatically denounced one of them.

"'Tape, cotton, yarn, buttons'—('Certainly! oh, certainly!')—'thimbles, scissors, needles'—

"'Needles! decidedly *not* needles.'

"The diamonds on her hand flashed as she struck the table with her fan.

"'Why not?' I asked in amazement. '*Needles are needful.*'

"'Just so,' she replied; 'but they *break*, they rust, and they get lost. It cost me so much to supply them at the High Netherton meeting; I utterly declined to furnish *that* item.'"

Cyril could not forbear a laugh, but he quickly returned to the graver purpose before him.

"I shall always hope to be present to close the meeting at Wildermoor with a short Bible lesson and prayer, and to take the place of reader whenever it is possible. Maybe the first streak of light shall *thus* enter Clement's 'dark hamlet,' the harbinger of a brighter day."

"Mother," said little Ronald, who had been listening with wide-open eyes, "*my* little boat got quite safe to shore, and I daresay yours will, if you *navigate* it properly."

"Quite true, Ronald; and we must begin the navigation by a careful survey; then we shall know what rocks to avoid, and where there is a good landing-place."

To accomplish this required both ready tact and quiet observation on the part of Violet and her sister. At length two cottages were selected, and only the choice between them remained doubtful.

"Both are *much* too small," said the Rector, far less confidently than when he had declared his purpose.

"Yet they are the largest and most central," said Evelyn decidedly.

"Well, then," replied Mr. Trevor, with a sigh, "Jane Stewart's is *perhaps* the lightest of the two; we will therefore accept her offer. Nothing could be cleaner or neater, or more kindly proffered."

It was an early day in November when the first mothers' meeting gathered itself together. A bitter wind swept through the leafless orchards and down the narrow lanes which led from one part of the hamlet to another.

"I wonder if any one will come," remarked Evelyn, as they passed the first cottage, and saw

its owner sweeping a mass of dead leaves from her doorstep. "*That* woman laughed in my face when I asked her to join us, and bring her work. 'I don't take *my* mendings and makings to my neighbour's fireside; and it would not suit my notions to begin now,' she said, with a toss of her head; but I told her"—

"Hush, Evelyn!" said Violet in a whisper. "Esther Price has seen us; and look, she is putting the key in her pocket, and *coming our way*. I do hope Jane Stewart will have a *good fire*, by way of welcome."

No fear of *that*. Could she have had a *better? that* was the question. Glowing hot coals, and a pile of wood, dry and crackling, were all in readiness; and with large hospitality Jane kept stirring this, or adding that, till the dancing flames would have no more. *At first* every one drew near, delighted with the kindly warmth, but presently, when the room filled, and chairs and forms began to do double duty, one and another retreated to the farther end of the room. The heat became intense; and Mr. Trevor, as he entered, gave a despairing glance at the position of his own chair and table.

"You could not see at the end of the room," said Violet in a whisper, "for there is such a terrible draught from that outer door into the back kitchen, that the candles are blown out, and we have had to put up our work."

Cyril looked up with quick perception of the state of affairs.

"There is compensation in all things," he said, with a pleasant smile; "and certainly those who are too near Jane Stewart's glowing fire have *this* advantage, they are also close to the window, and can see to thread a needle, or pick up a dropped stitch in their knitting."

Violet shivered; she could see little "compensation" for those who sat near the ill-fitting door; yet she rejoiced to find that her neighbours seemed little disturbed by the inconvenience. It is true, work had to be put aside, but, folding their arms, or hushing a child to sleep, they listened in evident content to every word that was uttered. All would have ended well,—for the meeting was drawing to a close,—when an ominous movement near the centre table, and then exclamations of concern, caused a general rising and confusion. The Rector had fainted from the stifling air!

"Not *right off*," said Jane Stewart, as she opened the door; "for, look! he can stand in the porch his own self, missis. Bless you, he'll want no cold water, Esther; it's rare and cold out there. Ah, Miss Evelyn," she added, as Mr. and Mrs. Trevor walked slowly down the garden path, "if anybody had told *me* that a few bits of stick could have made the place so stuffy, I wouldn't have believed them. We must cool it down next time before the Rector comes in."

The result of this first cruise in the "little boat" might have been disastrous, for Violet herself had been totally disabled in the undertaking, by the keen air from the broken doorway; but Mr. Trevor and Evelyn, with energy and perseverance, kept the "mothers' meeting" not only afloat, but drifting in the right direction; and now, as the old year passed silently away, with its anxieties and fears, pleasant thoughts came in, even as the sound of the midnight bells had come—whispering hopefully—*so* hopefully, that Cyril's face grew bright, and it was with a look of earnest content that he closed his study window, when the last chime had brought its echo, and died away over the hills.

"The New Year has come to me like a good angel, Violet," he said; "and you have entered with it, for your step is the next to visit me."

"I should have brought you my New Year's message before," she replied; "but I saw you were deep in thought, so I left you undisturbed."

"I was thinking of the 'dark hamlet,'" replied Cyril, "and our mission to brighten it; and now, Violet, I will confess to you that the time seems to have arrived when the service I have so long desired may possibly be accomplished and welcomed. We have made a successful beginning, and there is now an evident appeal to us for further effort. You remember, I spoke to you of a stranded boat which lies disused, and, as it were, keel uppermost, for half the year at least."

"Oh, Cyril, I think I can guess what you mean!" exclaimed Violet. "The stone building which Mr. Leslie's father built on the small bit of glebe in Wildermoor for a coal depôt! What a splendid idea! It was only last week that I heard Anthony Hiles had begun to sell fuel of all kinds, and really the need for storing it is gone."

"That is quite true," replied Cyril. "It was a mere trifle that was sold last year, and the waste of time and money, in paying a man for overlooking so worn-out a business, is a consideration."

Violet's eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"We should only want a floor, and some whitewash, and—by the bye, *windows!* I forgot there is only one small latticed hole for light. But yet—ah! I see a hundred difficulties."

"Well, then," replied Cyril, "we had better face them. To begin with number one?"

"Why," said Violet, "of course there are many of the poor who would at once say we were depriving them of a privilege given by old Mr. Leslie, and belonging to them as a right. Thus they might be too angry and indignant to attend the service."

"The building belongs to the Rector of Lynwood," replied Cyril quietly; "but I will meet your possible hindrance by renting the half-ruined cottage near Mossbrook; we will convert it into a coal depôt for *one year*, by way of testing facts. Now for difficulty number two."

"That is very self-evident," said Violet, with a sigh; "the money that will be required, although we may be moderate in our ideas, yet"—

"Yet the money will come," said Mr. Trevor in a confident tone of voice. "Indeed, Violet, a large part of it already *has* come. This desire of my heart has been known to more than one who take an interest in Wildermoor; and this evening I received an anonymous letter, containing £30. I am not at liberty to inquire, but I think there is little doubt it might be traced to the kind and liberal hand of our friend Miss Temple. Besides this, I have a substantial gift from Squire Beverley; and the fund from our last winter's readings."

"Oh, Cyril! Why, you have enough money already!" exclaimed Violet.

"To do it in *some* fashion, I have," he replied; "but I am by no means inclined to be content with a 'floor, and whitewash, and windows;' everything in that benighted hamlet is done in *that* style. No finish — no refinement. One almost feels inclined to ask, Is it cottage or barn? as one looks at a Wildermoor home. No, Violet, our mission-room must stand before our people as a model of order and even beauty. Now for objection number three."

"That I can soon suggest," replied Mrs. Trevor. "You already have two services each Sunday, and you are not strong enough to undertake a third regularly; you might break down in the effort."

"Why, Violet, my wife! where is your faith? When I begin a third service, simply because there is such dire necessity for it, I shall have strength given me for the work. Has it not always been so?"

"Certainly," replied Violet gravely; "but I have a foreboding doubt as to its being right to begin what *may* have to be given up."

"You remember Carrington's lines," replied Cyril,—"'To anticipate the worst is to fight with shadows.' We will leave all *that* to Providence. And now for the principal rock ahead, which *you* have not even seen as yet."

"Oh, have I not?" asked Violet in alarm, for, notwithstanding these questioning doubts, her whole heart was with Cyril's mission. "Where has *that* arisen up, and from what source?"

"It springs from the very ground itself," replied Cyril. "The truth is, that piece of land on which the stone building was erected has never been legally exchanged with the *real* glebe land, which is a few yards farther up, and exactly in the centre of Anthony Hiles's orchard.

"It seems that Mr. Leslie's father agreed with Hiles, for convenience' sake, to remove the glebe to the outside boundary of the orchard; and, for economy's sake, to avoid a legal conveyance. They had the land measured and the stone landmarks prepared; there, however, they lie to this day in one corner,—a good proof to us of the easy manner in which business matters were carried on in past years."

"Alas! you have found a genuine hindrance; I am afraid so, at least," said Violet regretfully.

"I do not even call it a *check*," replied Cyril; "it is only a rock to steer carefully past. Of course the land *shall* be legally exchanged, but as the thing has gone on for some years, and the exchange was made at old Anthony's suggestion, he cannot very readily offer any objection, or interfere in anything we do with the building. I reminded him that he had once held the lantern steady for his captain in a dark, wild night, and I trusted he would hold up the light of a bright example here, however hard the effort. 'Ay, ay, sir,' he said; 'and we'll shake hands on it.'"

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* *Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age, and a Concordance not to be consulted.*

CHILDREN'S SERVICE ON THE SANDS.—See *Tiny-Mite*.

APRIL.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.

ARTHUR made the acquaintance of his fellow-lodger, Gregory Smith, that evening after tea. The loneliness of the rooms struck desolation to Arthur's heart, and he was glad of any kind of company. Smith proposed a stroll, to which Arthur agreed; and before they had known each other half an hour, those two young men set out together arm-in-arm, each confiding to the other some portion of his life-story, and before they had proceeded far, they seemed to have known each other for years.

Gregory Smith was of a lively disposition, pleasant and easy-going enough, but hardly the kind of man to entrust one's initiation into London life to. Arthur soon found out that Smith had an unbounded dislike to young men of the "pi" set, and also that his language was not of the choicest possible description, nor tastes of a very high order. It came out in the course of conversation, that he was in the habit of frequenting, almost nightly, some place of amusement, either a theatre, music hall, dancing saloon, or some such resort. And it can easily be imagined that the conversation of such a man must have struck a new-comer to London, especially any one with refined and sensitive feelings, as being coarse and sensual to a degree. And it may reasonably enough be asked why Arthur, who was certainly a fellow of refined feelings, should for one moment have allowed himself to associate with a man who could scarcely open his mouth in the presence of men without uttering some lewd, suggestive remark, who saw only the worst side of every picture. And yet Smith was a good fellow in his way. So Arthur thought, but he was inclined to be very lenient, considering the dullness of those rooms he had left behind.

"Shall we turn in here for the evening?" Smith asked, as they passed the brilliantly-lighted exterior of a music hall, into which some scores of young men, some of whom Smith recognised, were elbowing their way.

Arthur objected at first on the score of his never having seen one before. He would much prefer a walk or a chat. To tell the truth, he was a little bit home-sick, and would have given almost anything to have chatted about the things concerning his home to some genial young fellow. But when he found that Smith was determined, in a moment of weakness he gave way, inwardly resolving, as most of us do at such times, that the thing should never occur again.

"My good fellow," urged Smith, "if you asked me to point out the favourite resort of the majority of the young men in London, I should at once say the music halls. You'll find the best of them"—by which he probably meant

the worst—"crowded every night with young fellows."

"Why should the young men flock in such large numbers to the music halls? Do the proprietors lay any special bait for them?" asked Arthur.

"Of course they do, bless your innocence! First of all, look at the variety of the entertainment provided. There are the comic songs, and the wonderfully clever performances of acrobats, bicycle riders, tight-rope walkers, clowns, and the dancing is simply 'rattling.'"

"But I have always heard that those music halls were very objectionable places," contended Arthur warmly.

"Of course you have, but you have never seen one. I believe that the greater number of the songs are perfectly harmless, and not likely to injure any one's morals. But the great attraction is the ballet. The music of the dances is of the very best ind, and nothing could be more graceful than the movements of the dancers and the *première danseuse*. I cannot see why people should condemn the ballet. Some object to the scantiness of the costume, others to the light and airy movements of the dancers, which they say are likely to fire the passions of young men. But I do not see what harm the ballet could do any one who is really a lover of music, and who naturally admires the dancing strictly from a musical point of view."

"Precious few do that, I should say. At all events, those young fellows who are just now pushing their way in are not going merely from a love of music," said Arthur.

Further conversation was now impossible, as they had joined the throng, and were swaying to and fro in that seething mass of humanity towards the "pay office." What a motley thing it was! How impossible to look upon it without the profoundest feeling of compassion! What tales of misery long drawn out were written on some of those faces! On they surged, young men and old men, boys and maidens—maidens, forsooth! poor bedraggled creatures with painted faces, endeavouring to keep up an appearance of gaiety. Was ever anything more pitiable? There were young men and women in that crowd who had left pleasant homes and good mothers in the country for life in London. But alas! that "life" had been too much for them. They had found themselves in a very wilderness; the streets which flowed with human life had been to them as deserts until they emerged into the great stream of sin and folly. Pleasure and recreation they had wanted. Where was it to be found? "Come!" said a world, with outstretched hands,—"come and join me. Here is pleasure for you. Come and forget your cares!" They had heard the voice, and the weight of their misery had forced them on. Recklessly, desperately they had dashed themselves into the stream of pleasure-seekers, and were lost in the maddening whirl of social sensuality. So much for nineteenth-century civilisation in London!

By dint of much pushing and squeezing, Arthur and Smith at last found themselves inside the hall. They occupied seats in the orchestral stalls, the best part of the house except the boxes, and their companions were principally respectably-dressed clerks, or, at any rate, persons in that class of life. The majority of them were young men, in a few instances mere lads of sixteen and eighteen years of age; there were, however, grey-headed old men there too, and a large number of females. Along one side of the hall on the ground floor ran a brilliantly-lighted drinking bar, and a roaring trade in liquor was done throughout the evening. The men smoked and drank to their hearts' content, and when their attention was diverted from the stage, they indulged in the coarsest conversation, which was not seldom interspersed with profane oaths. The performance was vulgar from beginning to end. The coarser and often the more lewd the joke, the more it seemed to be appreciated. Everything was new to Arthur. At first he was utterly ashamed of himself, and several times almost made up his mind to dash out and leave the place altogether. But he did not do so, and gradually became accustomed to his surroundings. Soon he found himself laughing with the rest at some coarse joke, and he was eventually persuaded to take a drink at the bar.

This was a grievous fall for Arthur. How could he ever again face his friends? What would Joseph Barton or the Rector think of him, did they but know that he was spending his first night in London in such a "loose" place?

Smith seemed to be on very familiar terms with the females in attendance at the bar, and took good care that Arthur should be duly introduced to them. The profound deference of Arthur's manner towards the "ladies" afforded no small amount of amusement to the onlookers,—indeed, the young person who had just been introduced to him might have been a duchess,—

and in consequence a few jokes were made at his expense, which raised the laugh against him several times.

As the evening wore on, the scene became lively, and the entertainment more and more objectionable. At half-past ten the hall was crowded, and from then up to the time of closing, the entertainment was of the most uproarious character. It was not until nearly twelve o'clock that Arthur and Smith left for their lodgings, and, although sad, it must be confessed they were both very much the worse for what they had had.

Here, then, was the young man who had arrived in London only this afternoon, full of bright hopes for the future, strong in his determination to work hard and honestly, and to deny himself as much as possible in order to provide, not only for his sister, but also for some one else—Mary, the girl he really loved, although he tried to persuade himself that it was only a boyish affection. How easy it is, after all, to succumb to the temptations around us! How little mere *resolution* can help us when we are brought face to face with evil, and feel its grip upon us dragging us down!

We are reminded of this, from time to time, when some sudden outburst of crime or violence startles us as an earthquake startles the inhabitants of some city built upon the slopes of a volcano, and, as tower, and church, and altar, and home go crashing down beneath its convulsive shudderings, men are reminded how thin is the crust of civilisation and order that overlies these hidden fires of evil and of human passion, that may at any moment break out for its destruction. Arthur had fallen, and fallen grievously, and he was almost mad with himself when he reeled into his room. Again the Rector's words smote him—"Do not forget to pray," but once more he thrust them from him.

He was too miserable to pray. He cursed himself for having been led away so easily, and he cursed Smith for leading him away. His was a sleepless pillow that night, and the next morning found him with a splitting headache, and a feeling of utter melancholy had settled over him. Smith and he went to the bank together the next morning, which, to say the least, was unfortunate for Arthur. In the minds of the other clerks it stamped him as one of the "rowdy" element, and also made a most unfavourable impression upon the mind of Mr. Jackson, the Rector's friend. He was duly initiated into the routine of work by a young man named Hart, the leader of the "pi" set.

The young fellows in this, as in most public offices of the kind, were split up into cliques. There was what was known as the "pi" set—young men of a religious turn of mind, who held occasionally religious meetings, and who were mostly connected with some Christian institutions in the city. And as a set-off against these there was the "rowdy" set—a number of young "gentlemen" who made a point of living fast lives and persecuting as much as possible the "pi" men. Not but that there were many kind-hearted fellows in this rowdy element. Many of them had been led away on their first arrival at the bank, who might, under better influence, have been leading useful lives. And there was also the quiet or literary set of men, who did their work quietly, and spent their leisure in self-improvement and harmless modes of recreation. But, as a rule, this set showed no enthusiasm to gain converts.

It was very unfortunate that Arthur, from the day of his arrival at the bank, should have been associated with rowdyism and fast living. But he was. And it came about mostly through his own folly. Had he resisted the evil at first, all might have been well; but he had not. He was simply taken in the bank at his own valuation. On one or two occasions, a member of the "pi" set made an honest attempt to reclaim him, but Arthur resented the interference, and would have none of it.

Thus months rolled on, and Arthur Maxton became fully associated with the "rowdy" set, and before he had been long amongst them, he was their leader. He went from bad to worse, and whilst upon the whole his work was well done, it was known to every one in the bank that he lived the fastest life of any young man there. And yet many a time in his wildest moments he longed for something better. He longed to have the courage to go back to Joseph Barton and Mary and his sister Anna. But alas! he had long since lost sight of them all. From the first he had made a false start, and he had felt this and was ashamed of it; but instead of writing and confessing to those who would gladly have helped him, he kept it all to himself, wrote very rarely for the first three months, and then gave up writing altogether. Of course there had been many letters of expostulation and entreaty from Anna and also from Mr. Barton. Rumour had reached them that Arthur

was mixed up with a disreputable lot of men, and that his ways were far from satisfactory to his employers, and finally Mr. Barton wrote beseeching him to leave London and return for a time to Holmby.

The morning that Arthur received this letter he had another letter, which contained the unwelcome news that his services at the bank would be no longer required. This maddened him, and he tore the letter to pieces, and pitched it into the fire with an oath. He then opened Joseph Barton's fatherly epistle, and read it carefully through. It might have melted a harder heart than his. The key-note of that letter was love. It ran:—

"My dear Boy,—I have heard of all your misfortunes and falls with the deepest sorrow, and I long to have you here to comfort you, and put you right again. It is all my fault for having allowed you to go to London. Come back without delay. You will find that we all love you more than ever, and only long to be able to help you. Anna and Mary are well, and entreat you to come back. Ever your friend,

Joseph Barton."

This letter affected him deeply. He read it and re-read it, and the tears were in his eyes. But he thrust it into the fire, sent no reply, and from that day plunged recklessly into sin.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile many changes had taken place in the village of Holmby, but the most important change of all took place about a month after Arthur's departure, in the appointment of the Rev. Harry Swindon to an important London living—the vicarage of St. Silas.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARTHUR HEARS A SERMON.

"The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
For e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side."

"The appointment of the Rev. Harry Swindon to the living of St. Silas's," said the *Morning Gusher*, "has given the greatest satisfaction. After three months of work, he has placed the parish in thorough working order, and in place of a congregation of seventeen or twenty, the large and beautiful church is crowded to excess." How this had been done a few strokes of the pen will suffice to show, although it cost him many days of hard, up-hill work, in the teeth of violent opposition, to gain his end. From the first he determined to pursue, as nearly as possible, the same methods as he had found to work so successfully at Holmby. The confidence of the young people—the young men and young women—of his parish, he felt to be of the utmost importance, and this he set himself to win. His predecessor had succeeded, in the course of twenty-five years' ministry, in driving most of his flock away, and for this service he had received the liberal allowance of eight hundred pounds a year. It is true that out of this had to be taken one hundred and fifty pounds a year for the services of a curate, but it is also true that for twenty-three years out of the twenty-five the old gentleman had dispensed with a curate's services. This, however, was all changed, and when the Rev. Harry Swindon took the living, it was only with a little over three hundred a year.

His work soon began to tell, and his churchwardens, who had opposed him at the first, were after all but human, and, when they found the church filling and the offertories swelling, relented and came round, as most churchwardens do under such circumstances, and took no small credit to themselves for the success which attended the efforts of their new vicar.

But there was one indefatigable worker upon whom Swindon could always rely, and that was Brown, the old schoolmaster, who would not leave him. They left Holmby together, and Brown clave unto his old master. The talk which he had had with the young Rector in the study had done its work, and life for him henceforth was full of a new meaning.

Among his many new institutions was a monthly sermon to young people on the first Sunday evening of the month. Those sermons were usually of a most practical nature, and soon became very popular, so that on that Sunday evening, if you wished to have a seat, you must be there early.

Now Arthur knew nothing of the appointment of Mr. Swindon to St. Silas's, until one Saturday morning he happened to pass the church and saw the name on one of the notice-boards, and at the same time an announcement that the following Sunday evening a "sermon to young people" would be preached by the Vicar.

It would be difficult to describe the effect of

this on Arthur. He was immediately seized with a longing to go and see Swindon, but he dared not. He remembered Swindon's last words to him, and the look which accompanied those words, and he hung his head in shame. At this juncture some one brushed past him out of the church. It was Swindon. For a moment Arthur's heart was still, but, seeing that he was not recognised, he walked quickly away to the Embankment, and there spent the rest of the day in a state of feverish excitement. He determined to go to church on the following evening — then he changed his mind. And he renewed his resolve at least a score of times before the hour of service, but at last he went. It required great strength of will, but he went. He occupied a corner seat well up the nave, where he could command a good view of the pulpit without being seen by the preacher.

The church was packed from end to end, even the pulpit steps were lined with people, and how the parson was to get into the pulpit seemed a difficult problem to solve. The service, which was beautifully rendered, softened Arthur very much. He seemed particularly susceptible to outward influences on that evening, and he found that there was sympathy in the atmosphere of the place. And the singing! Oh! how those young folks sang! The choir was simply not in it. The organist, too, knew his business well. During the singing of the first hymn, Arthur felt diffident and shy, but at the singing of the second—that lovely hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest"—he found his voice, and sang as he had not done for many years. The hymn had happy associations for him. It was his favourite at Harrow, and it brought back many happy memories of the dear old chapel, of his father and Anna, and some not very pleasing memories of his own past life. And when the verse was reached—

> "And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
> Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
> And hearts are young once more, and arms are strong—
> Alleluia,"

—he could sing no longer, he was overcome, and his heart was like to break. The hymn was finished, there was a short prayer, and the sermon commenced. Not for one moment did he take away his eyes from the preacher. Indeed, had it been otherwise, he could not well have looked away. Swindon was a fluent speaker, and his heart was in his work. Of that there could be no doubt. His very look showed that he was in earnest, and his clear, ringing voice at once commanded attention. His subject was *the whole duty of man*, based on the words, "Fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." And the sermon he preached on it went, straight as an arrow, to the hearts of his hearers. There was something in the style of the preacher that few could resist. Arthur was spellbound. The preacher twitted the young men on their want of stability. "There is not that 'backbone' about the present generation," he said, "that our forefathers possessed. We reap the fruits of their labours. We inherit the blessings for which many of them bled and died. And we rest contented. We are Christians, and prefer to live quiet, respectable lives. The world is wicked and sinful, we will mourn over its wickedness and pray for it." Then the tone of the preacher's voice changed. A flash of righteous indignation and scorn for the effeminacy of the age passed over his expressive countenance as he asked, in a voice of thunder, "Are there no glaring evils that need redress? Are there no burning social scandals? — no quagmires in our social system?—no cesspools of infamy, vice, and crime that cry out for extinction? . . . Look at the children in this mighty London who are literally nursed in crime. Look at the wretched homes of the poor, who are huddled together, some of them in dwellings unfit for pigs. Compare this with your own lot. Compare this with the lot of the wealthy in the West End who are living the life of the butterfly;—and again I ask you, *Are we Christians?* Do not think for one moment that the vice and squalor of the East End are the work of a day or a year. They have been going on in ever-increasing rapidity for years. The people have been left alone to their misery. The rich and well-to-do have separated themselves from them. They have looked with scorn and loathing on the poor and miserable, and, instead of honestly endeavouring to ameliorate the poverty and want, have added to it. Woe unto you rich! Go to, weep and howl!"

The preacher became calmer.

"I tremble, my brothers," he continued, "when I think of the temptations which you young men and women have to encounter in this great city. God alone knows how deeply I feel and sympathize with you. But there is One who can

and who does sympathize with you infinitely more than I can, the Man Christ Jesus. You have longed perhaps at some time or other to carry the great burden of trial, grief, temptation to some one—why not take it to Him, the Crucified? I had a young friend who began a promising career at one of our public schools a few years ago—as fine a young fellow as you could wish to meet, honest, upright, open-hearted, generous to a fault. Before he had been in London a week, he fell into the hands of a profligate set, and soon after he was a ruined man. What has become of him I cannot tell. He has found a corner for his shame in this mighty London. Poor fellow! I tremble to think of his ruin."

Arthur's feelings at hearing this were beyond description. He felt stunned, and wanted to shriek out. Overcome with shame and confusion, he seized his hat and crept out of the church. And, once outside the church, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his miserable lodging.

"I call upon you young men," proceeded the preacher, "to come forth in all the strength of your God-given manhood, and be fellow-labourers with God. If God has blessed you, go to your fellow young men with a message of sympathy. Show them that you are one of themselves, that you have a heart that can feel and love. Take those words of the old Scottish poet:

'When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, Gie me your hand, we're brethren a'.'

And oh, young men, be in earnest! you will never succeed if you are not. Be enthusiastic! The coldness of the world will snuff you out if you are not. Have a large hatred of sin and wrong-doing. You will grievously fall if you have not. But, above all other things, have your *hearts* set upon God and His commandments. That is the only safeguard. That is the only life worth living.

'For when the heart goes before like a lamp to illumine the pathway,
Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in darkness.'"

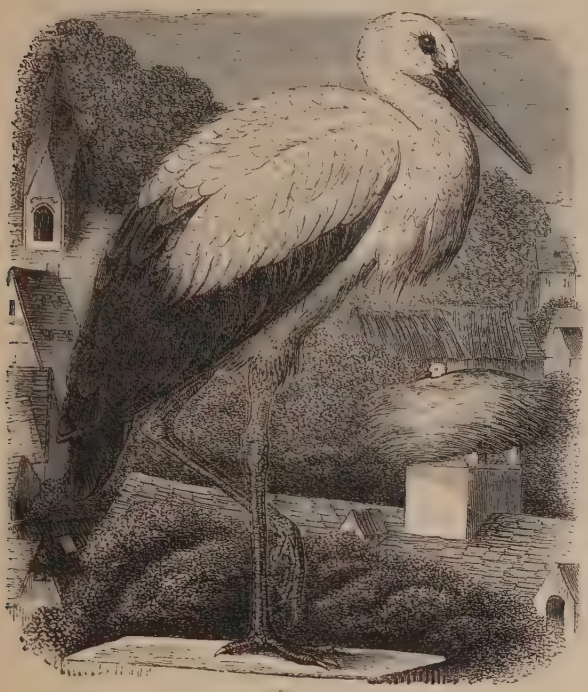
The service over, the Vicar returned to the vicarage, where he found—who, think you?—Mr. Barton, Mary, and Anna! They had arrived in London the night before in search of Arthur, and had put in an appearance for evening service at St. Silas's. When supper was served, the Vicar called for Brown, but he was nowhere to be found. He had been seen by some one following a young man who left the church rather hastily during the sermon, and had not been seen since.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. IV. Migratory Birds.

1. Write down a list of all the migratory birds mentioned in the Bible that you remember.
2. Where does a prophet revert to these migrations to reprove God's people? What lessons do these birds teach us?
3. (*a*) Which of these migrants resembled the cuckoo with us, so that its voice in the land betokened the winter gone and summer nigh?
   (*b*) Which brought up its little ones under the shelter of God's altars?
   (*c*) Which made its nest in the high firs?
4. Mention an ancient covenant ratified by sacrifice where a turtle was one of the victims.
5. Explain the following:
   "The stork in the heaven."
   "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter."
   "Thou hast doves' eyes."
   "Her maids shall lead her as with the voice of doves tabering upon their breasts."
   "Like a pelican in the wilderness."
6. What bird of passage can fly only with the wind; comes in great numbers, and is so weak that on the morning of its arrival it easily becomes captured?
7. What is meant by mourning as doves? Give the references where this expression occurs.
8. Distinguish the texts in the Song of Solomon where the word dove is applied to Christ and the Church. Is the Church spoken of under this image anywhere else?
9. Who is meant by the Heavenly Dove? Why?
10. In judgment God remembers mercy. What bird once brought this good news? To whom? How?



THE STORK.—See *Bible Questions*.

Blossom-Time.

WHAT pipes the merry robin
To yonder glistening blue?
What sings the brook of silver
The daisied valley through?
What hums the breeze so cheery?—
But this one sweet refrain:
"Oh, days so bright!
Oh, rare delight!
'Tis blossom-time again!"

In morning's dew and sunshine,
The orchard's trees, a-row,
Seem tangled in a cloudlet
Of fragrant, rosy snow;
And every breeze that passes
Shakes out a jewelled rain;
While birds a-wing
Are carolling:
"'Tis blossom-time again!"

Bright gold of dandelions,
New grass-blades, twinkling gay;
Lithe wayside vines, dew-crystalled,
Wee, snowy lambs at play;
Soft echoes from far uplands,
Speak but one language plain:
"Oh, days so dear
Of all the year!
Tis blossom-time again.'

My heart sings with the robin,
The silver flashing rill,
And carols with the breezes
In joy's delicious thrill;
With flowers and grass and lambkins
It joins the glad refrain:
"Oh, fairest days!
Oh, rarest days!
'Tis blossom-time again!"

Incidents in Missionary Life.

IN one of my early journeys, I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange river. We had travelled far, and were very hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a drink of milk, but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night at a distance from water, though within sight of the river.

When twilight came on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached, with a cooking-vessel on her head, a leg of mutton in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent, until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears rolled down her sable cheeks, and she replied, "I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His Name. My heart is full, therefore I cannot speak the joy which I feel in seeing you in this out-of-the-world place."

On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in the entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from a missionary some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn."

I looked on the precious relic, printed by the British and Foreign Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the Heavenly Father.—*Robert Moffat.*

The Resurrection of Christ.

1 Corinthians xv. 1–7.

BY THE REV. SIR EMILIUS LAURIE, BART., B.D.

THE evidence of the four Evangelists, and of the Jews themselves, is clear and decisive as to the fact that Christ *died*, and *was buried*. What are the circumstances? The death of the Lord having been certified to Pilate, and the burial having taken place, the Jews ascertained that the body of Jesus was within the tomb, sealed the great stone which closed the entrance, and caused a guard of Roman soldiers to be placed over it. Notwithstanding these precautions, early on the morning of the first day of the week, *the body of Jesus was missing, and neither the Roman soldiers nor the Jewish rulers were able to produce it.* Thus far there is no controversy. These facts are admitted alike by the friends and enemies of Christ.

The question arises, How came the body to be removed? Two suppositions are possible:—(1) That the disciples stole the body from the tomb; (2) That Christ rose from the dead.

Assuming the body to have been stolen by the disciples,—(1) *Why did the Jews never challenge investigation of the robbery?* The act would have been one of rebellion against both the Jewish and the Roman governments: why did the Jews never charge the disciples with the crime? Why did they not imprison them, demand the production of the body, and so disprove the fact of the resurrection? Why, but because they knew that the subject would not bear investigation, and that any inquiry would only fasten upon themselves the lie which they had invented.

(2) *How could the disciples have represented themselves as giving up all hope of the resurrection*, and as being so backward to believe it when it had taken place? How could they have recorded of Mary that she said, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him"? (John xx. 2.)

(3) *Consider the number and strength of the Roman guard:* the improbability that the soldiers should have been all sleeping at once, when it was death to sleep when upon watch; and that, even if they had slept, the stone could have been rolled away, and the body removed, without any of them having been awakened.

(4) *Bear in mind the small number, the timidity, the unarmed state of the disciples*, and judge whether they were likely to have attempted so dangerous an enterprise.

(5) *Read the artless accounts given by the Evangelists*, of the condition in which the sepulchre was found (John xx. 5, 7), of the unbelief of the disciples, and of the various circumstances attending the great event; and say whether they do not write with all the simplicity and force of truth.

We may safely affirm, then, that the supposition that the body of the Lord was removed from the tomb by His disciples is false; that it was invented by the priests to account for a fact which they could not otherwise explain; but that, knowing it to be false, they never once

referred to, or relied upon it, in any of their controversies with the Christians.

But what positive proof is there of the second supposition, viz. that our Lord rose from the dead? It is recorded that He appeared upon no less than eleven different occasions between His resurrection and ascension: (1) to Mary Magdalene; (2) to the women returning from the sepulchre; (3) to Simon Peter; (4) to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus; (5) to the disciples assembled at Jerusalem, Thomas being absent; (6) eight days afterwards, to the same disciples, Thomas being present; (7) to the eleven apostles, upon a mountain in Galilee; (8) to some of the disciples and apostles, at the sea of Tiberias; (9) to about five hundred brethren at once; (10) He was seen of James; (11) then of all the apostles, at the time of His ascension to heaven. Bishop Horsley argues that the credibility of evidence depends upon the number, the information, and the veracity of the witnesses.

The number of those who saw our Lord after His resurrection was very considerable; and more than enough to prove any historical fact whatever.

The means of information which they possessed was of the best possible kind. They all knew His person; and very many of them had lived constantly in His presence for several years: they could not have been mistaken in His identity.

Their veracity and truthfulness are unimpeachable. The veracity of a witness is measured partly by the character which he bears for honesty, partly by the motives he may have at the time for adhering to, or deviating from, truth. Now the apostles had no conceivable motive for asserting the fact of Christ's resurrection, had it not been true;—nay, they did so to their own loss, and at the hazard of their lives: whilst to have disproved it, or even to have remained silent, would have proved the sure road to honour. The fact, therefore, that they made the assertion at the first, and adhered to it ever afterwards, at the cost of life, is the strongest possible proof that their testimony deserves to be believed.

I have touched but a part of the evidence upon which the truth of the resurrection of Christ is grounded, but enough has been said to show upon what an immoveable basis the great doctrine can be shown to rest.

Persons assailed by doubt will do well to examine the evidence which goes to prove this and other great facts in the Christian scheme. Unlike the Jews of old, in this very question of the resurrection, we challenge the fullest investigation. It is because men know so little, that they so easily fall a prey to infidelity. God has dealt with us as rational beings: He has given abundant proof of all that He requires us to believe; and if we refuse to examine that proof, and the result of our neglect is that we lose our souls, the blame will lie wholly with ourselves.

But be once fully persuaded of the truth of the resurrection of Christ, and you have found the prop and pillar of the Christian's hope. The fact that Jesus rose from the dead is the ultimate proof that He is the Son of God; it is the grand assurance that His Atonement is accepted of the Father; it is the long-promised victory over death and the grave. By the resurrection of Christ, the conqueror was conquered, the tide of evil which had overwhelmed the world was rolled back, and the pledge given to us of our own coming triumph. With a risen Saviour in view, the Christian ought never to despond: in the world he may have tribulation; but let him be of good cheer, Christ has overcome the world; and, sharing His victory, he will soon be "more than conqueror, through Him that loved us."

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

Let us all thank God that we have such a cloud of witnesses to prove that our Lord rose again. The resurrection of Christ is the grand proof of Christ's divine mission. He told the Jews they need not believe He was the Messiah, if He did not rise again the third day. The resurrection of Christ is the top-stone of the work of redemption. It proved that He finished the work He came to do, and, as our substitute, had overcome the grave. The resurrection of Christ is a miracle that no infidel can explain away. Above all, the resurrection of Christ is the pledge of our own. As the grave could not detain the Head, so it shall not detain the members. Well may we say with Peter, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Peter i. 3).

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER V.

ELIZABETH, A.D. 1558 to A.D. 1603.

ENGLAND made a wonderful leap forward in every branch of national life during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The credit of this was largely due to her great minister, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, who worked for forty years faithfully at her side. By wise regulations, commerce, which had drooped in the days of Mary, rapidly revived. A brisk trade went on with the Low Countries in wool and cloth; jewels, drugs, and tapestries coming back in return. The Royal Exchange was built for the merchants of London by Sir T. Gresham at his own expense. Elizabeth was "proud of the wild adventures of her sailors," who made out new lines of commerce. A trading company with Turkey and another with East India were formed. At home, busy fairs made Salisbury, Bristol, Oxford, and other towns, scenes of life and stir. Agriculture also throve. By better tillage one acre was made to yield as much as two before. More meat was eaten in the farms.

"Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose and capon, and turkey well drest."

In the long peace, houses were no longer built like castles to stand a siege, but for happy homes, with plenty of windows for light. Gentlemen were richer, and no longer needed to have salaries paid for their attendance on Parliament. Travellers explored distant lands, and made social intercourse lively with their tales on their return. All at once literature broke forth into a spring-tide of glory! England became "a land of singing birds." Fletcher, Marlow, and Daniel produced vigorous plays. Sir Philip Sidney wrote as a master in prose and verse. Spenser surprised the world with his *Faerie Queen*, telling of the "lovely ladie" Una and her strange attendant:

"The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles, and misfortunes hard;
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wak'd, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes, conceived her intent."

Last and greatest of all, the Evening Star of her reign, William Shakespeare appeared.

Nor were history and philosophy, the graver sisters of poetry, neglected. Sir Francis Bacon wrote his "Essays," and Hooker his "Ecclesiastical Polity."

Elizabeth, although, as she herself said, "she was no angel," loved her people. They felt this, and, at least during the greater part of her reign, passionately adored her. At meals they sang such distiches as these:

"Lord, longe preserve in peace and health
Our gracious Queen Elizabeth;"

or

"Thy Church defende;
The Queen God save;
God grant we keep
Those friends we have."

Houses, with most unique loyalty, were often built on a ground plan in the shape of her initial letter E! But, as time went on, ever and anon shadows fell on this glory.* Elizabeth was naturally imperious, in great and small matters. "Not that chapter!" she called out to an officiating priest. "I have read it before. Choose another!" She punished severely when her will was thwarted. She was bitterly disappointed that people were not contented with the measure of religious liberty which she had doled out to

* Amongst the pictures in the recent Tudor Exhibition is an interesting memorial of these "golden days of Queen Bess." It is a picture presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Walsingham. In the background appear Henry VIII. and his successors, Edward VI. and Mary. In the foreground stands Elizabeth, upright and radiant, and behind her are the allegorical figures of Peace and Plenty. At the foot of the picture is inscribed in gold letters:

"The Queen to Walsingham this Tablet sente,
Marke of her Peoples and Her Owne Contente."

them. She began her reign proclaiming that men and women should not be punished for their opinions, if they would only, like good children, go to their parish church. But by and by the Pope forbade them to do this. A party called the Puritans arose also, who desired the English Church to become still more Protestant than it was, and some of whom claimed that Episcopacy was sinful, and who wished to introduce Presbyterianism in its stead. Such an idea as of churches and chapels standing side by side, their several congregations peacefully assembling and dispersing, had entered no one's brain in those days! Elizabeth, out of patience with opposition, took some steps in the evil line of persecution, both of Papists and Puritans, and two Anabaptists were actually burnt, Foxe the historian being almost the only person who dared to entreat her to refrain from such acts. She also instituted a High Court of Commission to examine into the state of religion, which became a most evil legacy to the country.

HADDON HALL. AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION.

From time to time she took some very arbitrary measures in civil government likewise, but she had always the tact to see when the people were seriously opposed to her wishes, and would then yield with a grace which increased their love to her.

She is accused of being deceitful, but we may remember that deceit was the weapon usual in the politics of those days, and in her youth the Spanish Ambassador, no friendly critic, said of her, "She is not a good dissembler, for she laughs too much."

In early days she had exercised strict economy to avoid the unpopularity of laying additional taxes on the people. This thriftiness became at last almost a miserly parsimoniousness.

At last old age closed upon her. That period, trying to all, is most so to those who have been the most proud and independent. Though only in her seventieth year, her mind began to fail. She sat long hours brooding over her strange and wonderful past. She had wept when Cecil died, tears he well deserved. Other favourites had passed away. Essex, by his wild career, had brought a sentence of death on himself. "I found her," said one, "with a golden cup in her hand, but she needed it not, her heart was so full of thoughts." She who had been so brave trembled at the rustling of the tapestry, and kept a drawn sword at her side. As her weakness increased, she lay supported by pillows on the floor, doubtless more at ease than on the high, hard bed, into which she was with difficulty persuaded to return, shrewdly feeling she should never leave it again alive. "Ah! little man, little man!" she said to the younger Cecil; "thou art so presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die." They asked her who was to succeed her, and she answered, with a gleam of her old spirit, "No rascal" (meaning no common man) "shall succeed me." When again pressed on the subject, and no longer able to speak, she raised her thin hands and shaped them crown-wise on her brow. It was

evident that the king of Scotland was her appointed heir.

While she could, she followed the Archbishop of Canterbury in prayer. Who knows but that she had often felt

"These thronging things of time — this state, belov'd,
Mine England, mine own England, was so dear,
My heart, alas! had barely room for heaven!"

Be this as it may, the simple words of prayer suitable to the lowest peasant suit alike the dying monarch. She died on March the 24th, at three o'clock in the morning. She was buried in Westminster, 1500 persons, in deep mourning, voluntarily following her body to the grave.

(To be continued.)

Our Church and Parish.

A TALK ABOUT GOOD FRIDAY.

JOHN BENTLEY and Richard Bansard were old friends; that is to say, that, although neither had seen more than five-and-twenty summers, they had known each other from childhood. They had played together on the village green, they had both been educated at the same National School, and for some few years they had worked together on the same farm.

But when about twenty years of age, John Bentley's uncle found him a situation in London, and for some four years he earned his living behind the counter of a tea grocer's shop.

It was a sore trial to John to be confined in the house so much, when all his life had been passed amidst green fields and pure air.

Yet he was happy in the Metropolis. His master was a God-fearing man, and one, too, who took a deep interest in the welfare of his assistants. He formed a strong liking for John, and John, in his turn, became attached to him. They conversed together freely on all sorts of topics, and one night John was much taken aback by his master asking him about his *soul*. It set him thinking, and ere long his master had the glorious privilege of knowing that John had given himself to God.

But his life in London was cut short. In the early part of 188— he was summoned to his native village to succeed to the management of the chandler's shop or store that his father had carried on for so many years.

He was glad to renew his old friendships, and there was no one for whom he felt a stronger regard than Richard Bansard. But what a change had come over him too, in the few years they had been parted. Once most regular in his attendance at the Bible class and church, Richard now spent most of the Sabbath day in pleasure and amusement.

John, who had grown a most devoted Christian, was much pained at the alteration he saw in his old friend. But the greatest shock of all had yet to come.

About a fortnight before Easter,—the first Easter since John's return,—Richard, one fine evening, strolled into the shop, and said he had an important message for him.

"Well, Dick," John replied, as he took his friend into the little parlour, "let's hear it. But first of all, who's it from?"

"It's from my Polly," Richard rejoined.

John's face fell. He had seen a little of the young woman to whom Richard was engaged, and he did not like her. What can she want, he thought, with me? But Richard soon satisfied his curiosity.

"I'll tell you straight, Jack, what it is. The holidays are coming on, and me and Polly mean to enjoy ourselves. I have taken two tickets for the excursion to Marton on Good Friday. We shall have such a jolly day, and Polly told me I was to say she would be so glad if you would come with us."

John looked at Richard in amazement, but for a moment or two nothing was said.

"*On Good Friday!*" he exclaimed; "you must have made a mistake."

"Oh no, it's all right; here are the tickets."

Yes, it was quite right; the tickets were crossed "Good Friday, Special Excursion."

"No, Dick. I'm sorry to refuse Polly anything, but to a pleasure trip on Good Friday, I must say decidedly no."

John's earnestness of manner distressed

Richard for the moment, and he would, no doubt, have turned away in a temper. But John was a man of tact.

"Come," said he, linking his arm in Richard's; "it's a beautiful evening, and I can leave the shop now; let's go for a walk."

And as they crossed the meadow, John told him pointedly and simply why he must decline the invitation.

"I daresay," he began, "you thought me unkind just now when I said I could not come with you. I did not mean to be; but Good Friday is the day of all others in the year that I like to spend quietly and thoughtfully. Dick, old man, I don't want to preach to you," he proceeded in very earnest tones, "but don't you know what we commemorate on that day? It is the day that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross. Dick, He died there for *me;* He died there for *you:* and I could not make that day a day of pleasure or of sin. I like rather to get very near the cross."

Richard looked perplexed, but John proceeded:

"I do not know whether you understand me, but I mean I like to think about Jesus and all He has done for me. I remember the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails that tore His hands, the spear that pierced His side; but most of all I think of Him, and as I think I call to mind that beautiful verse—

> 'See from His head, His hands, His feet,
> Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
> Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
> Or thorns compose so rich a crown?'

and then I know it was all for me: He died that I might live. No, Dick, no; on *that day* I cannot go pleasure-making."

"And I don't know that I shall now, Jack," Richard responded. "I never saw it quite in that light before."

"No, Dick, neither did I, until two or three years ago," John answered; "but then the master I worked for in London—yes, he *was* a good Christian—talked to me about Jesus Christ, and by God's grace I was led to see that He suffered and died for me, and that now by His death I can and should die to sin, and by His resurrection I can and must live unto righteousness."

This was strange talk for poor Richard, but he saw that through it all there was a *reality;* that it was not mere cant, but that it was a power that had altered his friend's life.

"I used to be like you," John proceeded; "I thought that Good Friday was only a holiday, nothing more, but I know different now. Don't think, though, old fellow, that to keep it as I do makes me miserable. No, no, it makes me *very happy.* It teaches me more and more how much the Saviour must have loved me, and there's nothing so cheering as that. Besides, Dick, unless I kept and valued Good Friday as I ought, how could I go to church on Easter Day, and sing—

> 'Jesus Christ has risen to-day,
> Alleluia'?

It would be nothing to me. But when I know that Jesus Christ died for my sins, and that He was raised again for my justification, then, indeed, I can sing Alleluia! praise the Lord! And another thing, Dick. You remember the Easter anthem? Well, when I know that it was on account of my sins that Jesus died, I can understand what St. Paul meant when he said, 'Likewise reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin!' You said the other day that I was different from what I used to be a few years ago. Well, Dick, that's just it: I am now trying by God's good grace to be dead indeed unto sin, but to live day by day and hour by hour unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

By this time they had reached John's house again. Richard looked very serious, and felt very serious too. At any rate, the Good Friday excursion was abandoned, and he resolved to spend the day in meditation and prayer.

Dear reader, will *you* do so too?

H. C. H.

The Dove of the Valley.

Art thou an emblem, gentle, guileless bird,
Of human hearts lamenting sin and strife?
And gladly, as thy low sweet song is heard,
Are groaning prayers heard in the land of life?
Yes; Heaven, unfrowning, hears each bitter tale
The world's proud anger would command to cease;
Listens to guilt and grief as in the vale,
To thy blent strain of pensiveness and peace.

Oh, joy! oh, glory! wondrous and yet true,
That softest love with mightiest power may live
Wrath quench its thunderbolts in mercy's dew,
And God receive whom man will scarce forgive;
Then, wounded bird, struck by the archer Sin,—
Frail, erring, wounded, weary human heart,
Flee where the Healer waits to take thee in,
But oh, from earth's dark vale depart, depart!

M. J. JEWSBURY.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

OLD ANTHONY'S LANTERN.

"Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Ah! how skilful is the hand
That obeyeth love's command."

THE work of building had made rapid progress, while the necessary steps for the legal exchange of glebe at Wildermoor were at the same time slowly nearing completion in a dingy office at High Netherton, when ominous rumours and threatening whispers gathered strength and reached the ears of the Rector. These unwelcome hints came to him on one of those holidays which even the busiest may sometimes claim. Fishing-rods had been brought out, and every preparation made for a day at the Long Pool. None knew better than Cyril and his cousin, Nigel Gresley, how to select a tempting fly; while few were more successful in filling a basket with the fine silvery lake-trout Squire Beverley so carefully preserved.

"I must defer my interview with Anthony Hiles until to-morrow," said Mr. Trevor to his wife, in evident relief at the postponement. "And perhaps, if the evening proves inviting for a drive, you would take one in that direction with the message; not forgetting to note how the new bell-gable progresses. I have some hope it may be even finished."

Violet gladly set off on this expedition, pleased with the excuse to see the stone-cutters at their work, and hear the first sound of the bell itself—if, as she hoped, it had duly arrived.

She had scarcely passed round the corner of the building, after leaving her pony in charge of one of the masons, when Anthony Hiles came forth with defiant step from his shadowy orchard, and asked her abruptly if she was "Mrs. Trevor, the Rector's wife."

"Certainly," replied Violet, with some surprise.

"Well, then," said Anthony Hiles, pushing his hat to the back of his head, and facing her rudely, "you please to tell your master that unless he has that piece of ground made over to me by law, I shall claim every stick and stone belonging to it. *It is mine*, ma'am, by rights of law!"

"Well, but, Mr. Hiles," said Violet, as quietly as she could speak, "you and the late Rector's father agreed together as to the desirability of the exchange, and I understand you yourself were the first to make the proposition."

"Quite true, ma'am! but who is to say that in a future Rector's time, he might not claim both from my son—one, because a mission-room was built on it, and the other because he chose to call it glebe? No! that building is mine, it were put up on my ground, and *mine it is!*"

Mr. Hiles grew more excited as he went on, until at length his angry tones reached even the workmen, who looked up doubtful as to their duty in coming to the rescue.

"Mr. Trevor can explain all this quite satisfactorily to you," said Violet, in as calm a tone as she could command, "and I must refer you to him. Indeed, my chief object in coming here was to tell you he would be at Wildermoor in the morning, when he will no doubt listen to all you have to say."

"He shall!" thundered Anthony. "And, what is more, I'll *make* him! I tell you, ma'am, little as you may suppose it, there is no one for miles round this place that has got such an influence as I have; and if he don't get those writings *made over to me*, I'll set every one against him. I'll *drive him from the neighbourhood!*"

"Hush, hush!" said Violet, with heightened colour, and a nervous glance towards the pony carriage. "All that is needful is to speak quietly with Mr. Trevor; you will find him perfectly reasonable and clear-sighted in all business matters."

"I *shall* speak to him! Oh yes!" replied Anthony Hiles. "And look you here, missis! you may tell him from me that my lawyer says he believes the Rector of Lynwood *has no right to glebe land here at all*, and that I have been paying rent for what belongs *to me*. He has seen a man who looked over the parish map, and it was not there. You tell him *that*, if you please."

"Very well," replied Violet; "but, believe me, your informant was mistaken. *I* have seen that map,—and you shall see it too,—with the plan of your orchard and the piece of glebe marked and numbered in the centre; as also the old tithe-book, with description of rent answering to that number."

Anthony Hiles looked hard into her face to see if she was speaking truthfully.

"Ah, well," he replied, "we shall see about that; but I've one more word to say: you can tell Mr. Trevor that if the land *is* glebe, I'll have the writings made out clear and plain, and I'll not pay *one penny* for them!" With this final thrust, Anthony Hiles wished her good evening.

"It was rather hard lines for the old gentleman to attack *you*, ma'am," said the kindly mason who had been keeping guard over the pony; "but

he has been very 'chuff' with all of us to-day. I suppose something put him out."

"Perhaps so," said Violet. "It certainly disturbed as well as astonished me, and I had almost forgotten to inquire about the gable and the new bell."

"I think you will be pleased with the tone, but you shall hear it, ma'am," said the mason good-naturedly. "As to the stonework, I was just going to say that if Mr. Trevor would come over this evening, we should be glad to place the gable together as it is to be, and decide about the iron-work for the bell. We would rather not leave them up for the night; they might get knocked down," he added, with a glance at old Anthony's figure disappearing in a doorway, and at the cows he had just turned into the orchard.

Violet drove thoughtfully through the long quiet lanes, and, taking another direction, she soon saw what she had desired, Mr. Beverley's shining fish-pools, and in the red sunset light the dark figure of Cyril and his cousin, while with skilful hands one or another laid a glistening trout on the bank behind them, in evident enjoyment of some good sport and the pleasant companionship.

"Cyril," said Violet, as a few signs brought

him quickly to her side, "you seemed to throw a jewel on the grass, almost like ruby itself, instead of a silver trout. Ah, how lovely the rosy light is on the water! but alas! you have been sent for to the 'dark hamlet.'"

Then Violet explained her unwelcome errand, the question was settled, the rod laid aside, and Cyril had taken the place beside her, turning the pony's unwilling head once more towards Wildermoor.

Anthony Hiles was pruning a hedge at the farther end of the orchard as they drove up; he glanced round warily, but took no further notice of Mr. Trevor's arrival.

Cyril quietly left the carriage and walked round the building, examining the gable and stone blocks, and deciding the doubtful point in the iron-work for the new bell. He watched the heavy stones laid carefully back again on the grass, but still old Anthony made no effort to join him or even speak from the distance.

At length Mr. Trevor strolled leisurely towards him, and was lost to Violet's sight in the darkening trees. She well knew that if a repetition of her own experience was the result of that meeting, the tones so sharp and angry would not fail to reach her. She listened, but only a quiet sound of voices, the clink of the workmen putting up their tools for the night, and a blackbird singing his last song in the hawthorn, reached her ear. Half an hour passed, and it grew darker, still no disturbing sound from that far corner of the orchard.

"Ah, here is Cyril at last!"

"I am afraid I have kept you a long time waiting, Violet."

"Never mind the time," she replied; "I am so thankful and *so* surprised at your reception."

"Wherefore?" asked Cyril, with a smile. "I am quite as anxious as Mr. Hiles himself to settle the matter. I told him again all was in due process, explained what remained to be done, and I think satisfied his mind for the present. He is coming to see the parish map 'with his own eyes.' The fact is, Prestlow, his lawyer, has been working upon his fears, no doubt with an eye to future recompense for the trouble. Oh no, Violet; this is only a disturbance, not a hindrance to the work. My chief vexation is, that the sharp storm fell on *your* devoted head, while the pleasant calm was reserved for *myself*."

Cyril was right, thus far; for after this outburst the threatened tempest subsided, excepting, perhaps, a slight attempt to annoy and obstruct the work made by two of the women in Wildermoor who acted as leaders in an opposition to the mission-room.

These made a noisy protest in the doorway, claiming their right to the place as a store for coal. It was built for *their* comfort and *their* use—but they supposed the new Rector cared nothing for either. No matter to *him* if they were perished with cold, so long as he got his way, and they'd have him to know they wanted no new-fangled preachments at Wildermoor; they'd got a chapel of their own, and that was enough for *them!*

Next morning the masons found their scaffolding pulled down, and a curse written upon it, if they dared raise it again.

For all this the work prospered and grew; till at length Cyril's desires were realized, and before him, in all its completeness and beauty, stood St. Austyn's mission-room.

A golden light from the grey stone mullioned windows threw a trellised pattern of sunlight on the neatly-tiled floor and over the rows of white rush-seated chairs, where a hymnal and Prayer-Book laid on each awaited the future congregation. All was completed! Violet's music-book open on the harmonium—the places found for psalm and lesson, and left upon a desk, richly carved and designed by Cyril himself.

Yes, all things were ready! Would they come?

"*To* be sure they'll come, sure enough!" and Mr. Trevor looked up, almost startled, to see Anthony Hiles standing in the doorway. "I've been round the village; for indeed, sir, I should like to see a *great congregation* here for once, and a good report of it in the *High Netherton Gazette*."

"I am not fond of publicity in a little effort of this kind, and"—

"Sir!" exclaimed Anthony, "this has been no *little effort*. My opinion is that it has been a great and difficult undertaking. We'd to make it over *by law*, and sign and seal the *dockiment*—and then there were awkward points and objections to meet—very! No, it was a hard business to settle, and get through! But it's not the first time *I've* encountered storms. I've held the lantern steady, when I could scarce keep a footing!—as our capen said, when we came safe into harbour, 'You held the lantern steady, Tony my lad! and here we are!' *And here we are*, true enough, Mr. Trevor, all ship-shape, and ready for the voyage!"

Our Young Men.

ON MAKING A HOME.

IT has been suggested that it would be useful to follow up the remarks on marriage in the last *Home Visitor* with a few practical hints to young men on making a home.

What a truly happy word is home! It is one of the sweetest sounds of the English tongue, and has been a favourite theme with our national bards in all ages. Think what a deal it implies! It takes our minds back to our youngest and brightest days; it recalls the loving tenderness of mother, the watchful care of father; it speaks to us of mercy and peace; and as we think of these things, those of us who have had to face the stern realities of life amongst strangers would give almost anything to live our childhood's days over again.

But it cannot be: every day that we live widens the gulf between the past and the present, and many of us have arrived at an age when it is desirable that we should make a home for ourselves. To such I would speak.

What was it that made home so bright and pleasant for you? Was it not the fact that it was the very centre of love?

Yes, love must ever be the motive power of happiness, and if you would build your home on the model that your memory cherishes, you must dig its foundations deep in love.

This is no mere sentimentality. It is hard, sober fact. Where love has ceased to be, there happiness also has departed. You may be rich, you may have position, you may have power, everything, in fact, that your heart could wish for, but if love is not the ruler in your household, you cannot be happy. I recall now so many instances within my own knowledge, where the painful truth of this has been exemplified, that I feel bound to put in the very forefront of these "practical hints," the exceeding great necessity for love to be in very deed the home-ruler. Cherish it, cultivate it, pray for it; it is a jewel of priceless worth.

To descend now to what are often erroneously called "petty" details, I would urge young men who have decided on making a home to begin carefully. There is a great temptation, when furnishing, to "launch out," to "do the grand," —if such colloquialisms may be permitted. We are apt, sometimes, to study how best to eclipse our friends, rather than how best to provide what will be really serviceable to ourselves.

Let me say at once that such a course of action is not only contemptible in itself; it must be attended with serious consequences to us in the future. There are not many young men whose purses are so full that they can afford to sacrifice the useful to the ornamental.

"True," some one exclaims; "but we can furnish on the hire system."

I know you can, but the professedly "easy terms" will turn out to be very dear in the end.

"Never purchase anything that you have not the money to pay for," is a safe rule to adopt through life, and it will never be found more serviceable than when we first set about furnishing a home.

Having got your home together, take a pleasure and a pride in it. Every man who loves his wife will of course take pleasure in her company, but he will add much to her enjoyment of life if he show her that their home is in itself, and for itself, to him the sweetest spot on earth.

Many men are continually grumbling that their house is not so large, nor their rooms so nicely furnished, as those of some friend, and thus they early sow the seeds of discontent and discord. Such a course is unworthy of any man.

But it will always be well for us, as opportunity may offer, to improve the appearance of our home by adding little nick-nacks. This may be done at very slight cost; a little self-sacrifice on the part of the husband is all that is needed. A humble home may be made as attractive as one luxuriously furnished, if the man will only do his fair share of the work. It is mean and cowardly to expect one's wife to do everything in the house; there is much that the man can do, and ought to do, not only to maintain the house in a state of order and comfort, but also to add to its beauty. Of one thing I am assured, that time, labour, and—within reasonable hints—money are never wasted when expended on the home, for the absence of attractiveness there will do more than anything else to drive you, your wife, and

your children to seek it elsewhere—perhaps in places which may lead to sorrow and ruin.

So much for the appearance of the home.

Another very important point demanding consideration is what is known as "housekeeping."

This, however, has not so much to do with you as with your wife, and therefore I will only say that *you* must be careful and considerate towards her. Do not expect her to make bricks without straw, or, in other words, to be able to provide you with luxurious living unless you give her plenty of money to do it with.

But, whatever station of life you occupy, I would warn you against luxury. It is not conducive to health of mind or body. Live simply; live plainly; it will be better for you, better for your family.

One word only I will add on this head: in "housekeeping" (as indeed in everything else) trust your wife implicitly, and—do not interfere.

To pass to another topic, and one in which you are more immediately concerned. Be on your guard as to the *quantity* and *quality* of the company you keep. If your means are limited, you will not be able to invite much company, or rather, I would say, you will not be able to provide your friends with many handsome entertainments. Do not attempt the impossible; on the other hand, do not ask friends to see you, and then send them empty away. It creates a bad impression; you are henceforth looked upon as mean and niggardly. Better by far not to ask visitors to your house, than, when they come, to treat them inhospitably.

But the *quality* of the company you keep is equally important. Never bring any one home whom you know to use bad language, to drink to excess, or to be of vicious life. Contact with such an one will most certainly contaminate your family, and you would do well to shun such company yourself. Let your home friends be something more than mere acquaintances. You will find dozens of people ready to flock round you and to speak well of you, so long as you are in good circumstances, and the sun shines pleasantly on your life. But when troubles come, and you are in need of sympathy and help, they will quickly forsake you. Avoid "fair-weather" friends, and seek to cultivate only those who will be true to you in sorrow or in joy. But there are not many of them to be met with.

Finally, let your home-life be a preparation for the home-land beyond. If a man is not a Christian in his own home, I am sure he cannot be one anywhere else. Begin and end the day with prayer—in a word, let the religion of Jesus sanctify and hallow your home and everything connected with it. Thus shall you and yours grow in grace and in the knowledge of God, until you meet at Jesus' feet, one eternal family in heaven.

H. C. H.

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

SIR WILLIAM GULL, BART., M.D., D.C.L., ETC.

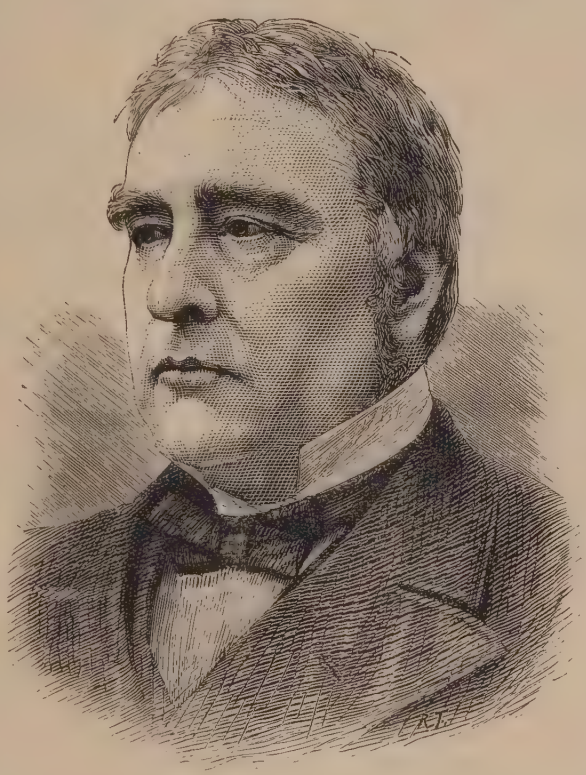
WHEN men of note die, we are apt to think that they have owed their fame to their dazzling gifts, and that therefore their lives leave little to imitate for humbler folk, whose endowments are only ordinary and commonplace. But this is only partially true. We frequently, though not always, find that in careers eminent for success, there has been, besides genius, some moral quality which is worthy and capable of imitation by us all.

We think this was the case with regard to Sir William Gull, the eminent physician, who died at 74 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, on the 29th of January last.

Industry, perseverance, and "*minute attention to detail*" were the characteristics to which, in addition, no doubt, to more than ordinary talent, he owed the eminent position to which he attained.

We well remember him. Circumstances led to frequent visits to him, for the benefit of a young and delicate friend. Our own impression coincides with that of others. It was not by a flash of inspiration, not by hasty intuition, that he seemed to form his judgment of his patient. He gave most full and patient attention to every item of information bearing on the case. These details he carefully stored in his memory, and long afterwards, resuming charge of the same case, he appeared quite at home with it.

Sir William Gull was born at Thorpe le Soken, Essex, in December 1816. His father was a barge-owner on the river Lea, and tenant of Guy's Hospital, from an officer of which a presentation to Christ's Hospital was received for William. Having completed his education there, he became usher for a time at a school at Lewes. The treasurer of Guy's, however, remembered him when some one was wanted to write a catalogue for the Hospital, and he was offered and accepted the task.* He then remained at Guy's, and passed through a complete medical education. In 1846 he obtained the degree of M.D., with honours, and in 1847 was appointed Fulerian Professor of Physiology.



One of the privileges of medical talent is the acquaintance it gives with the leading men of the day. Dr. Gull was called on to attend Blomfield, Bishop of London, in his last illness. In 1871 a higher responsibility fell to his share. In that year the Prince of Wales was attacked with typhoid fever, and was brought to the very brink of the grave. Dr. Gull was called in to assist, and took a chief charge of the case. Although at times it appeared as if the royal sufferer must succumb to the disease, yet, with the blessing of God, the medical treatment and careful nursing were crowned with success. All England had watched the bulletins from day to day with intense anxiety, feeling the deepest sympathy with his royal mother, our most beloved Queen. Every one seemed to breathe more freely and to be full of thankfulness when the danger was past, and the Heir-Apparent of the throne was convalescent. It may not be out of place to mention one touching memorial of those days of peril to the Prince. At the same time that he lay so seriously ill, one of the grooms in his stables was attacked by the same fever, Charles Blagg by name. Though young and strong, the groom died, while his royal master recovered. Now in Sandringham church may be seen "a very handsome cross of marble, bearing on one side the inscription,—

CHARLES BLAGG,
Aged 20.

on the other, the words,

"The one was taken,
the other left."

"All the year round flowers are planted on this grave as the seasons come; in the spring it is covered with snowdrops, these are followed by violets, and then by summer flowers." It was the Prince who was spared who caused this tombstone to be erected.

Perhaps no medical man has ever had a more gratifying tribute paid to him than what was written in the *Lancet* upon this occasion about Sir W. Gull, by, we believe, Sir W. Jenner. It mentions "*his minute attention to details*, energy that never tired, watchfulness that never flagged, nursing so tender, ministry so minute, that in his function he seemed to combine the duties of physician, dresser, dispenser, valet, nurse, now arguing with the sick man in delirium so softly and pleasantly, that the parched lips opened to take the nourishment on which strength depended, now lifting the

* The above account of the early days of Sir W. Gull has lately been contradicted. There is no doubt, however, of his having received his medical education at Guy's Hospital.

wasted body, now washing it with vinegar, with ever ready eye to mark the face and pulse, and sometimes spending twelve or thirteen hours at the bedside."

In recognition of his services, so happily successful, Dr. Gull was made a Baronet and Physician to the Queen in 1872.

He continued his medical work till age drew on, and an attack of paralysis occurred about two years ago, when he was enjoying his summer holiday at Urrard, Killiecrankie, N. B. Another attack came on Monday, Jan. 27, 1890. He wrote, "I have no speech," and soon after became unconscious, as he continued till

"Death, that beckons us away,
Creeps o'er the frame, and stills the busy brain;
Closed are the hours of restless, noisy day,
And a deep hush succeeds all care and pain."

We have been told by a friend that Sir William Gull once said to a patient, "I never cost my father £20 from the day I started in life for myself."

We cannot all have exceptional careers, bringing us into the path of princes, but young men and all of us may do well to remember and imitate the "industry, perseverance, minute attention to detail," and noble youthful independence of the late Sir William Gull.

E. A. W.

Tiny-Mite; or, Finding a Home.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

"WELL, Tiny-mite, where are you off to?"

"Home," said a little voice; but no smile lit up the wan little face; "home" had no pleasant sound for her. "Poor child, a wretched place to call 'home,'" thought the school teacher as she went her way. She had a good distance to go to her home, but that did not matter. A dear old mother's smile and kiss soon dispersed the tiredness, and a chat over the tea relieved her of all the pent-up feelings about the school-children's troubles.

Kate Lister had not long taught in a London Board School, before her eyes were opened to see the dreadful misery in which most of her scholars lived. She was not yet hardened to it, but she did not make so many inquiries about the homes as she did at first. Still, her heart ached, when, morning after morning, she taught hungry little children—most of them not having had even a scrap of food that day. A little girl, who went by the name of "Tiny-mite," was one of the most ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-treated of these little ones, and also one of the sweetest, kindest, and quietest. She was a favourite with everybody at school, although only a few knew what a wretched life she led. She knew neither father nor mother; no one appeared to know her real name or age; she was called "Tiny-mite," and supposed to be, at the time of which I am writing, about seven years old. What she called "home" was a wretched den, in a miserable neighbourhood, where she was "brought up" by an old woman she called "Grannie." Grannie was fond of the child, but she was very old and ill; Grannie's son, who lived there too, said there were "enough kids there without this one;" and Grannie's daughter-in-law showed her feelings on the matter more by her actions than her words. Many were the knocks the poor child suffered, and indeed all kinds of ill-usage, from Grannie's daughter-in-law. Brought up among crime, dirt, bad language, and their attendant horrors, Tiny-mite was a little marvel. No one could tell how she grew up so differently to all the other children about her. Gentle and loving, full of sympathy and kind acts, this little girl crept about quietly, and bore her daily cross with meekness. Tiny-mite was devoted to Kate Lister. Grannie had sent a message, begging Kate to come and see her, which was not refused. One afternoon the young teacher was bold enough to venture to Tiny-mite's home, and so she saw what a sad "home" it was, and promised, with God's help, to be a true friend to this little one.

It was a cold wet day in May, and the children were leaving school; but Tiny-mite seemed

loath to go. Twice she went to the door and came back again, and finally tumbled all of a heap on to a form, burying her face in her hands. All the other children had gone now, and Kate was surprised, on looking round, to see a helpless bundle of a child left behind. She soon found Tiny-mite was crying bitterly, and then little by little her trouble was told.

"Grannie is dreffful bad, she is. Grannie says she's going to die. She says I shan't have no home."

"My poor little girl," said Kate, "you must try to be very brave, and not cry like this. Why, you don't know what will happen yet. Ask the good Lord Jesus to take care of you; I am sure He will. He will find you a new home." And after a little while the child was comforted; but Kate had made the child's sorrow her own. She felt that here was work for her to do—to find a home for Tiny-mite; and she prayed that moment for help from Jesus Christ, and resolved, with His help, not to rest until this home was found. When she reached home, her mother's words were to strengthen her daughter's resolution. "Just think of her crying because she would have no *home*, as if she ever had had one. Oh, mother, the poor little dear has no idea of a home!

How glad I shall be to get her away from that horrid woman, and the poor grannie will be happy too."

"Kate," exclaimed Mrs. Lister, "I wonder if we could get her on to Mrs. Warner's list for the 'Seaside Holiday'!"

"Oh, lovely! what a good thought of yours, mother dear," said Kate. "It would be *lovely!* but of course that is only for a fortnight, not a permanent 'home.' But just to see the child's face when she saw the country and the sea! Oh, it would do one good to see it. I'll go this evening and see Mrs. Warner. Why, there, I'm quite excited over the mere thought. You good old mother, *you* thought of it!" Then came a good hug and kiss, and mother and daughter felt happier than they had done all day.

When Tiny-mite knelt down beside her Grannie that afternoon, in spite of Kate's comforting, her little heart felt very sore. Many unkind, cruel words had been hurled at her, but never one came from Grannie; lots of knocks, pushes, and beatings, but not one from Grannie. When she was laughed at because she looked "pious," and called a "saint," because she did not use bad words and fight like the other children, her old Grannie was her protector.

Strange to say, although the old woman was

often too weak to stand, yet no one dared to interfere in her concerns, and when she spoke they grumbled, but obeyed.

Grannie was very ill now, and she did not seem to care about anything or anybody; but a little voice whispered, "Grannie, dear, I want to tell you;" and, turning the weary grey head, Grannie saw Tiny-mite, and she smiled, and stroked the little head beside hers. "Teacher says that Jesus will find a home, Grannie. She says I mustn't cry. She's so good, she is. Is Jesus as good as her?"

Grannie said she didn't know *much* about it, but what little she did know was all good.

Great was Kate's joy when all was settled for Tiny-mite to have a fortnight at the seaside. A good old lady had a pet scheme, which was to take a large house in the country for the whole of the summer, and let some of the poor children in London have such a holiday as they would never be likely to forget. Mrs. Warner was a clergyman's wife who found the children. "You find the children, and I'll find the home," said the "good old lady." And Tiny-mite was one of the children "found."

Mrs. Warner went with Kate to see Grannie's daughter-in-law, and to make arrangements.

"I don't care twopence what becomes of the brat so long as she don't come in my way any longer. 'The workus for you, young un,' that's what I tells her."

As these were the daughter-in-law's sentiments, and nothing prevented, all necessary arrangements were made, and, until the day for departing, some one was found to take care of Tiny-mite, and get her something decent to wear. The "good old lady" always required "some one to get them spruced up." Her good works seemed as endless as her money.

The day before Tiny-mite was to go, Kate took her home to see Mrs. Lister.

Muffins for tea was a treat only dimly possible to the little girl,—the reality was almost too much.

"We have not found you a proper 'home' yet, you know, Tiny. I shall have plenty to do while you are away, to hunt about for one," said Kate.

"Just let her take it all as it comes, Kate," said her mother. "At present she seems quite contented, and the poor little girl will get quite bewildered with all her changes if we are not careful."

. . . . . .

One warm, bright morning in the month of June, the sands at Broadstairs were pretty well covered with all sorts of folks (being principally *little* folks), enjoying themselves. Marvellous castles, tunnels, and other works were being built by busy little people, and paddling was very much in vogue. The niggers, too, soon gathered a crowd, which swarmed after them, as they "shifted the concert" all along the sands, like so many bees. In the midst of all this excitement stands our little friend Tiny-mite, absolutely wonder-struck. This clean, tidy little girl is hardly recognisable. She had come from London only the day before, with five other little girls, in charge of Mrs. Smith and Miss Green, and had no time for more than a peep at the wonderful sea before they were in snug little beds, fast asleep, and dreaming of—who can guess what? The railway journey was a new experience for them, and a very long journey they thought it. They were all delighted to get away from the houses and smoke, and to see green fields and all the beautiful sights of the country; and the first glimpse of the sea was greeted with shouts and much excitement. The view from the train did not appear very different from the pictures they had seen; but when Broadstairs was reached, and they all jumped out, and walked through the fields, and passed the trees, and felt the fresh air, and finally were on the sands, all these little girls were quiet, and, no doubt, being sleepy, they looked upon it all as rather like a dream.

The kind women, Mrs. Smith and Miss Green, packed them off to bed early.

And now, the next morning, here they are on the sands, as happy as queens—or most likely happier. The lively ones—and they are all lively but Tiny-mite—are digging and paddling, and getting very excited and noisy. Tiny-mite is dreaming.

(*To be continued.*)

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* *Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, William Hunt and Company, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age, and a Concordance not to be consulted.*

MANCHESTER BY MOONLIGHT.—*Page* 111.

MAY.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER IX.

SEEKING THE LOST ONE.

BY what strange train of circumstances Joseph Barton, Mary, and Anna had been led to London, the curious reader may well ask. And yet, when everything is considered, especially Arthur's doings in London, it need not seem strange. Joseph Barton had long been troubled and perplexed at Arthur's singular silence. "So unlike the lad," he would argue over and over again; "there must be something wrong." But if he was perplexed, and Anna lost in amazement, what is to be said of Mary? That she loved Arthur as only a woman can love, she was fully aware, but she kept the secret locked up in her own breast. Hers was a quiet, gentle disposition. She was far from being demonstrative in public. She was not one of those persons who live entirely on the surface, and who are therefore ready at any moment with a flow of mere "gush," and, alas! just as ready with the opposite. Her affections were of the still nature, but none the less deep or intense. She had pictured out for Arthur a noble career. Not, perhaps, a brilliant one, but at least an honourable and brave career. To her he was all that was noble and self-sacrificing, manly and faithful. Of course she was extravagant in her ideas—woman always is—of man. Perhaps it is that love enables her to see him as he ought to be—not as he is. Love is blind! At least the wise old Greeks thought so, and longed to imagine so, or they would never have made little Cupid blind. Love is blind—yes, blind to faults—"*covereth* a multitude of sins," as St. Paul said.

Mary, then, was at a loss to understand Arthur's silence. What could he be doing? Why did he not write? And she would wonder and weep and pray,—the latter she never forgot,—and the days dragged drearily on. And then there came the tidings that the Rector had accepted a living in London, and the village was all excitement. Every one had learned to love Swindon, and his leaving the parish was a great blow. The arrangements for his farewell occupied a great deal of time and thought. A meeting was held by several of the leading parishioners, who "laid their heads" together in secret conclave. A committee was appointed to carry out some secret design, no one knew exactly what. And in time everybody in the parish was called upon by some one, and asked to subscribe, and everybody did. And then, as a result of all this secret business, there was a large meeting in the schoolroom, and Swindon and his Aunt Amelia were there, and all the women of the parish were there, and all the men of the parish were there, and Joseph Barton, and Mary, and Anna, and indeed every-

body who thought himself or herself of any consequence whatever—and who does not?—put in an appearance at the schoolroom on this wonderful evening. And there never was such an unanimous opinion given as when Swindon was presented with a huge marble timepiece, a purse of gold, and several other things besides, and Aunt Amelia with a beautiful tea-service, which the women had bought on their own account. Of course there was a tea. Such a tea! Such a real, north-country tea! And every one was very happy, as indeed there was every reason they should be. The Rector had lived at peace with all men. He had worked hard for the good of the parish, and the people knew it, and they were not backward in showing their appreciation. But they were all genuinely sorry that he was going, and when he made what was to be his farewell speech, many of the gentler sex drew forth their handkerchiefs, whilst the men, as brave men should on such occasions, vigorously cleared their throats.

When Swindon had left for London, taking his aunt with him of course, Mary devoted herself still more to parish work. She would visit the women in their homes, and listen to their troubles, and, when she could, tender advice, and do her best to make life pleasant for others. She always carried sunshine with her wherever she went, for she always tried to assist others to look on the bright side of things. And the children loved her dearly. She went almost daily to the schools, and often she romped with the girls during "play-time" in the school-yard, as if she were one of themselves. But all the while she felt her own trouble and the perpetual question pressing itself upon her—Why does not Arthur write? And Mr. Barton noticed the change in her, and guessed the reason, and was only more and more perplexed about Arthur. And at last he determined to go up to London for a while, and take Mary and Anna along with him.

They went up to London on a Saturday, and took up their abode at a quiet hotel off the Strand, and on the Sunday evening put in an appearance at St. Silas' church, and afterwards at the Vicarage, as we saw in the last chapter. Nothing could have delighted Joseph Barton more than to see the manner in which Swindon was gathering together young and old. He had been for many years rather doubtful whether the Church of England had any hold upon the masses of the people, and indeed had come to the conclusion that it had not, until Swindon had been appointed curate of Holmby, when a new phase of parson was brought before his notice. The stiff-and-starchy stand-offishness which he had been accustomed to associate with parsons did not apply to Swindon. He was of a cheerful and hopeful disposition, and had the happy knack of inspiring others with his own spirit. And Barton soon found this out. And more than this, he found that Swindon was only one of many, and he took heart for the dear old Church of England, and confessed that there was life in her yet; which he ought to have done from the first, and would most certainly have done if he had had "faith as a grain of mustard seed." But, alas! many of us are like Joseph Barton. We forget that the Church is not of men, but of the Lord, and that the Lord —not perhaps in my time, or in your time, but in His own time—will raise up men after His own heart to guide His people.

Swindon was positively delighted to see his visitors, and behaved himself much more like a schoolboy than the grave and reverend preacher who but a few minutes before held forth from the pulpit of St. Silas'. Aunt Amelia whisked the girls off up-stairs, and Joseph Barton was left alone with the Vicar. They adjourned for a few minutes to the Vicar's "den," where they had a chat on the subject nearest their hearts, namely, Arthur. They were agreed upon one thing, that Arthur's coming to London had been a mistake;—at all events, a mistake that he should not have had some one to look after and cheer him. But, as Swindon pointed out, his was the lot of thousands of young men and women.

"They come up to London with a vague idea of making their fortunes, and get lost sight of in the crowd," said Swindon.

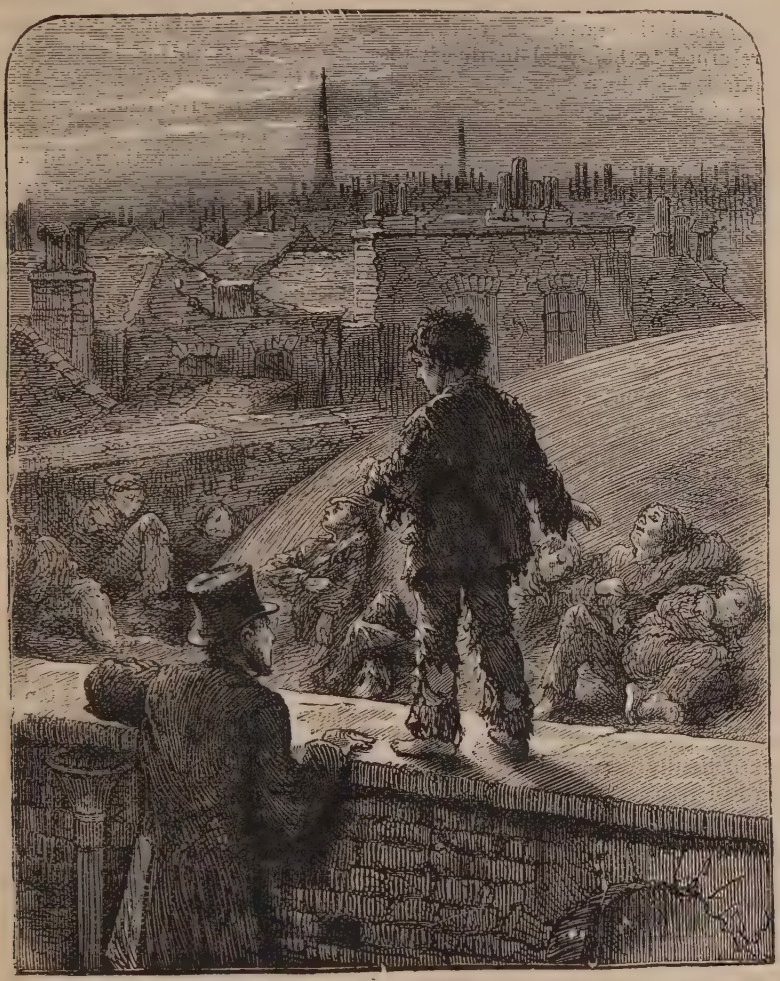
"Poor Arthur!" sighed Mr. Barton. "I fear the temptations have been too strong for him."

Swindon could see that Joseph Barton was deeply moved by what he believed to be Arthur's fall, as who would not be in his place? And he felt keenly for the old man.

Supper passed off very quietly. There were a few young people there—members of the congregation—who tried hard to enliven the proceedings, but it was evident that a deep gloom rested upon the company. Mary was particularly subdued. The reference to Arthur in the sermon had quite taken her aback, and besides she had seen a young man rush out of the church

and Brown follow him, and she had an idea that it was Arthur. She could not say why she believed it, but there was some instinct within which told her that he was not far off. She confided to Mr. Barton afterwards that she thought she had seen him, and curiously enough he had seen the young man leave the church, and had come to the same conclusion. After supper, Brown returned, and confirmed it. He came in almost breathless. He had seen Arthur leave the church, and had followed him, but had lost sight of him in a street off the Strand, near to the Drury Lane Theatre.

This announcement excited the party very much, and Mr. Barton was anxious to start at once on a search errand, but the Vicar advised patience.



LONDON BY NIGHT—HOMELESS ONES.

"You must not think of such a thing until to-morrow, and then I think we had better go together. I have had a good experience in such work since I came to London."

Mr. Barton spent a restless night, not in his room, but in the streets. He had heard that many poor things sought the shelter of arches, alleys, and doorways, and the thought that Arthur might be one of them drove him forth at the midnight hour in search of the lost sheep. Many sad sights he witnessed,—men and women

and little children huddled up in corners, seeking what little shelter there was to be had. How his heart went out to the poor lost ones! Perhaps, after all, it was from no fault of their own that they were suffering. At all events the little children could not very well be held responsible, and, as morning began to dawn, he took small parties of them to a stall, where hot coffee was to be purchased, and fed them. But, so far as Arthur was concerned, the search was fruitless. Mr. Barton returned to his hotel in time to wash for breakfast, when he recounted to Mary and Anna some of the sights he had witnessed.

CHAPTER X.

LOST!

ARTHUR left the church of St. Silas in a penitent frame of mind. The sermon, the surroundings, and, above all, the tender associations raised by the appearance of Swindon's familiar face, all tended to soften his heart. No one knew better than he that he had done wrong. And the thought of the wrong he had done only served to raise an evil passion within, and madden and goad him almost to despair. What would he not give to have it all to come over again! Oh for a fresh start in a better spirit! was the burden of the cry of his heart. He looked pale and agitated on leaving the church, and the verger, thinking it a case of fainting, accompanied him out, and was closely followed by Brown. But Arthur did not stop. He beckoned the verger to leave him alone, and swept out of the door and walked hastily away, nor did he stop once until he had reached the Strand. There he could breathe freely—at least so far as St. Silas' was concerned. To breathe freely in any other sense would be impossible. The Strand was one surging mass of men and women. Arthur was jostled freely, but he heeded it not. There was one thing, however, that he did heed, and the sight of which materially altered his opinions and his pace. In looking round to mildly remonstrate with some one who had pushed him somewhat violently, he saw the face of Brown—yes! there could be no mistaking that face; and then it flashed across Arthur's mind that he was being followed.

Now nothing could be easier than to lose any one in London, or to get out of the way of any person whom you desired to avoid. It requires but a little manœuvring, and this Arthur was thoroughly *au fait* with. He had been accustomed of late to "dodge," and it took him but a very short time to give Brown the "slip" completely and most effectually. And, having done so, he went to his lodgings in a court off Drury Lane, where he spent the evening in solitude and bitter remorse. Poor fellow! he had given way to temptation, had made a false start, and he knew full well that he had only himself to blame. And he did not spare himself. He had lived from hand to mouth for the past two months, and had much oftener gone hungry than had a good meal. Often in his wanderings had he gazed upon the cold face of old Father Thames, and longed for the "courage" to silence his sorrows in a watery grave. But, to tell the truth, Arthur had more real courage than to do such a thing, although he did not know it. There was some manliness left in him yet, which only needed a sympathetic touch to bring it into action. Joseph Barton could have done it at once had he been at hand—but there was the "rub:" Arthur was so thoroughly ashamed of himself that he shrank from going to him. And so the wound, instead of being healed, grew worse and worse, and the continual chafing and irritation only made him harder-hearted than ever. But as he sat in his lonely lodging, with but scant and indifferent furniture around him, thinking and thinking of the past, with his face buried in his hands upon the table, the old, old home rose up before him in all its beauty and innocence. His father, his *mother*—ah! how little he had thought of her!—and there was Anna, what a wreck he had made of her prospects; and then the kindness of Joseph Barton, and, last of all, Mary! And as he sat thus, "communing with his own heart," tears came to his relief, and his strong frame shook with violent emotion. His landlady, a kindly body enough in her way, thinking that something was wrong, asked if she could do anything for him, but he desired simply to be left alone. For an hour or more he sat thus, and then quietly rose, packed up one or two little things, which he stowed away in his pockets, and left the house, on the pretence of taking a stroll, but in reality never to return.

Meanwhile Joseph Barton, the Vicar, and Brown had been doing a kind of house-to-house visitation in the neighbourhood of Arthur's

lodgings. Brown had seen him slip into "a court" and disappear, and he judged—and he was not far wrong—that his lodgings were not far away. And it had been decided that the three should make a diligent search of the neighbourhood. And curiously enough, before they had been long at it, they received a clue which convinced them that they were on the right track. And at last their perseverance was rewarded by finding the house in which Arthur had been staying, but to their dismay they learnt that he had left the house late on the preceding evening for a stroll, and had not returned. This to Joseph Barton was the last straw. He sat down in the chair which Arthur had occupied but the evening before, and was as one bereft of his senses.

"Come, Mr. Barton," said the Vicar, "you must not give way like this. You must hope for the best. We must all hope for the best. If we keep up our hearts, we shall find him yet. It is very evident that he saw Brown following him, and that, not wishing to be found out, he has gone quietly off to some other place."

But it was evident that Joseph Barton feared the worst, and his fears grew on hearing from the landlady that Arthur was in great difficulties—that "he owed nearly a month's rent for his room, and had had nothing to eat except that which she had given to him.

"Poor lad! poor lad!" he cried. "Oh that I could find him!" But after a little while Mr. Barton became calm; and having rewarded the landlady handsomely, and given her full instructions to send for him at once, should Arthur return, they departed.

Two days passed by—days of anxious search and longing; and on the third day, Joseph Barton, Mary, and Anna returned to Holmby, saddened and grieved beyond measure at Arthur's sudden disappearance. Swindon had promised to do his best, and keep them fully informed. But he was afraid that little could be done, and advised the return to Holmby as the best thing under the circumstances, and this especially as the anxiety was likely to affect Barton's health.

Mary and Anna did their best to cheer and comfort the old man, but it was difficult. They felt, perhaps, more keenly than he did; but, strange to say, in such a matter, they were stronger than he. Once or twice Anna gave way when she was alone with Mary. But Mary remained brave until she was safely in her own room at home, where she spent her first night in prayer and weeping.

(To be concluded.)

The Lord our Righteousness.

"In His days Judah shall be saved and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness."—JER. xxiii. 6.

"In the Lord have I righteousness and strength."—ISAIAH xlv. 24.

SAVIOUR of sinners, Thee alone
The Refuge of my soul I own,
And out of grateful love confess
Thy name, the Lord our Righteousness.

Robbed and despoiled by sin I lay
Helpless and dying in the way,
And Thou didst my sad woes redress—
Jesus, the Lord my Righteousness.

Guilty, condemned by law divine,
Hope beamed on me its light benign,
And Thou didst set me free to bless
Jesus, the Lord my Righteousness.

Naked and poor, Thy wondrous love
Exalted me to thrones above,
And robed me in a royal dress—
Jesus, the Lord my Righteousness.

Teach me to walk in worthy wise,
Watchful against all sin's surprise,
The while I trust in Thee no less,
Jesus, the Lord my Righteousness.

And when I know as I am known,
Unto Thy perfect image grown,
The heavenly life shall best express
That Thou art all my righteousness.

JAMES SILVESTER.

Three Titles of the Spirit.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever, even the Spirit of Truth . . . the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."—JOHN xiv. 16, 17, 26.

I AM anxious that you should bear in mind that the Being about whom our Saviour is here speaking is a *Divine Person*, with all the attributes and powers and dignity of a true and real Godhead.

Let us consider the titles here given to Him; for those titles inform us not only what He is, but also what He does.

Our Saviour calls Him the "Spirit of Truth." What is the meaning of the name? The word "spirit," of course, you understand. You and I are made up of two parts: the one a part that we can see, and the other a part that we cannot see. The one we call "body:" the other we call "spirit." And when we speak of a spirit, we mean a being who is unseen, but who really exists, and who is quite different from the outward things which are round about us: the things which we touch, and taste, and handle, and look upon. If you understand this, I suspect that you understand as much as the very wisest man does about the meaning of the word "spirit." But this Divine Person is also called Spirit *of Truth*. Why? Because His business, or office is, to make men acquainted with the truth of God. It was by Him (*i.e.*, under His teaching and direction; or, as we sometimes call it, His "inspiration") that the Bible was written. The good men who wrote that Book,—Moses, Isaiah, David, John, Paul, Peter, and the rest—did not write down, as we do, just what occurred to them, or just what they had thought out in their own minds, but they were taught by the Spirit of Truth what to say. I do not mean that they were mere machines. No; they knew and felt and understood what they were doing, and they expressed themselves each in his own way. St. Peter's writings, for instance, are perfectly different from St. Paul's, and both are different from St. James's. The four evangelists are quite unlike each other. Each tells the story after a fashion of his own, and does not copy his neighbour in the narration. But though these sacred writers were not mere machines, yet they were so held and kept under the influence of the Holy Spirit, as that they were preserved from error, and the Book which they wrote is the *Scriptures of Truth*. Remember what St. Peter says upon this matter: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved"—*i.e.* carried, or borne along, as a ship in full sail is carried along by the wind—"by the Holy Ghost."

I think that the reason why some persons dislike the Bible is just this: that it is a Book that tells the truth about man and about God. Years ago, there lived a great lady, who was exceedingly beautiful, and who, because she was

admired and flattered on account of her beauty, became very proud of the fair face which God had given her. It happened, however, that she caught the smallpox; and though she recovered from the disease after a long and tedious period of suffering, she was so disfigured as to be quite a different-looking person from what she had been before. Her attendants did not wish her to know the change that had taken place; for her temper was violent; and they carefully kept all mirrors out of the sick-room. One day, however, when she was getting stronger, she ordered them to bring her a looking-glass, that she might see herself again. With this request they complied reluctantly, and brought her what she wanted. But she, when she looked at herself, and saw how scarred and marked and pitted her once beautiful face had become, flew into a terrible passion, and, dashing the mirror to the ground, broke it into a thousand pieces. The mirror, you see, had done nothing to deserve such treatment. *It had only told the truth.* But the lady could not endure to have the truth told her, and therefore was angry. Just in the same way I think some people are angry with the Bible. It is a faithful mirror, and shows them themselves; and because the sight is not an agreeable one, they would like to do with the Bible, if they could, as the lady did with her looking-glass,—smash it to pieces and destroy it.

Then there is another reason why the Spirit is called the "Spirit of Truth:" because He *shows us things as they really are.* This world is full of deceitful appearances. Things are not always what they seem to be. Much that seems to be solid is hollow, much that seems to be innocent is sinful, much that seems to be safe is dangerous, much that seems to be true is false. Once I was riding up a Welsh mountain, on the back of a pony, and the guide who accompanied me suddenly said, "Don't go there, sir. If you do, you will be in danger." Yet the ground which I was approaching appeared to me to be perfectly safe and firm; but it was a treacherous morass, in which, if I had ventured on it, I should have immediately sunk, and been swallowed up. And in our journey through life, in the things which concern salvation especially, you and I want a guide, to point out to us the difference between that which really is, and that which only appears to be; or, as I said just now, to cause us to see things as they are. Such a Guide and Teacher we have in the Spirit of Truth. He enables us to know ourselves, and enables us to know God and Jesus Christ, and keeps us from being deceived by the misleading influences of the world in which we are placed.

Another title is "Holy Ghost." Ghost is the same as Spirit, and we have said enough about "Spirit" already. But what is the meaning of the word "Holy"? Well, a holy being is one who is pure and free from sin, whose nature is opposed to sin; but the title, as applied to the Spirit of God, signifies that He is not only infinitely pure in Himself, but is also the cause of all purity in others. Or, to put the matter in a slightly different way, a "holy" vessel is a vessel set apart for God's service, and not to be employed for any common purpose; and a "holy" man is one who is separated and devoted to God, and given up entirely to God's service, and who lives accordingly. You and I have been set apart from the world to love and serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and in proportion as we act up to our position we shall be "holy" people. But it is the Spirit who prepares and strengthens us to do this. Without Him we could accomplish nothing. If we are able to give up ourselves more and more completely to the Lord Jesus Christ, it is all owing to the work of the Spirit within us, and therefore He is called the "Holy"—*i.e.* the holy-making "Spirit."

But there is a third name: "The Comforter." And this name is given to Him, I think, partly because it is the result of His work to bring peace and comfort to the soul of man, and partly because He strengthens us for duty. All men seek after happiness; but no one really *is* happy until he has learned to know and to love the Lord Jesus Christ. Till then, he is restless. He has no true peace. He goes on through life, like a man running after and clutching at a bright-coloured bubble, which always floats away just beyond his reach. But when he comes to know about Christ, and to love Christ, and to serve Christ, and to have companionship with Christ, then he finds what our Saviour calls "rest," and what St. Paul calls "the peace of God that passeth all understanding." And how is he brought into this state in which he finds peace and rest? By the Holy Spirit. The Spirit leads him, and draws him, and will not let him alone, until, like the Syrophœnician woman, he has cast himself at the feet of Jesus, and cried out, "Lord, pity me! Lord, receive me! I am thine: save me."

And then, as I said, the Spirit strengthens us

for duty. Do you not feel weak and cowardly at times? I fear that we all do. Perhaps we ought to have spoken out boldly, and we were afraid. Our companions laughed at us, and we joined with them in what we felt to be wrong. We did not dare to say that we were Christians, and wished to follow Christ. Or, perhaps, we ought to have denied ourselves some gratification; but we made excuses, and took it. Or, there was a task that was unpleasant, and we shrank from it. Now, from all such cowardice and weakness the Spirit delivers us. He imparts strength, courage, true manliness to our souls, and the power to deny ourselves. And so, because He gives us comfort, and because He gives us spiritual strength, He is called "the Comforter."

I have only one thing more to say. You have seen how important it is for us to have the help of this Divine Person, that He may teach us the truth, and keep us from being deceived by appearances; that He may make us holy, and enable us to consecrate ourselves entirely to God; that He may cause us to enjoy our religion, as God intends us to do; and that He may strengthen us for the fulfilment of duty. Now you may ask me, "Is there any promise that this help will be given to us?" Yes, there is a promise to all those who seek that blessing in earnest prayer; for our Lord says Himself to His disciples, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father *give the Holy Spirit* to them that ask Him?"

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER V.

JAMES I., A.D. 1603-1625—HIS ACCESSION—THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

ELIZABETH, one of the greatest of English sovereigns, was now succeeded by James, one of the most peculiar. His previous history, his character, his circumstances, and even his personal appearance were most singular. Born in June 1566, the only child of Mary Queen of Scots and of the Earl of Darnley, his father was murdered, and he was proclaimed king when he was little more than a year old. His mother, compelled to fly for her life to England, he never saw again. Two of the Regents, in whose care he and Scotland were placed, were murdered within five years (A.D. 1567-1571). Three years later another Regent was executed. In 1582, now a youth of fourteen, James was carried off by some of his insolent nobles; and as he burst into tears, on finding himself a captive, one of them tauntingly said, "Let him weep on! Better bairns should weep than bearded men!" In the following year he cleverly contrived to make his escape. Amid such stormy scenes, no wonder he grew up jealous of the power of those around him, and determined, if possible, to hold the reins of government firmly in his own hands.

Although never acknowledged by Elizabeth as her heir until she lay on her deathbed, yet James had always counted on succeeding her upon the throne of England. As soon, therefore, as he heard of her death, he was impatient to enter that "Land of Promise," as he called it. He was too poor, however, to begin the journey till Cecil sent him money. Crossing the Border, he fired off a piece of cannon with his own hands at Berwick, in honour of the joyful occasion. He then proceeded more leisurely through the country, amusing himself with hunting on the way, and with creating new knights, two hundred of whom he had made before he reached Whitehall.

The English were greatly astonished at the habits of their new sovereign. He would either lie in bed most of the day, or spend it in hunting, saying he would rather even go back to Scotland than be tied to the Council Chamber. Sometimes he would appear dressed all over in

HOUSE OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT LAMBETH
To the right Honorable the Lord Monteagle
SUPERSCRIPTION OF THE LETTER TO LORD MONTEAGLE
Guido Fawkes
THE AUTOGRAPHS OF GUIDO FAUKES BEFORE AND AFTER TORTURE
VAULT BENEATH THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT—GUY FAWKES.—*From an old Picture.*

colours green as the grass, with a little feather in his cap, and a horn instead of a sword by his side. He was by no means dignified in person. "His legs," we are told, "were too weak to carry his body; his tongue was too large for his mouth; his eyes were large, rolling, and vacant." He was by nature timid, and wore a thickly-wadded dagger-proof doublet. Hence some would talk of their "late *King* Elizabeth, and of their *Queen* James!" Yet he was by no means without ability. He often said witty things, and was not wanting in clearness of judgment. He had been very learnedly educated by a celebrated Scotchman, George Buchanan; but this only won him the title of "the most learned fool in Christendom." His love of peace was, perhaps, his best characteristic; yet he almost drifted into war with France and with Spain.

Three plots disturbed the early part of his reign, the two first being closely connected together. The first was called "the Bye Plot," and was easily put down. In the second, styled "the Main Plot," the great Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of taking part. He had been one of Elizabeth's brilliant courtiers, had travelled in the New World, and won a province for her, which he called, in her honour, Virginia. He was condemned to be executed, and Lords Cobham and Grey and Sir Walter Markham were sentenced to share his fate. The three last, by James's orders, were actually brought to the scaffold, and, kneeling there, had tasted the bitterness of death, when suddenly they were reprieved. Raleigh remained thirteen years in the Tower, and occupied himself there, partly with chemical experiments, partly in writing a history of the world for the use of James's son, Prince Henry, who loved him, and said that "no one but his father would keep such a bird in a cage."

The third conspiracy was the famous Gunpowder Plot. James had begun his reign with promises of protection to the Papists; but he soon changed his tone, partly to please the nation, partly because he was shrewd enough to discover that submission to the Pope does not promote perfect obedience to a sovereign. A plot was therefore contrived by Catesby, a soldier, Winter, Tresham, Digby, and Fawkes, gentlemen, and all ardent Romanists, and encouraged by Father Garnet, a priest, to blow up King James and his Parliament together. After many months of preparation, all was in readiness. The great day, the 5th of November, approached. The conspiracy was on the eve of success, when anxiety to save a relative led Tresham to send a warning letter to Lord Monteagle, who forthwith sent it to Cecil, the Prime Minister.

On Monday, the 4th of November, A.D. 1605, Lord Monteagle and Lord Suffolk inspected the vaults beneath the House of Lords. There they saw, standing in a corner, "a very tall and desperate fellow." He said he was "a servant to Mr. Percy, and was looking after his master's coals." "Your master," said the courtiers, "has laid in a good stock of coals!" They retired. Next morning, Tuesday, November the 5th, Guy Fawkes undid the door of the cellar and looked about him. In a minute he was seized and pinioned, none too quickly, for, had he only had time to light a match, they would all have been blown up together! In the cellar were discovered thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, and on Fawkes' person a watch, and touchwood, tinder, and slow-matches, evidently prepared to ignite the powder.

Thus, by God's good providence, was this desperate plot discovered and disconcerted. The conspirators were all either executed, or slain when defending themselves from being taken prisoners.

In 1618, Sir Walter Raleigh, after failing in an expedition to obtain treasure for the king in America, was by him put to death, on the old sentence of fifteen years before! The fine old man, sixty-seven years of age, felt the axe's edge, and said, with a smile, "This is a sharp remedy, but it will cure all diseases." He laid his head across the block; the executioner hesitated. "What dost thou fear?" said he; "strike, man!" The headsman struck, and Raleigh was no more!

LITTLE things and little people have often brought great things to pass. This large world in which we exist is made up of little particles as small as the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky on a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little Christian may do a great deal of good if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.—

Chalmers.

A SYRIAN ASS.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. V. The Ass.

1. The Syrian ass is very unlike the English ass. It is a far more elegant animal, and is much esteemed.
   (*a*) Mention some of the most memorable journeys taken on an ass recorded in Scripture;
   (*b*) Give two passages where the ass is referred to as used in agricultural purposes;
   (*c*) Also two references to its being used as a beast of burden.
2. In patriarchal times no inconsiderable portion of wealth consisted in the number of asses possessed. When did Abraham thus become rich?
3. The domestic ass is supposed to have had its origin in the wild ass of Egypt. The wild ass "darts off with the quickness of thought, capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight as if the chase were his pastime." There is a fine passage in Job which describes this love of freedom; where is it?
4. In Egypt the asses are very handsome, and are used for riding by the principal ladies of the country. Mention some distinguished women in the Bible who thus rode. State the object of the journey in each case.
5. What instruction did God give respecting this beast of burden on the Sabbath?
6. Give the two supposed occasions on which, by one and the same act, may be shown love for one's enemy and kindness to a dumb creature.
7. What causes us to see, in the death of the disobedient prophet, not an accident, but the punitive hand of God?
8. Which of the officers in charge of David's possessions somewhat resembled our own Queen's Master of the Horse?
9. Explain: (1) "I have made the barren land (salt places) his dwelling."
   (2) "A joy of wild asses."
   (3) "The young asses that ear the ground shall eat clean provender."
   (4) "That snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure."
   (5) "Binding his foal unto the vine, and his colt unto the choice vine.'
   (6) "Speak, ye that ride on white asses."
10. In pictures of the Nativity, sometimes the ox and the ass appear about the manger of the child Jesus. From what passage in Scripture was this fancy probably derived?

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* *Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, William Hunt and Company, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age, and a Concordance not to be consulted.*

Our Church and Parish.

THE LESSON OF THE "MAY MEETINGS."

THE "merrie month of May" has a very distinct characteristic for Churchmen. It stands out as pre-eminently the season when our great Home and Foreign Missionary Societies celebrate their anniversaries, and, night after night, for two or three weeks together, Exeter Hall and other large places of assembly are crowded with enthusiastic gatherings of Churchmen, drawn together to hear the story of the successes and failures of the past year's work. It may not be out of place, therefore, in the present number of the *Home Visitor*, to glance briefly at the purpose for which these societies exist, and the claim they have upon Church folk in our different parishes.

The beloved Church Missionary Society by general consent is entitled to the first place in such a paper as this. Its income is larger, and the work in which it is engaged is more widespread than any other of the institutions referred to. The figures for the year ending March 31, 1890, are not yet available, but there is every reason to believe that the income will not be far behind the magnificent sum of £250,000, which the society received during 1888–89. What a contrast those figures are to the sum received in 1801–2, when the society first began its work. Then the annual receipts amounted to only £373, but from that date onward the income has steadily increased, until now it has reached—notwithstanding the unholy carpings of captious critics—the princely sum of a quarter of a million. But the advance in the number of agents employed in the mission-field is still more remarkable. Beginning with a solitary missionary or two in Africa, it has now faithful and devoted labourers in almost every dark corner of the earth. The "offers of service" made during the year just closed have been unprecedentedly numerous, and so many—although not all, for a candidate has to submit to a very close examination as to fitness for the work—have been accepted that the number of European missionaries cannot now be short of 400; whilst there are in addition some 300 native clergy, converts of missionary enterprise, who, under the auspices of the C.M.S., are telling the good news of the gospel of Jesus Christ to their own people. All this is most encouraging, and should fill our hearts with thankfulness and praise. But there is another side to the picture. Whilst thousands have been won from darkness to light, there are still millions of heathen and Mohammedan people who are yet in their sins. Why is this? There is only one answer to be given. It is because the Church at home is not yet fully alive to her responsibility to obey the Lord's last command to preach the gospel to *every creature*. There are still many parishes where absolutely no interest is taken in foreign missionary work, parishes where, instead of spirituality and devotion, we find stagnation and indifference. And there are many more people who profess a great deal, and who would be shocked if they were accused of carelessness about the commands of Christ, who from year's end to year's end never contribute a single sixpence, or—what is much worse—never offer a single prayer for the advancement of Christ's kingdom amongst the heathen. How is it with *you*, good reader? If you have learned to know the preciousness of the Saviour's love, surely you ought to feel the call to help forward by your money, your prayers, ay, and perhaps by personal service in the mission-field, the cause of the gospel amongst those who know it not. To have some little share in that work—even though it be so small a part as a penny a-week subscription—is one of the greatest privileges a Churchman at home can enjoy.

But the C.M.S. is not the only Church society for foreign missions. There are the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which works on somewhat different lines; the London Jews Society, an institution which has done and is doing a noble and blessed work amongst God's ancient people; the Colonial and Continental Church Society, whose efforts on behalf of our own countrymen in the colonies and on the continent are worthy of all praise; the South American Missionary Society, whose labours amongst the Indians of Patagonia and elsewhere have borne wonderful fruit; and the Zenana Missionary Society, whose devoted agents were the first to carry the gospel into the Zenanas or homes of the people of India.

This list, by no means exhaustive, sufficiently indicates that at least something is being done to spread the knowledge of Christ far and wide amongst the nations of the earth. Opportunities for usefulness are multiplying on every hand; doors that have been long shut are opening wide; but it rests with individuals in "Our Church and Parish," whether these opportunities shall be embraced.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Church is in any way indifferent to the claims of our "home heathen." There are—well, I should not like to say how many societies that exist for aiding and strengthening the parochial system where it is weakest. The oldest of such organizations is the Church Pastoral Aid Society, which will this month celebrate its fifty-fifth anniversary. Founded in 1836, — when Mr. Gladstone was a prominent member of its committee,—it exists for the purpose of rendering aid to over-burdened clergy, by providing them with additional curates or lay agents. It began with an income of about £7000, and although the advance has not been so marked as in the case of the C.M.S., it nevertheless enjoys now an income of a little more than £50,000. But this is miserably inadequate to the necessities of the time. It is true that by its aid 582 clergy and 126 lay-agents are provided between about 600 parishes, having an aggregate population of nearly five millions, but there are on the society's books no less than 120 applications for aid approved by the committee which the society is unable to respond to owing to want of funds. The C.P.A.S., like its sister society the C.M.S., has local associations scattered up and down the country, and many a humble follower of Jesus in some remote country village has by this means been enabled to contribute his or her mite towards the good work that is being done by the society in the courts and alleys of our great cities.

Other organizations there are with kindred objects,—notably the Scripture Readers' Association,—as well as many that exist for a more particular class of persons, *e.g.*, the Thames Church Mission, but into their respective merits it is impossible to enter here.

One point, however, must not be overlooked. All these societies are unendowed, and are supported absolutely and entirely by the free-will offerings of Christian people. Churchmen should never forget that they are not mere congregationalists. They are members of a great body, the Church, and if they would cherish and cultivate a healthy spiritual life, they must seek to interest themselves in men and things outside their own little circle. In what better way can this be accomplished than by supporting by prayer and effort those works and labours of love of whose existence we are so forcibly reminded during the month of May?—H. C. H.

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

JAMES FRASER, BISHOP OF MANCHESTER—(*Frontispiece*).

JAMES FRASER was appointed the second Bishop of Manchester by William Gladstone, Prime Minister, with the approval of Queen Victoria, in January 1870. He hesitated to accept the high office, but yielded to the unanimous voice of his friends. "I hope," he said, "I shall be always straightforward." This he certainly was. "Than crystal clearer" might have been the motto of his life; for guileless sincerity was the special beauty of his character.

It was a great change to him to pass from the quiet rectory of Ufton Nervet, five miles from Reading, where he had spent six happy years with his beloved mother and aunt, to a bustling city of Lancashire. He always looked back to that period of peaceful duty with thankfulness, and when worn out at last with episcopal labour, desired no more dignified retirement than that of some such tranquil country parish. "Did not your ladies feel the change on coming to Manchester?" asked a friend. "Yes," he replied; "they came last night, and *we all had a good cry over it.*"

But, once arrived at his new and responsible sphere of duty, James Fraser threw himself rapidly into his work, with the power, ability, and heartiness which were part of his very nature. He identified himself with his diocese. He made all its interests his own. All the trials, pleasures, anxieties, difficulties of Lanca-

shire men became his, by the intense sympathy he felt with them. He had emphatically a "roominess" of heart and mind which could take in every one's cares. The back of the Bishop seemed broad and strong enough to share every one's burdens! Strikes were new in those days, and when a great one broke out in Lancashire in A.D. 1878, "his whole nature was on flame with desire to help and guide the men within his reach." He was again and again chosen to arbitrate between masters and men. "He took working men straight to his heart," yet they "felt him to be no sweet flatterer, but a sturdy, sympathizing friend." When he thought them in the wrong, he would tell them so, as plainly and no more so than he would tell their employers if he considered them at fault.

Bishop Fraser soon came to understand the strong, hearty, but reserved nature of the north Englishman. He greatly admired the unpretending characters of some who had attained great wealth, and then used it with noble liberality for the good of those whom they had employed. "He was lost in amazement at the simplicity and homeliness of the lives of many who made large gifts for religious and public charities." "Can you tell me where Mr. W—— lives," he asked, "who built this noble church?" He was directed to a humble cottage, and, arriving there, was further told, "Oh, you're the Bishop, are you? He's been expecting on you. Come forrard; you'll find him i' th' kitchen." Sitting by the fire he found an old but fine-looking man smoking his pipe. "You have done nobly by the district," said Fraser, seizing his hand with a hearty grasp. "Naw, naw," he said; "I made the population with my mills, so I mun to do my duty by them."

It was Bishop Fraser's sympathy with all classes of men which enabled him to address words to them which went straight to their hearts. Here are some specimens of his addresses, well worthy to be read and remembered.

TO CABMEN, HE SAID

"The life of cab-drivers is a peculiar, and, from a religious point of view, a perplexing life. They cannot often go to church. Their time is very little their own. They have to rough it in all sorts of weather. When he gets home at the end of the day, a man must often be so tired and chilled that the only thing he can think of is to get a hot supper and hurry off to a warm bed. They must drive people to very queer places at times, and must often have very queer persons in their cabs. There is the practice of treating cabmen with drink. Every time I see a cab at the door of a spirit vault, I know it most probably means that some one is treating the cabman to a glass of beer or gin. I am not going to condemn a man who drinks a glass, though I doubt whether it answers its supposed purpose. Doctors say it does not, but lowers the temperature of the body instead of raising it. But I warn you not to allow the habit of drinking to grow on you by submitting to these occasional treats.

"Now just let me point out that cabmen, amidst all their difficulties, have many opportunities. A cabman may sit on a box and say a prayer, or while he is waiting for a fare he can sit inside his cab, and read something better than the *Sporting Life;* he could read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, or his Bible, and I do not think a customer would be slower to call a cabman if he knew him to be reading his Bible. Again, his mind may be occupied with good thoughts and prayers, which will stand him in good stead when brought into temptation. I must again warn you against swearing or the use of coarse and brutal language, and plead with you to be merciful and kind in your treatment of your horses."

TO RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

"The mission has been organized in connection with the Church of England, but you will be making a great mistake if you think that its object is to proselytize. It is not to make more or better Churchmen, but, if possible, by the help of God, to make more and better Christians."

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

"The New Testament teaches us the dignity, I might almost say, the sacredness of the body. In all your dealings with the human body, never forget that the body is something for which Christ died."

ON HAPPINESS.

"Oh, my friends, do you suppose that because a man can put champagne on the table, he must be happier than he who can only afford to drink beer? and because he has £10,000 a year must be happier than you who have only five-and-forty shillings a week? Why, if a man has a

house in which he is as safe as in a castle, if he has employment which he is equal to, and brings him in fair wages, if he is wise in choosing as his wife a thrifty, clean, kind-hearted woman, and God has blessed him with little children to prattle, and tell him how they got patted on the head for good conduct at school, and gained a little prize for what they have done, then, if he has not the elements of true happiness within his reach, he is the most discontented man I ever met."

ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"I acknowledge that, but for Sunday schools, the glorious Christian religion might have died out in the land during the last hundred years. The Sunday school has been one of the great instruments which we have had for doing good, although it is human and therefore imperfect."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"Success in life is mainly due to plodding industry. Moral qualities are very much more valuable in securing success than even intellectual brilliancy. Steadiness, truthfulness, and conscientiousness—these are the qualities which not only command respect, but also success in the best sense of the word."

ON A STRIKE.

"I am not going to say whether the operatives or masters are right. You would not wish me to say anything of the kind, from the imperfect knowledge I possess. The question is far too serious to be trifled with. No false pride, no jaunty bounce, no saying, 'I will gasp and die in the street, rather than give in,' ought to interpose to prevent a reasonable and just settlement of this grave question. With these remarks, I will leave the question to your wise and sober judgment. I have spoken not as a Lancashire man, because I am not one, but as an Englishman, who desires to see fair and just dealing among all parties. I wish to lift up my voice against war, whether it is between nation and nation, or between employer and employed, and I believe this nation can only prosper by acting on the apostle's maxim,—'Esteem all men, fear God, love the brotherhood, honour the king.'"

POLITICS.

"My complaint against politics is their extreme unfairness; men do not give others credit for the same sincerity they ask for themselves. I will tell you what politics properly mean. They do not mean being a Conservative, or a Radical, belonging to a Liberal or a Tory club, but they mean seeking the best interests of the nation, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, in every legitimate way."

EDUCATION.

"Mr. Gladstone said that the time was coming when brain-power would be of less value than hand-power. I hope sincerely that this advance in education is not going to indispose Englishman for the honest, even laborious work which God in His providence may place before them."

ON THRIFT.

"In the course of my life I never wasted a shilling. Of my official income I spend a third, save a third, give a third. I wish that the great bodies of the working classes had learnt more thoroughly the important lessons contained in the simple old English word, 'Thrift.' I do not mention it as a special fault of the working classes that they are unthrifty. I am afraid it is a general fault of Englishmen."

ON MARRIAGE.

"Two young people are married, and have a family. I would ask to what extent they have realized the responsibility in which they stand to their children? Did the young man who fell in love, do so because he thought she would make him a faithful wife, and a firm, wise mother to his children, or was he caught by a pretty face, or a fashionable style of dress?"

CHRISTIANITY.

"Christianity is intended to unite and consolidate the world. The Gospel contains the true cure for all moral and social diseases."

RELIGION.

"Religion, not as a phrase, not as a sentiment, but as a temper of the soul and a habit of life, becomes a pre-eminent source of peace and assurance for ever. The real thing is the life of the Spirit in the soul. He is a Christian who is living like Christ, loving Christ, and trying to do what he can in the world, as Christ did. Religion consists less in solemn phrases than in right doings. Religion is a much deeper thing than impressions upon the ear, or impressions upon the emotional element of the soul.

Religion goes down deeper into the very roots of our lives, and if it does not make us better and purer, more unselfish, more patient, humbler, it is as when the prophet said, 'They hear my words, but they heed them not.'"

Bishop Fraser often attended Church Congresses. "Perhaps," said his biographer, 'few scenes in their history have equalled the great scene at the Working Men's Meeting at Newcastle, 6th October 1881. Every part of the vast building was packed. Thrilling addresses had been given, when Bishop Fraser was summoned to address the meeting. After touching upon various topics, he asked, 'Is Christianity a dead thing?' A voice from the great assembly exclaimed, 'God forbid!' 'Thank the man who said that,' answered the Bishop; 'for I feared that some of you might have been carried away by secularism, to say things about God and religion which it is awful to contemplate. The sacredness of the marriage tie, for instance, is sneered at. But without fear of contradiction, I maintain that the greatness of England consists in its morality, and the morality of England has been built up upon the purity of its family life, and the man who breaks down that purity is an enemy to the human race. Will you, working men of Newcastle, pledge yourselves to resist this infidelity, so destructive of domestic purity and domestic peace?' The vast audience rose to a man with the response, 'We will! we will!' and the Bishop fairly broke down under the majestic emotion of the scene."

During the last few years of his life, Bishop Fraser enjoyed the rich happiness of union with a lady whose previous life and whose character, in one respect, closely resembled his own. Miss Duncan, of Weston near Bath, whom he married on 15th January 1880, had been as devoted a daughter to her parents as had James Fraser been to his. He died, somewhat suddenly, at Bishop's Court, Manchester, on 22nd October, A.D. 1885. E. A. W.

Tiny-Mite; or, Finding a Home.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

"WHY, you queer little girl," says Miss Green, "why don't you come and play with the others? Don't you feel happy here?"

Tiny just looked up, smiling, and sat down and stared at the sea.

"Really, Mrs. Smith, she is an odd little creature," said Miss Green. "Just look at her. I asked her if she felt happy, and she gave me one of her quiet smiles. It was quite enough, without any words, to tell me she was never happier in all her little life."

"Dear little soul!" said Mrs. Smith. "Did you hear what she said last night, Jane, when I tucked her up and said 'good-night'? She said her prayers with us all before she was in bed, but as I tucked her up, she shut her eyes, and I heard her whisper, 'Thank you, dear Jesus.' Bless her little heart, I suppose it was the comfort of the bed."

"I say, though, I hope none of them will get ill with over-eating. You said, 'Eat as much as you want' at breakfast this morning, and I thought that Lizzie Read was over-doing it rather. What troubles me so is that they will have to go back to their dirty homes, poor little things."

"Yes, poor dears, it does make one's heart ache; but I hope that Tiny-mite won't. Miss Lister is doing all she can to get her into a Home."

"Oh dear! how I did laugh over the washing, Mrs. Smith, when Sally Brown said, 'Have we got to wash ourselves to-day? Why, we was all *scrubbed* yesterday;' and Polly Jones was quite afraid to paddle, because she said she would 'get her feet wet.' Really, it will do *us* good, I'm sure, just the fun of it, and then seeing them so happy."

The next day was Sunday, and there was a children's service on the sands in the afternoon. Our little girls liked this very much, and joined heartily in singing the hymns which they knew. Tiny-mite liked the hymn, "There's a Friend for little children," and she liked to listen to the gentleman who talked about that Friend. In the evening, before going to bed, Mrs. Smith started them all singing hymns again, and, as each little girl was to choose the one she liked best, Tiny chose "There's a Friend for little children." After that hymn Mrs. Smith had a nice little

talk with them. She too talked about the kind Friend—the kindest Friend they had. "Just think; little girls," she said, "it was He who made the beautiful sea, and the country, and it was He who made everything grand and lovely. It was the same good God who came and lived on this earth, like a poor child, and was put in a manger because there was nothing better for Him to lie in. He grew up and did such lots of good when He was a man, and then He suffered and died for us. It was all because He loved us so much that He suffered instead of us. He loves each one of you little girls, and watches over you all day and all night. He brought you here, and when you go back He will be still always watching over you. Don't forget Him, little girls; always love Him and pray to Him. He will take care of you, and some day come and fetch you to be with Him in His 'Home for little children.'"

"But," said Sally Brown, "p'raps we won't be little children then; p'raps we'll be growed up."

"Yes, my dear, you may be, but it will be the same Home for all," replied Mrs. Smith.

"I know what Grannie said," put in a little voice. "Grannie said it didn't matter how old we were, but we always felt like little children when we prayed to God."

"We are always God's children," said Mrs. Smith, "no matter how old. Your Grannie was quite right, Tiny, and now you know she has gone to that Home—the 'Home for little children'!"

The first week of the holiday passed quickly, but very happily. Every day brought some new sights and fresh treats for the six little Londoners who had not had more than two or three festivities before. The weather had been perfect, and everything combined to make the days pass happily. Mrs. Smith was agreeably surprised to find that the girls gave very little trouble. They really had nothing to be naughty about, and an occasional squabble was about the worst difficulty. And now came a wet day, and indoor games had to be thought of to pass the time. "Blind man's buff" was the favourite, and then there was "Nuts and May," "Poor Mary," and all sorts of games. All the morning the rain came down fast, and in the afternoon it just rained "cats, dogs, and omnibuses," as some people say; so that Mrs. Smith told the little girls they must be content to stay indoors.

They were left to themselves for a little while in the afternoon, while Mrs. Smith and Miss Green wrote some letters. When tea-time arrived, and Miss Green went to fetch them, there were only four instead of six little girls. Two were dressing dolls, and two were playing at "battledore and shuttlecock."

"Where is Mary Smith?" asked Miss Green.

"We don't know where she is," replied Polly, "but she got dreadfully cross because we didn't want to play at shop, and she ran out of the room."

"And where is Tiny-mite?" The four little girls looked at one corner of the room where there was a big arm-chair with a picture in it.

"Why, she ain't there!" they all shouted with much astonishment.

"She *was* there, though," said one, "she was lookin' at that book."

"Why," said another, "*I* never saw her go out." A search was made up-stairs, but neither of the missing girls could be found. The landlady, being asked, said she saw Mary go out about an hour before, and supposed she was sent to buy something, but she did not see another one go.

(To be concluded.)

MAY-DAY IN LONDON IN 1600.

Stow, in his Survey of London, 1603, tells us :—"I find also that in the month of May the citizens of London, of all estates, in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with diverse warlike shewes, with good archers, morrice dauncers, and other devices, for pastime, all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonefires in the streets." He tells us also, that "on May-day, in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweete meadows and greene woods, there to rejoyce their spirites with the beauty and savour of sweete flowers, and with the harmony of birds praysing God in their kind."

Our Young Men.

ON MANNERS.

I MAKE no apology for addressing a few plain and pointed words to young men on the question of manners, for no one acquainted with the young men about town—the "chappies" and the "Johnnies," as they are colloquially known by their *confrères*—will dispute that their general behaviour towards others is simply deplorable. I am not sure that one might not with truth say of them, as was said by an English tourist of some continental neighbours at whose hands he had suffered some inconvenience, that "manners they have none." Yet it ought not so to be, for young men form a large and very important class of the community. From their ranks our future legislators, moralists, preachers, authors, lawyers, doctors, and merchants will spring; they are the future rulers of the world, the controllers of the destiny of our race, and from their behaviour will be evolved the manners of future generations.

A young man's manners are a most important part of his personality. They not only show from what motives he acts, but in the present state of society, the comfort and happiness of one's neighbours are largely affected by them.

Lord Chesterfield in his advice to his son says that a little self-denial and a little common sense are all that are necessary to good breeding. But a slight acquaintance with the life and character of that apostle of conventionality will be sufficient to prove the falsity of such a statement. Self-denial and common sense, it is true, *are* important factors in the cultivation of manners, but, unless they be the adjuncts of a kind heart and a loving disposition, they can at the best only make a man good-mannered so long as it is to his direct interest to be so. They cannot ensure permanent "good breeding." There is nothing so contemptible as the picture, so often seen, of a young man all suavity and politeness to his superiors, while he reserves for those who are nearest and should be dearest to him nothing but rough and rude behaviour, and for those who are (supposed to be) his inferiors in position something still worse.

The best essay I know of upon good manners is that given in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, verses 4 to 8, in which the whole matter is summed up in the one word—Charity, or, as the Revised Version has it, Love. Hence it will be seen how truly a man's manners reveal his motive, since they are determined by the presence or absence in his heart of that which the apostle declares to be the highest of all Christian virtues.

But now concerning the effect of manners upon our neighbours: how many a family has had bitter cause to regret the want of manners in some one or more of its members! Home should be to every one a harbour of peace, an after-gleam of paradise, a foretaste of heaven upon earth. Yet how can it be where an elder brother is rude and quarrelsome to his sisters, and kicks and cuffs his younger brothers, talks with grumbling discontent to his father, and is disrespectful to his mother, simply because he is tired or cross, and has not the good manners or the manliness to control his temper. What a different state of society we might have in twenty years' time, if every young man would make up his mind to be a real, true gentleman, after the ideal painted by the apostle. There is much talk just now about the future state of society, much hope expressed concerning a brighter and a happier state than that in which we now live, but whether this will be realized or not depends most of all upon the young men. Will they rise to the occasion, will they make a determined stand for all that is noble, good, and true, or will they hang back and delay the golden age yet another generation?

True gentlemanliness lies not in being proud, lazy, vicious, and finely dressed, but in being gentle, pure, true, sympathetic, and just.

But how may good manners be shown in the details of every-day life?

Let us take a simple case.

You are in a railway carriage on a cold evening. The train stops at a station, a man rises to alight, he lets down the window, opens the door, gets out, and goes away, leaving both door and window open! A moment's thought for those inside the carriage would have shown

him how selfish and ill-mannered such a proceeding is.

Again there are many slight rules in matters of eating and drinking, talking, visiting, greeting, and the like, which, though trivial in themselves, and involving no particular principle, are necessary to the orderly conduct and comfort of people who live in a state of civilisation, and should upon that account be attended to by all who wish to cultivate good manners.

Once more, all such things as social deceit and hypocrisy, which are too often falsely considered to be necessary to the smooth working of the wheels of society, must be rigidly excluded from the young man's code of manners as offences against the law of charity, and hence against the very foundations of good society.

These few simple hints will, it is hoped, prove helpful. Of one thing I am assured, that few subjects are worthy of more consideration, than the way a young man should bear himself as he journeys through life. H. C. H.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAUNCH.

"Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear!
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee."

THE evening shadows lay heavily across the narrow lanes leading to Wildermoor, but these opened into a wider and more frequented road, bordered on one side by cottages, each divided by garden or orchard, golden with bright-eyed pansies, stocks, and laburnum, or pink-tinted with the promise of autumn fruit. Here the glowing sunset had full power; and farther on—above the dark line of old Anthony's orchards—rose the white stone bell-gable of St. Austyn's mission-room.

"It is too dazzling to be *quite* certain," remarked Violet in a hesitating voice. "But *surely* there is a great company awaiting us near the mission-room!"

Cyril made no reply, for a well-known voice beside the pony carriage made him draw the rein.

"May I speak a word with you, if you please, sir?"

It was Reynolds, the policeman of the neighbourhood, who asked this question. Rather an ominous one, Violet feared!

"Certainly, Reynolds, but I have little time for delay."

"I think you had better, sir; the fact is, there have been fine goings-on among the rough fellows of Wildermoor, and I very much doubt if you will be able to carry on your service, unless you will consent to my standing at the door to look after them. At the 'Primitive,' yonder, they had to call me in, for the good-for-

nothing lads got possession of the key and locked the congregation in; while another time they came inside and played terrible pranks."

"Well, Reynolds," said Mr. Trevor quietly, "that has nothing to do with *me*."

"I don't know that, sir! I think you will find they intend carrying on the same game. They have already been waylaying some of your congregation down at the stile, by Mossbrook, and 'holding the fort,' as they call it, so that no one dare come that way, and have had to go all round by the road. Then others have held string across the lane, to trip people up."

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds," interrupted the Rector; "you have told me enough, and time presses. I will endeavour to put a stop to these tricks, but at present I shall feel obliged to you if you will keep entirely out of sight. This is a case that must be reached by love, not fear, and I earnestly hope and believe we shall not have to call in your assistance."

"All right, sir!" replied the policeman, touching his hat. "But you will find you can't get on without *me*, if I'm not very much mistaken."

Cyril looked grave and thoughtful, while Violet and her sister gave each other a despairing glance, as they drove slowly to the mission-room.

The bell was tolling for service as they arrived, but the crowd outside, talking in excited tones, almost muffled the sound. How would it be when only a voice within had to be clearly heard?

"Let's make the parson's horse rear!" said one. "Stand out of the road! Clear the way! I'm going to fetch the policeman," shouted another, in mocking tones.

Anthony's anger rose. "We needn't wait for *him*, young man! I'm ready to"—

"Just a word with you, Master Hiles!" said the Rector, laying a quiet hand on his shoulder. "Leave these noisy lads to me, and kindly take my pony in charge instead."

There was an instant reaction, as Mr. Trevor was seen to leave Violet and her sister in the open doorway, and move leisurely towards the offenders; but soon, with a pleasant manner all his own, though chiefly by the commanding power of his eye, he had guided and separated the motley group. Some joined the congregation within, others disappeared, a few only lingered by the entrance.

There was a solemn pause as the Rector himself entered, and Violet began to play the soft cadences of "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." The service began, and, although the responses were feeble and uncertain, and few joined in chant or hymn, yet there was no disturbance, and Violet was beginning to forget her anxiety, when through the door came the sound of voices—"I say, Jack, let's have a race to the corner;" and at once a dozen lads set off and returned. Mr. Trevor was ready for them, —ready with so quiet and earnest an appeal for their help in carrying on the service, that the ringleaders moved off, and returned no more that evening.

Still, there were many ungainly attempts to interrupt and annoy, and it needed a patient and quiet spirit to master, and at the same time gain influence over, the offenders. The last effort to disturb the service was no doubt suggested by the arrival of the "Salvation Army" in the neighbouring town. A large company of idlers banded together, and, having learnt some of the tunes and words, they formed themselves into a division, and in harsh, uncouth tones shouted,—

> "We're marching on to Canaan's land,
> We're all the right sort in this band.
> Come on, and join us! Come along!
> Salvation's ours! Sing loud and long."

Mr. Trevor's quick ear caught the first notes of the would-be army, and, without a movement, stopped in the sentence he was uttering, until the last rough sound had died away in the distance.

Scouts had been placed to report the effect produced; but the solemn stillness within awed them, and they made off. "You'd better not go back," said one. "The parson stopped the service," said another. "Yes, and I believe he knew every word you said, and who you were," said a third.

It had been intended to parade up and down during the evening; but after this, courage failed them.

Thus Cyril's own example, the forbearance and gentleness with which he met each rude attack, was beginning already to have weight with them; while within the mission-room his own reverence and heartiness soon became the characteristic of the worship, quiet but deep interest and attention, the description of the worshippers.

Great care was taken in the choice of words

and music, and Evelyn's fine voice led even the tuneless ones to make some effort. "As to Mrs. Trevor's playing," said Master Hiles, who always considered his remarks worth repeating to each of his customers, "I can tell you what *I* think about it. She keeps us *well together*, and the chants run as true as the chains of the anchor to the 'Yo heave ho!' of the sailor. At one time in my life I couldn't abide chants; the words seemed all of a muddle; but our Rector's wife sends 'em along like a march, and I've got to like 'em, 'Amens' and all."

Better still, it seemed as if old Anthony had "got to like" the earnest words spoken so plainly in his hearing; for he listened with strange interest. And as Violet took note of this, and that others too were moved to tears, while a few hid feeling by a poor attempt at indifference, hope whispered that "day was beginning to dawn" in "the dark hamlet" even then.

Time passed on; and still St. Austyn's mission-room was thronged with worshippers. Sunday clothes were worn at last, not by a few, but by all, and treasure being laid where rust and moth do *not* corrupt. As Jane Stewart declared sententiously, "Sunday *is* Sunday now in Wildermoor." Jane was standing by the mission-room door as she uttered these words, talking to Anthony Hiles, who was working near.

"True," replied Master Hiles; "and 'Let bygones *be* bygones.' We've had enough of the old, bad Sundays here. What d'ye think of the notice yonder?" he asked, with a jerk of his head towards the building.

"What notice?" said Jane, putting on her spectacles to read it.

"Ah, you weren't at the service yesterday, or you'd have known," said Anthony gruffly. "It was given out: 'This room will be closed for worship until it has been enlarged by removing the end wall and adding to the building.' Think of *that!*"

"Well, it *was* a pity to see people go away for want of room; and as to the heat! I wonder our Rector hasn't fainted right off. He was very near it once in my cottage, and only a few gleads on the fire either! I say, Master Hiles, who'd have thought we should have such a room, with stone mullioned windows and beautiful gold-coloured quarries, like flashes of sunshine, slanting down on us; and such chairs too! they be downright restful."

"Ah, well!" exclaimed Anthony; "you'll see a finer room by and by, when we've two more windows like them, three lights in each. I paid for 'em myself, so I *know*. We've had our difficulties, missis; but we've steered safe through all; and it isn't the first vessel *I've* helped to bring into port."

"I think I've heard something about that," Jane ventured to remark.

"You've heard me tell of that storm at sea, when I held the light for the capen, I daresay; but there was another storm you know nothing about, Jane Stewart. I saw it plain enough; and, mark my words—you'd *never* have had that mission-room but for me."

Jane opened her eyes and looked at him. Words could not express her astonishment.

"Yes, it is a fact, missis; the walls of that room the old Rector built on *my* land, and I've had it made over to the parish by law."

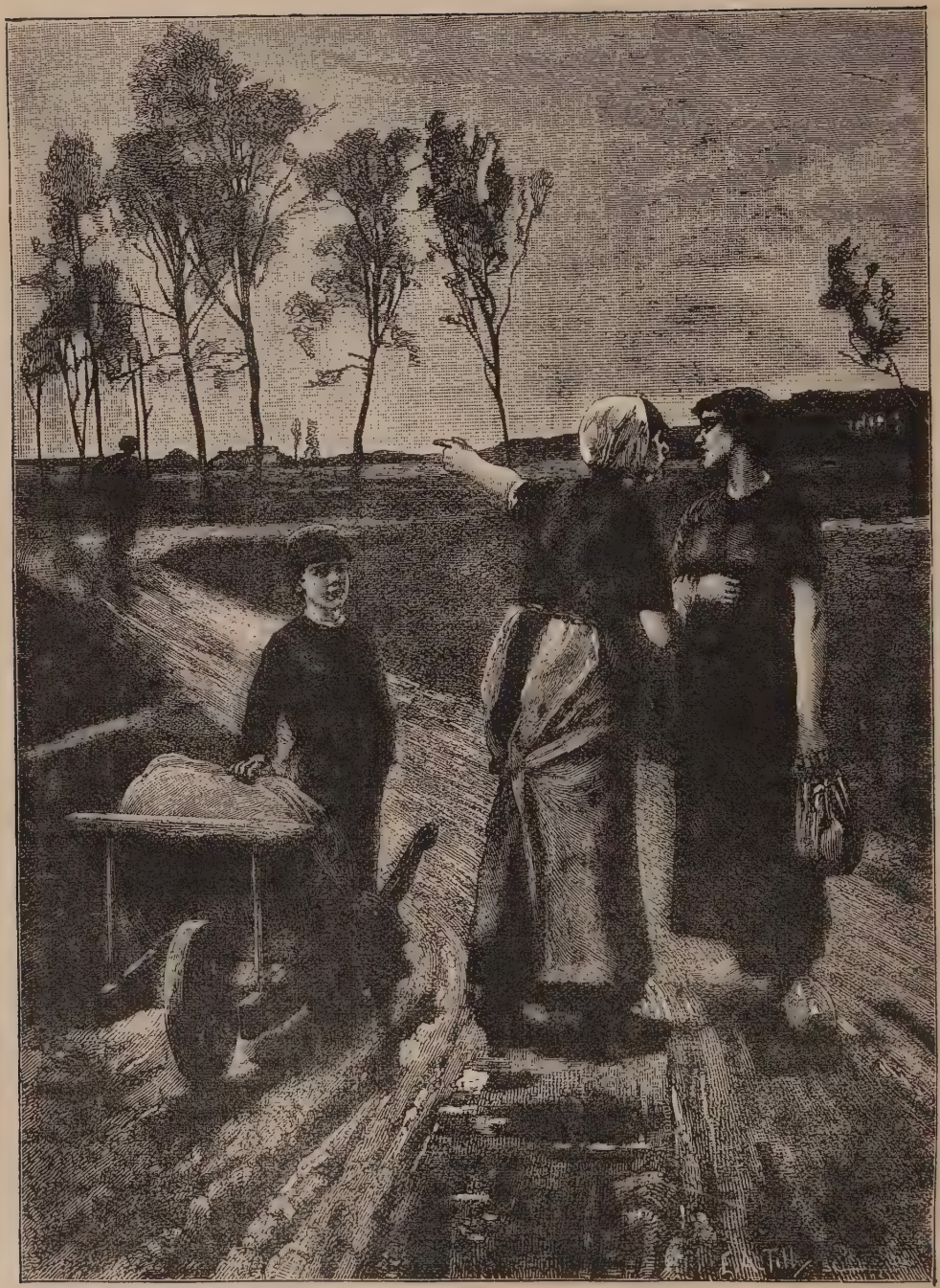
"Where was the glebe, then?" asked Jane innocently.

"Well, it was where the new part of my house stands. We exchanged land, you know, the old Rector and I; but it hadn't been signed and made over, and I made up my mind to guard against things turning awkward in the future, and to have it put all right and square."

At this moment, David North, the Lynwood clerk, passed by, with a load of fir poles from the wood, and the notice caught his observant eye. "So you're going to enlarge the room, Master Hiles!" he said, stopping to read the words. "It's a mystery to me; but, since you've had a service of your own, you Wildermoor folk have begun to fill up that north aisle at Lynwood. We shall see *you* there some of these days, happen."

Anthony was clipping a holly hedge by the roadside, and began to work vigorously. "I'm quite content with our own service, Master North," he said at length; "but I know what you mean. You think I'm a Primitive in the morning, and a Churchman at night! Well, old friend, I can tell *you*—I haven't told the Rector yet, but he'll know soon, for I'm coming to Lynwood the first Sunday morning in the month, regular!—I'm a member of the church now in Wildermoor! I have not been set on one side by my captain, and I can give him a helping hand."

(*To be continued.*)



THE GOSSIPS.—*Page* 143.

JUNE.

Joseph Barton: A Tale of the North Countree.

BY THE REV. J. STEPHEN BARRASS.

CHAPTER XI.

HEIMGANG.

AS the days passed on, and nothing was heard of Arthur, the young Vicar of St. Silas' began to feel alarmed. He wrote a long letter to Mr. Barton, counselling hope and trust, and expressing a conviction that Arthur would turn up all right. But in his own heart he had misgivings.

His experience in London had taught him that Arthur's was by no means an isolated case. Thousands were falling yearly in almost the same way, and it was a difficult matter to raise them again. He had often longed to see a useful agency connected with the Church of England which should provide not only a central home in London for young men, but also have a branch in every parish, and he had found what he wanted in the Church of England Young Men's Society. In passing along the street one day, he was attracted by seeing a number of young fellows passing into a doorway. Curiosity led him to find out where they were going, and he found that it was a branch of the Church of England Young Men's Society—the very agency he had been desiring. It did not take him long to make the necessary inquiries, and very soon he found his way to the headquarters of the Society, and from that time there began a movement in his parish, which has gone on ever since with great success. Many more of the clergy followed his good example. His search for Arthur, although fruitless in its original purpose, nevertheless brought him face to face with much real misery and suffering amongst the very class for whom he especially laboured. What perhaps struck him most was the large number of young people of both sexes arriving in London daily from the provinces, with no knowledge of London life, no friends, and no companions. Young men and women confessed to him that they had been utterly disheartened and discouraged by the vast wilderness in which they found themselves. The Vicarage soon came to be regarded as a home for the congregation, and hardly a night passed without a large number dropping in to tea and a friendly chat afterwards with the Vicar.

Swindon soon made a name as a preacher, and his church was sought out by those who love to rush from church to church where interesting preachers are to be heard. It is only fair to say, however, that he always condemned this. He always counselled his young people to attend one church, and keep to it regularly. He was distinctly of opinion that there was nothing more demoralizing to the spiritual life of man or woman than to get into the habit of

"going the round of the churches to see the architecture." For the space of seven years he laboured successfully in his London parish—loving every one and beloved by all. He received many tempting offers in that time of positions of importance. He declined each one. His work had a fascination for him, and he did not care to leave it. Besides, he felt that he was laying the foundation of a work which should go on, as he hoped, for ever.

Now let us see what happened to Joseph Barton. It would be impossible to imagine a sadder household than his after the return from London. Every one seemed utterly cast down—Mr. Barton especially. The disappointment had made him look at least ten years older. His spirits were very low. Anna, too, was very dejected and despondent. Mary alone of the company put on a brave face. She felt it keenly enough, and wept over it in secret; but she knew that all her strength was needed to cheer up the other two. But one morning, whilst they were at breakfast, the whole household was thrown into the utmost uproar and confusion, by the cook rushing wildly into the breakfast-room, and almost fainting in Mr. Barton's arms.

"What is the matter, Susan?" asked Mr. Barton.

"Oh, sir!—oh!—he's come—Master Harthur, and he looks so 'aggard like. He's in the kitchen, sir," she said, pointing wildly.

There could no longer be any doubt as to what had happened. Arthur stood at the door of the breakfast-room, looking pale and agitated.

Joseph Barton jumped from his seat and clasped Arthur in his arms, Mary and Anna clinging round him at the same time, and all weeping together.

Arthur had prepared a little speech to make, and he attempted to make it; but his utterance was choked in sobs, which spoke more loudly than words.

What a mean conception of the Father the Prodigal in the Parable must have had! To my mind, the Father is the central figure, and it is meant to show us, not so much the penitence of the son—although that in itself were good—as the great, tender, loving heart of the father. This was so with Joseph Barton, and, indeed, with every one under his roof. There was not one word of reproof or rebuke—only joy at the return of Arthur. But it must not be imagined that he was not truly penitent. Perhaps the best "fruit" of his repentance was his return to confess how wrong he had been. That return had not been easy. When last we saw him, he had packed up a few things and left his lodgings in London ostensibly to take a stroll. But, as a matter of fact, whilst we saw him looking desperately into the inner recesses of his own heart, he was inwardly revolving his return to Joseph Barton, and deciding on that return in a difficult way. He had but a few coins in the world. He would *walk* back to Holmby. He might sell a few of his things on the way if necessary, but walk he would, and he did it. When he presented himself in the morning at Mr. Barton's, it was after six days' hard walking. This put the reality of his repentance to a severe test, but he stood the test admirably, and was all the better man for it afterwards.

Arthur, with some hesitation, jerked out his confession.

But if there was any hesitation on his part in confessing his sin, there was certainly no hesitation in the forgiveness. He was freely and fully forgiven by his friends, and each rejoiced over his return as of one that had gone astray and been lost. But there was a higher tribunal than that of his friends, from which Arthur sought forgiveness. He had long been a stranger to prayer, and the finer instincts of his soul had been blunted by that neglect. Many a time had the words of Swindon rung in his ears, only to fill him with shame and goad him on almost to madness. On the evening of his return, however, they came and found him in a different frame of mind.

He was walking along one of the many corridors, and, in passing the library, the door of which was slightly open, he saw Mary kneeling in prayer. He paused for a moment in silent contemplation, and then, pushing the door gently open, walked quietly in and knelt down beside her. Neither spoke for a few minutes, yet each knew the other's thoughts. An earnest prayer went up from the heart of each, and when they arose it was evident that a secret strength had been given them.

"Mary," said Arthur, speaking under deep emotion, "I cannot tell you how grieved I am for what I have done. I know that I have wronged you all very much, and I want to do better in the future. But I want *some one* to help me—I want your love."

Mary put her hand trustingly in his, but her heart was too full for words. It was enough,

however. Arthur knew that he had won, and was happy.

The days sped pleasantly on, and, although Joseph Barton's health was shattered by the shock which he had sustained, he was very happy, and could hardly allow Arthur to be out of his sight. The same may be said for Mary and Anna,—especially Mary,—and many —nay, all—of the villagers were as much rejoiced as if they had a real and personal interest in the return of the prodigal.

. . . . . .

Ten years have passed away, and many changes have taken place. Our old friend, the Rev. Harry Swindon, has joined the ranks of the episcopate. He is now Bishop of Dorcaston, and has quite as much influence amongst his clergy as he formerly had amongst young men. He is said to be the most get-at-able of all the bishops. He is in very truth a Right Reverend *Father*. Brown is still with him, and more devoted to his master than ever; but he does not wield the influence which he once did. There is a Mrs. Swindon—a Mrs. "Bishop"—now, of whom Brown stands greatly in awe. There are also two little Swindons, two of the jolliest little "kiddies" it has ever been my lot to see.

Anna, too, is married and prospering.

Joseph Barton has long since gone to his rest. His end was peace. He had but a short illness, and then passed quietly away, with a smile of sweet assurance and realized joy on his face.

But what of Arthur and Mary? "Were they married after all?" asks the curious reader. Of course they were. And, what is more than that, they have reclaimed the old house, Maxton Grange, and there they live with their children —a happy family. Arthur has found in Mary a true helpmate; one from whom he has not a thought apart. And Mary has found in him a strong, loving husband.

THE END.

Canine Memory.

A GENTLEMAN relates that he gave away, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to its first owner.

"The dog met me," says our correspondent, "at first as a stranger, and then, with little animated sniffs of inquiry, went round and round me. I remained still for a few moments, while she grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her, and called her by her name, 'Dee.'"

"On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a scream of rapture, and leaped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me with the tenderest devotion."

A Bright Bird.

HE was an English starling, and was owned by a barber. A starling can be taught to speak very well, too. This one had been taught to answer certain questions, so that a dialogue like this could be carried on:—

"Who are you?"

"I'm Joe."

"Where are you from?"

"From Pimlico."

"Who is your master?"

"The barber."

"What brought you here?"

"Bad company."

The starling escaped from his cage one day, and flew away to enjoy his liberty. The barber was in despair. Joe was the life of the shop: many a customer came attracted by the fame of the bird, and the barber saw his receipts falling off. Then, too, he loved the bird, which had proved so apt a pupil.

But all efforts to find the stray bird were in vain.

A man lived a few miles from the barber's home, who made the snaring of birds his business. Some of the birds he stuffed and sold. Others again were sold to hotels near by, to be served up in delicate tidbits to fastidious guests.

Much to his surprise, Joe found himself one day in the fowler's net, in company with a large number of birds as frightened as himself. The fowler began drawing out the birds, one after another, and wringing their necks. Joe saw that his turn was coming, and something must be done. It was clear that the fowler would not ask questions, so Joe piped out,—

"I'm Joe."

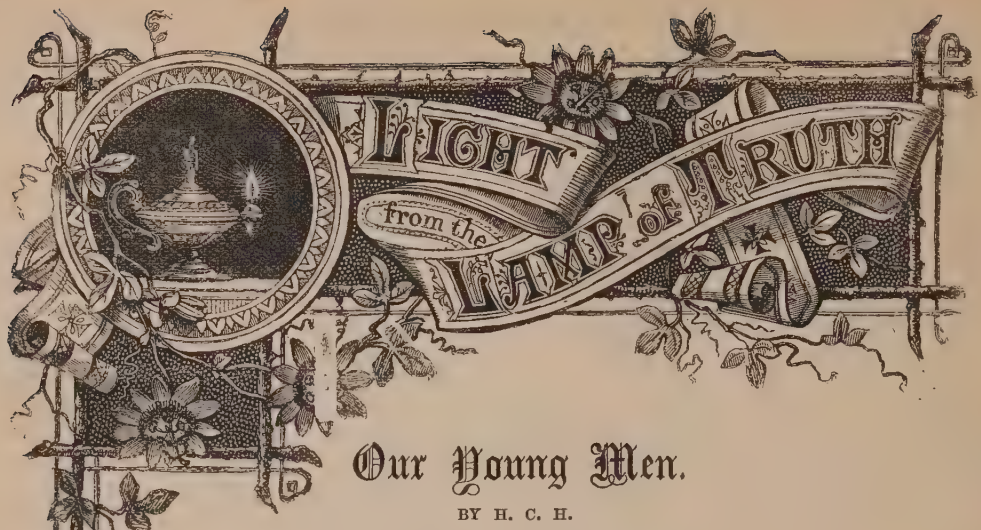
"Hey! what's that?" cried the fowler.

"I'm Joe," repeated the bird.

"Are you?" said the astonished fowler. "What brings you here?"

"Bad company," said Joe promptly.

It is needless to say Joe's neck was not wrung, and that he was soon restored to his rejoicing master, the barber.



Our Young Men.

BY H. C. H.

"One thing is needful."—LUKE xi. 42.

WE have discussed together in this column, my brothers, various topics of more or less importance in the daily life of young men, but so far nothing has been said directly about the concerns of the soul. That omission I propose at once, in this the last paper of the series, to supply. I want to write plainly and pointedly on the subject, for it is of overwhelming importance to every one of us. We may be diligent and successful in business, pure and healthy in our recreations, happy in having the whole-hearted affection of a noble woman, bright and joyful in our home life, and of upright, honest character, beloved and respected by all—we may be all this and more, and yet lack the "one thing needful."

What is that "one thing"? It is nothing short of a union—real, deep, personal, abiding—with the Lord Jesus Christ. People are asking what is it to be a Christian? Various answers are given, and many of us, alas! think that to be mere professors of religion is enough to entitle us to the high and noble name of "Christian." No, no, that is not sufficient. A real Christian is he who can say with St. Paul, "I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me.*" How many of us can say *that?*

"Union with Christ." It is a great mystery. He, the sinless One, can live in our poor, weak, sinful hearts. Not only is He able, He is also willing to do this; but shame, oh, shame upon us, so many doors are closed fast against Him! My brother, whoever you are, and whatever your position in life, so long as He is outside your heart, you can never be a true, a perfect man. "One thing thou lackest."

Is this a new idea to you? It ought not to be; perhaps the novelty is in having it pressed so closely home upon you. Come now, let us consider how this "idea" may become a reality to every one of us.

"I am trying to do my duty to God and man," says some one, "but I am continually tripping up." No wonder, for you are endeavouring, perhaps, to walk straight, while you have still on your back the heavy burden of your sin. If so, you must fail, for *that* load will continually weigh you down, and that too at the very time when you most want to be upright.

The *first* step in the Christian life is to get rid of the burden. How may this be done? you ask. Listen: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," for on Him hath been laid "the iniquities of us all." Yes, on Calvary's cross Jesus Christ bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, and, if now we will only look up to Him by faith, He will ease us of the burden of our sins, and give us in exchange peace and joy. Have we thus looked to Him? If not, let us not lose a single day in setting about it. May He assist us by His grace to do so.

Having got rid of the burden of sin, what is the *second* step? Holiness and purity of life.

These are high-sounding words, but they may, nevertheless, be made real to us. How? There is but one way. Just as we obtained relief from our sins by trusting in the Lord Jesus, so, too, now we can only grow in grace by continually looking by faith to Him. Christ our Propitiation is also Christ our Sanctification. He will dwell in our heart; and as out of the heart are the issues of life, so He, living in us, will conform our life to His life. By looking to Him, and to Him alone, we shall grow day by day more like Him, more Christ-like, more Christian. I know the temptations to draw men, and especially young men, away from Him are many. The world with its glistening tinsel, the flesh with its carnal desires, the devil with his subtle voice—these are continually warring against the soul, and distracting attention from the Holy One. "Looking unto Jesus"—this must ever be the attitude of the Christian; with the eye fixed on Him, all will be well, but as soon as we look away to other things, a fall will surely come. The Christian will not tire of gazing upon the Lord, for He is "the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely." Look at Him, my brothers, in His words; look at Him in prayer; look at Him in the means of grace with which He has so richly supplied you; and you shall surely find in Him your Star, your Sun.

Yet a *third* step in the Christian life may be mentioned. Believing in Jesus, and living by Jesus, you must now work for Jesus. It is appalling to think of the number of young men with bright abilities, who are using their talents otherwise than in His service. The cry on every hand now is for men, men who will lay their all at the feet of the Master, and consecrate themselves to His cause. In the home mission field, no less than in foreign lands, workers are needed to carry the good news of the gospel to those who know it not; and who is so suited for this work as one who in the full vigour of his manhood is prepared to live Christ before the people? Oh, young men, let me urge you to consider this great question of working for Jesus. He needs you, the Church needs you, the world needs you. The call, "Go work in my vineyard," comes to you; take care it is not made in vain. "The night cometh when no man can work."

And now this series of papers to young men is closed. Pardon me, my brothers, if in any of them I have overstepped fair limits. I have said some hard things, I know, but it is because I am profoundly convinced of the grand possibilities that lie before our young men, that I am anxious to rouse them to a sense of their opportunities. A Christian young man, with all his splendid abilities consecrated to the service of God, is one of the noblest beings in creation, and such we want. A namby-pamby milksop will do no one any good, and he is a discredit to the Christian profession. The religion of Jesus Christ is a manly religion. It enables a man to play his part well in every department of this life, and it gives him a sure and certain hope of the life to come. But it is very necessary to be on our guard against a Christianity that is the mere profession of a creed. That is a lifeless, worthless thing indeed. The "one thing needful" for every one of us is a personal union with Christ here, and thus shall we live and work in Him and by Him until that day when we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

A Mother's Memorial.

"As one that mourneth for his mother."—Ps. xxxv. 14.

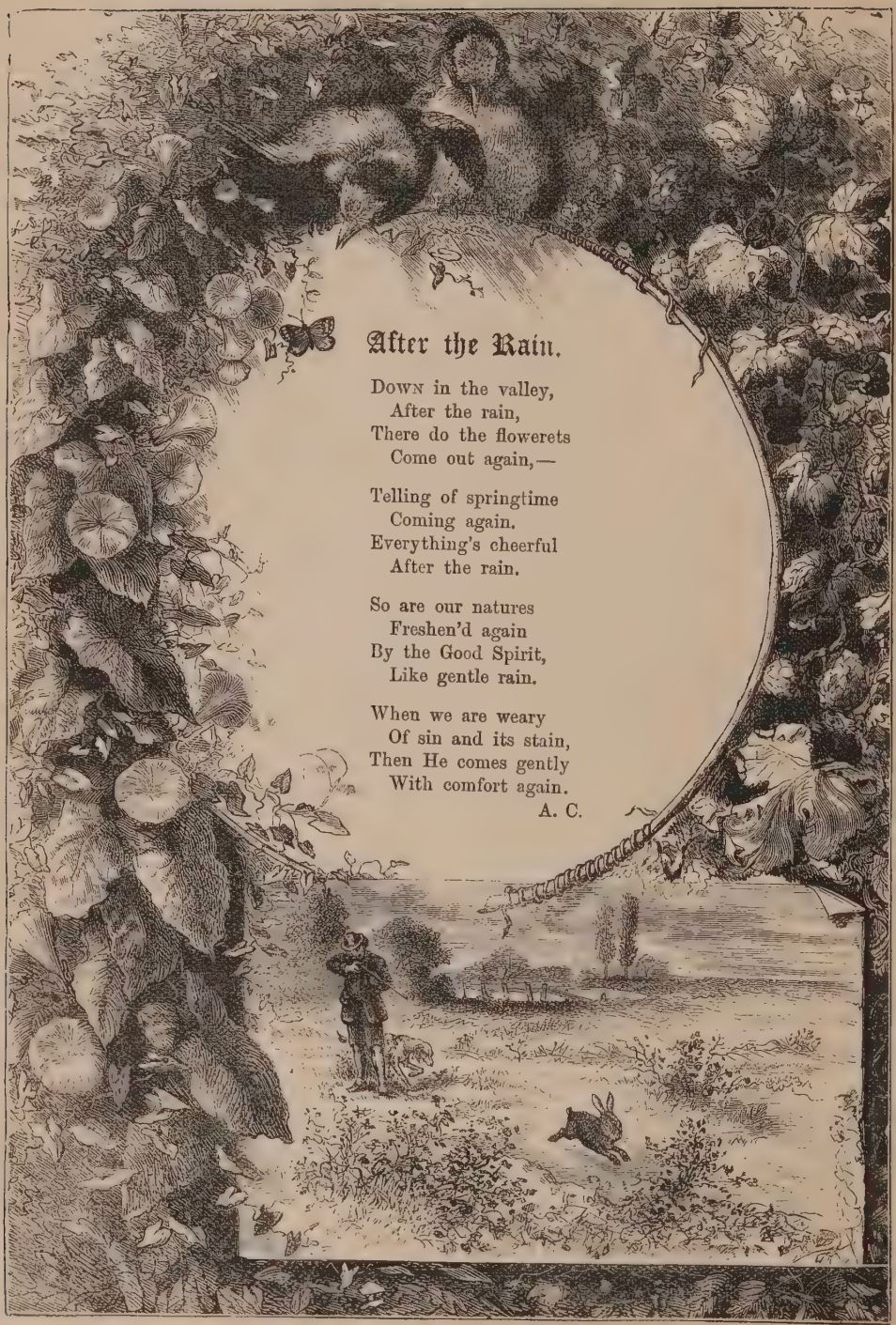
ONE presence gone, one voice no more,
One vanished face, one vacant room;—
These chafe my heart with sadness sore,
These mutely tell the story of the tomb.

O mother's love, how full and strong!
Like to the great unfathomed main,
Sweeter than voice of tuneful song,
Richer than all earth's precious golden gain!

O mother's love, tender and true!
Our hearts knew not thou wert so dear
Till thou hadst vanished from our view,
And only left thy sacred memory here.

The balm of time may bring us ease,
But we shall wish and long to see
Reunion of eternal peace,
In God's high heaven, O mother dear, with thee!

J. S.



After the Rain.

Down in the valley,
After the rain,
There do the flowerets
Come out again,—

Telling of springtime
Coming again.
Everything's cheerful
After the rain.

So are our natures
Freshen'd again
By the Good Spirit,
Like gentle rain.

When we are weary
Of sin and its stain,
Then He comes gently
With comfort again.

A. C.

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VII.

JAMES I., A.D. 1603-1625—KING AND PEOPLE AT VARIANCE.

WHO would have thought that out of Presbyterian Scotland would have come a king who was bitterly opposed to all non-Episcopal sects?* Yet so it was. "I have lived amongst this sort of men" (Presbyterians) "ever since I was ten years old," he said, "but though I lived among them, I was not of them." "No bishop, no king," was one of his favourite sayings.

A famous conference was held with the Puritans at Hampton Court. They were naturally somewhat abashed in argument with their sovereign, who, for his part, was highly pleased with his own speeches on the occasion. "I peppered them soundly," he recorded, "and they fled from argument to argument like schoolboys." He wound up by declaring that "he would *harry*" (that is, worry) "them out of the land;" and in fact multitudes of Nonconformists fled to Holland, and thence to North America, where they founded a New England, now part of the United States. Brave and godly men mostly were these "Pilgrim Fathers." "It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage," said they, deeply though they felt their exile. "Farewell, dear England!" they cried, as its shores faded from their sight; and England, though she knew it not, could ill afford to lose them!

James I. had ideas of his own concerning the position, rights, and duties of a king. He desired what he called a "Free and Absolute Monarchy," by which terms he meant a monarchy in which the king should be "free" to rule as he pleased, and should be responsible to God alone for his actions. The duty of a king, he maintained, was to govern. The duty of the people was simply to obey him. The king, he said, was the father of his people, and his subjects should submit to him as children to their parents, even should he misrule them. "In case the father hated and wronged the children never so much, will any man," he asked, "with the least spark of reason, think it lawful for them to meet him with the like? Yes, supposing the father were seriously following his sons with a drawn sword, is it lawful for them to turn and strike again, or make any resistance but by flight?" Again, the king is the head, the nation, the body. "It may very well fall out that the head may be forced to cut off some rotten member, but what state can the body be in if the head be cut off?" "All the rebellion Elijah the prophet raised against the tyrant Ahab was but to fly to the wilderness, where, for fault of sustentation, he was fed by the corbies" (crows). "The king," he laid down, "is above the law, as both the author and giver of strength thereto."†

Such sentiments surprised and startled the English nation. They hastened, by the mouth of the Speaker of the House of Commons, to protest against them. They repeated the saying of Hooker, "The king maketh not the law, but the law the king." They pointed out to him that in England the power of the monarch had always been limited by that of the Parliament, and though the nation had bowed in fear or in love to many despotic acts of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, yet even these proud sovereigns had never dared to question the rights of the nation as expressed in Parliament.

"Two cannot walk together except they be agreed." King James was set upon making himself absolute. The nation was determined to resist him, and to maintain its ancient rights. Hence his whole reign was spent in contention with his people. His first Parliament he dismissed in a rage. His second fared no better. Having dared to present him with a statement of grievances, he hastily dismissed it, after two

* Presbyterianism is a system of church government by *presbyters* or elders; Episcopacy is church government by *episcopoi* or bishops.

† See *Basilikon Doron, or His Majestie's Instructions to his dearest Son, Henry the Prince*, by King James.

months' sitting, during which time not a single Act was passed. Hence it was nicknamed "The Addled Parliament."

Parliaments were, in fact, most disagreeable institutions in the eyes of James. "Hold no Parliament," he advised his son, "but for necessity of new laws, which be seldom, for few laws and well put in execution are best in a well ruled commonweal."

For seven years James ruled without a Parliament. Two Courts equally hateful to the people were the instruments of his sway, the Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission. Cases of all descriptions were brought before the Star Chamber, which had power to fine, imprison, mutilate, and try by the rack, the accused often not being allowed to defend themselves. The Court of High Commission dealt chiefly with religious matters, and it also had power to punish by fines, imprisonment, and torture.

James ruled also by proclamations. These he issued frequently in the style of a Pharaoh or a Nebuchadnezzar, expecting them to be obeyed as unquestioningly as if they were the law of the land.

Many acts of oppression deepened the discontent of the people. For instance, a Somersetshire clergyman named Peacham was condemned to death on account of a sermon written by him, but which he had not even preached, in which he protested against the extravagance of the Court. The poor old man died in prison.

Of all men, judges are rightly expected to be most independent. But James dared to imprison even Coke, the Chief Justice of England, and to deprive him of his office.

But even "free" kings cannot do without money. James was extravagant. His worthless favourites, Carr and Villiers, helped him to get rid of his riches. His debts at one time amounted to £18,000. He was compelled therefore to summon a third Parliament. The members were in no docile mood. They asserted their freedom of speech, which he had attacked. They refused the subsidies he demanded. They drew up a Protestation against "abuses." This so enraged James, that, sending for the Records of the Commons, with his own hands, in presence of the Council, he tore the record of the Protestation out. Who does not recall a similar scene in ancient days, when the Jewish king Jehoiakim, seizing the roll of warning written by the prophet Jeremiah, cut it up and threw it into the flames? The result was alike in either case. "Take thee another roll," said the Lord of Hosts, "and write in it all the former words . . . and there were added beside them *many like words*." * The more this British Jehoiakim "resisted the just demands of his subjects," the more "like words" were addressed to him, and in his fourth and last Parliament he was compelled to yield to them in one important point. He signed a Bill against monopolies, one of the royal privileges which had become oppressive to the nation, and which limited the right to sell many articles only to persons who paid heavily for it to the king.

James died a few months afterwards, on March 27, 1625, leaving to his son, besides a war with Spain, "an empty treasury and a crown of thorns."

* Jeremiah xxxvi. 9, 27, 28.

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

ALEXANDER MACKAY.

ALEXANDER MACKAY was a son of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, a well-known Scotch minister, and the author of several geographical and other school books. When Mr. Stanley's memorable letter from Uganda appeared in November 1875, and led to the Church Missionary Society undertaking a mission to the Victoria Nyanza, Alexander Mackay was one of the first to offer his services. He was then a mechanical engineer at Berlin, and proved to be a singularly able and accomplished young man. He sailed for Africa, with other members of the first party, on April 27th, 1876. On the journey inland, in Ugogo, he was taken ill, and was sent back to the coast; but he refused to leave for England, and for more than a year he was occupied in making a rough road from the coast to Mpwapwa. When the news reached him of the death of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the Victoria Nyanza, he pushed

on to join the Rev. C. T. Wilson, who was then alone in Uganda. He arrived at Mtesa's capital, after many delays, in December 1878, and from that time until July 1887 Uganda was his home. Other missionaries went and came; he stayed on. At length the bitter hostility of the Arab traders virtually drove him out. Even then he would not come to England, but remained at the south end of the great lake, where Mr. Stanley found him in September last, and where he died of fever last February.

Mr. Mackay had a large share in the patient teaching of the people of Uganda, which resulted in the conversion of hundreds to Christianity; and in the reduction of the language to writing, with the translation of portions of Scripture, prayers, etc., and the preparation of "reading sheets," by which large numbers learned to read. It was he who worked the little printing press, which has supplied some thousands of copies of these fragments of literature for the instruction of the people. It was he who used his mechanical skill in house-building, boat-building, and frequent commissions of all sorts for the king of Uganda. He also contrived in a most surprising way to get out from England every kind of current literature, and to keep himself abreast of modern thought and progress. His letters are those not only of the Christian missionary, but of the cultivated scholar and observant man of the world.

It is to Mr. Mackay that we owe almost all the intelligence that reached England regarding Emin Pasha prior to Mr. Stanley's expedition. The first news that Emin was alive and holding his own was received by the same mail, in October 1886, that brought also from Mr. Mackay the recovered last diary of Bishop Hannington; and Emin's letters and the Bishop's diary appeared in the *Times* on the same day.

It is especially touching to see what his companion in tribulation, Mr. Ashe, says of him:—

"I have lost one who was more to me than any brother; my best and truest and most loving earthly friend, most tried and most true. I have seen him under many trials, and in many troubles, in sickness and disappointment; but I never saw anything small or mean about him. A born leader, as gentle as he was brave.

"One part of his character which has not appeared so much, and that may now reverently be touched upon, was his earnestness in prayer, and his study of the Bible. He was particularly fond of Dean Alford's Testament. He was absolutely and entirely free from insincerity or cant, was a most diligent teacher, and used regularly to preach in turn with me when we were alone in Uganda. I cannot but recall his generosity when speaking of his own work; he would write and say that *we* have done this or that useful or creditable work, which meant that there were other people who did not prevent his doing it. No one in a kindly way had a keener eye for any defect. He would sometimes say humorously, when suggesting an improvement in any piece of work, 'It is rather a clerical job.

"Mackay was by profession a civil engineer, and had studied at both Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities. He was a good classical scholar, and wrote and spoke German well. His knowledge of languages was a great help in translating the Gospel of St. Matthew into Luganda.

"The missionary work done in Uganda could never have been accomplished if it had not been for his determination to hold on at all costs. Even at the end, when he foresaw the difficulties which were looming, and withdrew for a time, he had removed the greater part of the valuable property, including steam-engines, boiler, and printing-press, so that when the crash came, and the mission premises were sacked, Mackay's prudence reduced the disaster to a minimum.

"He had learned the secret of being stedfast and immoveable; he had his temper wonderfully under control. Sometimes the Highland fire would flash out, but never betrayed him into unworthy deeds. I remember him especially during our times of cruellest trial in Uganda. How on that first miserable day of persecution, when the bloody Mujasi seized us and our followers —how Mackay, though only just recovering from fever, was perfectly cool and collected, and seemed not to feel the fatigue of the long and harassing march back; how clearly he stated our case before the unjust judge; how wise he was in council, how prudent in his dealings with the fickle Mwanga. And I believe that, had it not been for Mackay's influence with the old chiefs, the mission would hardly have weathered the three distinct storms of persecution which burst over it in Mwanga's first years as king. There was lately a statement in a daily paper, to the effect that the dealings of the missionaries with the king of Uganda were not always of the most prudent description, and that they were as apostolic in the simplicity of their dealings as in their teaching. But it is easier,

I should imagine, to criticise other people than actually to have to deal with a cowardly, ignorant, conceited, selfish, frivolous, superstitious barbarian with autocratic power. There were, besides, complications of various kinds in Uganda which it is almost impossible to explain, and which made Mackay's task all the harder. Yet that he kept up more or less friendly relations with Mwanga all through, and to no little extent gained his confidence, speaks most highly for his tact and prudence in dealing with him. His dealings, too, with Arabs and with native tribes showed the same quickness and aptitude to sympathize with their peculiar customs. Mackay was as particular to provide a Munyamwezi guest with a cow-skin or grass mat to sit upon, as he was to produce a glass of sherbet and a sweet biscuit to regale an afternoon caller in the shape of an Arab. I mention what may seem very slight and trivial matters, but it is by knowing how to conciliate people that friendly relations are kept up.

"It is impossible to do him any justice in some hurriedly-written lines; but if one characteristic

GOLD-ROCKING, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—(*See opposite page.*)

more than another made him a great missionary, it was his extraordinary patience and power of persisting in any work. He was never in a hurry, and yet one work after another was taken in hand and finished. The amount of physical labour he would go through was astonishing. Nothing was a trouble to him, and he would not hear of the word impossible. Stanley, on meeting Mackay, called him the modern Livingstone. It was very high praise, but it was not too high praise, for he, like Livingstone, lived all for others and nothing for himself. Both were actuated by the strong and simple faith that God would surely and certainly save Africa; and both lived and died in order that this purpose might be accomplished.

"Many of us had been looking forward to Mackay's return home for a well-earned rest. His name is a household word with all who love Africa or know anything of African missions. But instead of this, God Himself has laid him to sleep by the Nyanza."

British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, so called after the great navigator Columbus, is a colony of British North America, formerly part of the Dominion of Canada. It embraces "all that north portion of North America, lying north of the United States and west of the Rocky Mountains, except the Alaskan peninsula, and the small strip of Alaska, an empire 700 miles long and 500 wide, and containing 341,000 square miles of territory."

A periodical published at Oregon, U.S., called *The West Shore*, furnishes interesting particulars of its capabilities. It tells us that the province "consists of two distinct divisions, the coast region and the interior. The former comprises the fringe of small islands lying along the coast, and that portion of the mainland lying west of the coast mountains." The climate here is "mild, equable, and inexpressibly lovely. Cattle graze on the open ranges all the winter, subsisting on the dried bunch grass, which is as nutritious as the best cured hay. The coast region is densely covered with timber of giant proportions, chief of which are the Douglas fir and the cedar."

In the interior, we are told, "there are vast areas of most excellent agricultural lands, where the sod has never been turned by the plough." The Canadian Pacific Railway has opened up the Far West to the enterprise of emigrants, and "in a very short time railroads will penetrate most of the leading agricultural districts, and open the way to market for their produce."

"The lakes and rivers of British Columbia are stored with fish and waterfowl, and among the animals are the buffalo, moose, and red deer." * Coal and gold have been found in abundance.†

The city of Victoria is the capital of British Columbia. It is built on the island of Vancouver, and has sprung up rapidly into importance. "There are more than a dozen good hotels. The Government buildings are six in number. The new Court-house is a massive building just completed. The population is about 16,000. It has the largest ironworks on the Pacific coast, outside San Francisco. Two lumber yards are maintained in the city, and two or three ship yards."

Amongst the other chief towns of British Columbia are Nanaimo, the centre of the coal industry, also situated on Vancouver Island, New Westminster, and the city of Vancouver. The latter is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway, and to this it owes its sudden rise and great importance. "It is situated on the mainland, a short distance north of the mouth of the Fraser River." Behind it may be seen mountains whose tops are edged with snow. "Three or four years ago business men will remember that nine-tenths of the present area of the city was a dense unbroken forest of huge firs. There was but a single street clear of timber, and a few rude roads led into the gloomy wild. The Canadian Pacific railway was completed to Vancouver in May 1887, when the first through train arrived from Montreal. The city then began to rise, but in June 1886 a great conflagration nearly wiped it out of existence." Since then it has developed with wonderful leaps. There are now thirty-six miles of streets, and twenty-five of side walks. It is lighted by both gas and electricity. "Seven miles from the city, a reservoir with a capacity of fourteen million gallons was made by damming a mountain creek, and from that reservoir the water is led in pipes down the mountain side, to supply the city."

Steamships ply from Vancouver city to China, Japan, and Australia, and to all important points on the coast of the Pacific.

A public park has been formed, comprising 960 acres. It is covered with forest, filled with game which "no one is permitted to kill." Part is set aside for the athletic clubs of the city.

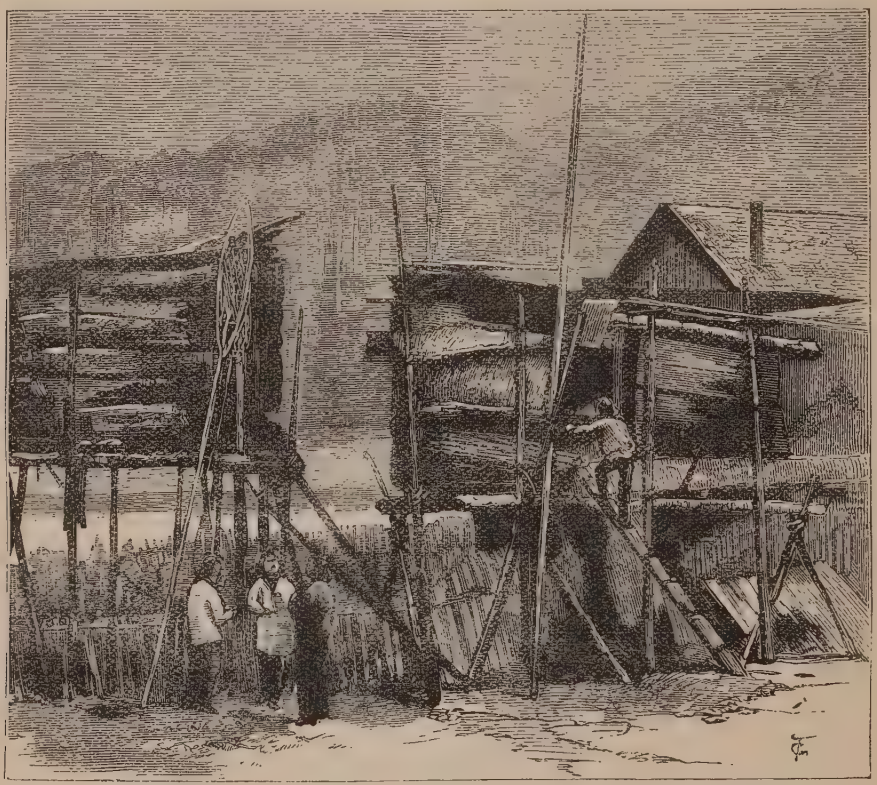
"The tourist who has passed through the grand canyons (ravines) and by the snowy

* See Oliver and Boyd's *Gazetteer*.

† Gold is found in all the creeks, and one, "Wild-horse Creek," has given out over three million dollars within the last twenty years. A clever mining engineer who has lately visited us considers this to be one of the richest mining districts of the American Continent.

crests and glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and has been whirled through the picturesque scenes of the Selkirk and Gold Mountains, and the canyons on Thompson and Fraser Rivers, will find Vancouver," we are told, "a most delightful place in which to spend a few days from the fatigues of his long journey."

It takes, we believe, six days and nights to travel across Canada, from Montreal to Vancouver, by railroad.



INDIAN SALMON CACHES, WITH LANDING-NET AND SALMON SPEARS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Our Church and Parish.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

"WHAT is the use of sending children to Sunday school? They learn more harm than good; and as for training youngsters up to any one form of religion—well, I don't agree with it a bit. My view is that those matters should be left until a child has attained years of discretion, and then he can choose for himself."

You are a bold man, Mr. Tucker,—more bold, I fancy, than discreet; and what is more, you have not the courage of your convictions, for if you carry your argument into practice, you would not send your children to day school, you would not teach them manners, you would not instruct them to distinguish between right and wrong, neither would you train them to honour and obey you.

That is absurd, you say?

Not quite so foolish as it may appear. According to your view, every child has a right to be left free and unfettered until he can choose for himself, and it is just possible that when that time arrives your little ones may not be indisposed to quarrel with you for training them in a way that they may not approve. Come, come, now! you know that it would never do to leave a child's education over until he can choose for himself; and it would be every bit as unwise, and even more so, to omit the *religious* teaching of children. A child is just like a young sapling: it is impressionable, you can make it grow straight if you will; but if you neglect it in its early days, it may become all manner of shapes, and will never grow into a strong and sturdy tree.

But I will not argue with you farther. Let me give you two instances that demonstrate the value of Sunday school work.

In a large and populous parish in the East End of London, there were two families living in the same street, and the parents were on friendly terms. The fathers worked side by side at the same bench, and the mothers often took counsel together on domestic concerns. They were respectable, upright, moral people, but yet there was a great difference between them. In the one case, father and mother had from childhood learned to know and trust and love and follow the Lord Jesus Christ; in the other, both parents, while not actually denying the existence of God, or of heaven, or of hell, lived a kind of negative, lifeless creed. No one could attack their morality, but as for religion—well, they didn't care twopence about it.

Now, friend Tucker, we will test the effect of your argument when it is carried into practice, for really the last-mentioned people—now, don't be shocked — were exactly of your opinion. They did not care for religion themselves, and as for their children, well, they might choose for themselves later on. But how sadly they were mistaken, for the choice was slowly, gradually, and all unconsciously being made. Their training was as complete as the parents could possibly make it in everything except the most important concern of life, and in respect of the soul, absolutely nothing was done for them. They never knew what it was to lisp a prayer at their mother's knee; they never heard from their father's lips of the

"Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;"

they grew up in almost absolute ignorance of the elementary truths of the gospel. Their parents had often been asked by the clergyman and the district visitor to send them to the Sunday school; but no,—"There's time enough yet," was the invariable reply; "wait till they get older, and they can choose for themselves."

The training, the children in the other family received, was very different. They, too, had everything done for them in the way of secular teaching that their parents could afford, but their education went far beyond that. They were taught to love and hallow the Lord's day, and every Sunday, morning and afternoon, they might be seen in a class of the parish Sunday school, listening to the story of the Saviour's love from the lips of a godly teacher. They not only listened, they believed what they heard, and the effect of it was shown in their lives. They grew up to be gentle, truthful, honest, pure. Yet no one could call them prigs; they did their duty diligently and manfully in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them. The eldest lad made rapid progress in his business, and was honoured and respected by all who knew him.

But what of the children of the other family? The difference was most marked. They were rough and boisterous in their conduct, they had no regard for the truth, and their language was often painful to listen to. They too, in time, were planted out in the world; they had just the same education and social advantages as the others, but they lacked principle. No one could trust their word; they were not diligent in business, choosing rather to work only when the eye of their master was upon them; and, worse than all, one of them embezzled the firm's money. It was the old story: the love of drink and dress led him to spend more than he could afford, and then he took to betting on horse races as a means of increasing his income. The result may be easily guessed. For a time he won, and all looked well, but his "luck" suddenly changed, and he was landed in difficulties. At first he took only small sums from the cash-box, meaning to pay them back as soon as he could, but the opportunity never came. He went from bad to worse, until one day he forged a cheque to meet his liabilities. The crime was discovered, he was charged with the offence, and had to suffer the penalty of the law.

I want you, friend Tucker, to tell me what made the difference between these two young

men. They both started with the same temporal advantages; the one succeeds, the other in a few years finds himself in gaol.

It is difficult to account for, you say?

No, it is not; the explanation to my mind is perfectly simple. In the one case the lad had been only partially trained, he had not been taught his duty to his God; while the education of the other lad had been complete, the soul had been trained as well as the mind. He had learned the secret of success in life; he went into the battle in the strength of Another. And that lesson he learned in the Sunday school. You may despise the weak efforts of the lowly-minded Sunday school teacher, but the work he is doing will endure and bring forth good fruit when everything else has failed. All Sunday schools are helping to make the rising generation good citizens as well as good Christians, and they deserve the support and sympathy of all right-minded people. Their number should be multiplied, for, while there are some millions of children in these islands already under instruction, there are still many more to be brought in. Instead of being a carping critic, a detractor of Sunday school work, you should do your best to improve and extend it, and always remember the words of Him who said, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

H. C. H.

Old Anthony's Lantern.

BY M. J. HERBERT,

Author of "Rina Cliffe;" "Stories for our Village," etc.

CHAPTER V.—*Concluded.*

PERHAPS Jane Stewart thought that a long story was beginning about Anthony's sea life, for she remarked quickly, what a fine thing it was to have a service of their own. "And only to think, Master North," she added, "that it began with a mothers' meeting in my little cottage!"

"Ah! a good many things grew out of that besides the mission-room," said Master Hiles: "there was the new gate that *you* made, David, and the gravel that I laid down; then the ladies' fancy for bringing plants and cuttings, till the gardens down that lane were a sight for colour; and now we are to have a cottagers' flower-show, and prizes for honey and fruit, and knitting and sewing!"

"Yes, there's some useful improvement going on," remarked Jane Stewart, with a pleasant smile; "but there is nothing so changed for the better as our Sundays,—we have such a nice *peaceable* day, Master North."

"Just so!" said old David; "just so!" and, as he set off once more with his load, he mentally added, "And if there's one day in the week when our Patience worries herself and me more than another, it's Sunday! What with the bells, and the lights, and the organ, she's al'ays on. It will be about this new work next. She'll want me to give up my wood-cutting, to get some of the carpentering here. I shouldn't wonder if that was the meaning of her words to the Rector last evening: 'David loves any work connected with the church, sir.'"

But the new work went on without David North's assistance,—went on, too, without a check, from its commencement to the last finished touch within its walls, the whole parish, including Patience North, growing interested in the undertaking, and owning the claims of "the dark hamlet" as it had never done before.

The old Squire himself—who had been accustomed to consider a half-crown large enough coin for a collection, and had a genial way of dropping it heavily into the plate—sent more than five gold sovereigns, by Miss Mortimer's willing hands. Finally came a crowning gift from Miss Temple, "Giving thanks," written in a small, neat hand, being the only guide to the giver.

So the completion was at length joyfully announced, and Cyril, who felt that it would give mutual pleasure, asked his friend Clement Leslie to help him in the opening services. The reply came tardily; he was travelling abroad

for his health, only his heart could be with them on that day, but he promised the visit should only be deferred to the opening of the new year.

"This will be somewhat consoling to Miss Mortimer," remarked Violet, as she read the letter; "and if you will ask her to help us in the choir,—which I believe she longs to do,—she may possibly 'tide over' this disappointment."

"I fear nothing will pacify her longing desire to hear her 'late dear Rector,' or stay her tears."

But, to Cyril's utter astonishment, Deborah Mortimer heard the unwelcome news, and repeated it to Squire Beverley, without a sign of distress.

"I regret to hear it, sir,' she said quietly, "for *your* sake; I had been thinking of the rest it would be to you, and I am sure you need it."

Cyril looked up wonderingly. Yes! Deborah's tears *had* ceased to flow, and she was listening with interest, as he spoke of the practical Christianity he desired to teach in Wildermoor.

"Lady MacArthur, and several families from High Netherton, are coming to the morning service at St. Austyn's," remarked Miss Mortimer.

The Rector smiled. "There can be no difference in the seed sown, if there is in the hearers, Miss Mortimer; but I own the evening service will be a great relief to me, when my own flock are around me, and I can talk to them as if they were my children." You remember Bishop Tegnèr's beautiful idyll. Ah! if I could but reach a little nearer that ideal, so far above me!

"Friendly the teacher stood, like an angel of light among them,
And to the children explained he the Holy, the Highest, in few words.
Thorough, yet simple and clear,—for sublimity always is simple,—
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when spring-tide approaches,
Till at last the perfected blossom opens its odorous chalice.
So was unfolded here—the Christian lore of salvation."

CHAPTER VI.

"HARBOUR LIGHTS."

"Like unto ships far out at sea,
Outward and homeward bound are we.
Ah! if our souls be ever true
To the toil and tasks we have to do,
We shall sail right on, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, and the shining beach."

THE opening service at St. Austyn's mission-room, which was also to be a thanksgiving for harvest in Wildermoor, now occupied the thoughts of both old and young. Busy feet went to and fro, gathering wealth and beauty from orchard and garden, till the little room was decked like a bride with her ornaments, and her handmaidens were satisfied. She was exceeding fair.

The temptation to attend the service had proved all too strong for Miss Mortimer, and induced her to leave the old Squire, "just for once," with a less careful attendant than herself. In consequence of this, the usual reading, which sent him so comfortably to sleep, had been omitted, and, with the impatience of a child, he declared Deborah had been gone for hours, and had neglected her duty lamentably.

"So you've come at last, *Miss Mortimer!*" he exclaimed, with a frown which but rarely darkened his kindly face. "You forgot all about your duty to *me*—but I suppose you stayed to look at the decorations. I've had no reading, and my pillows are all in a heap! Dear, dear! Ah! that's a *little* better!"

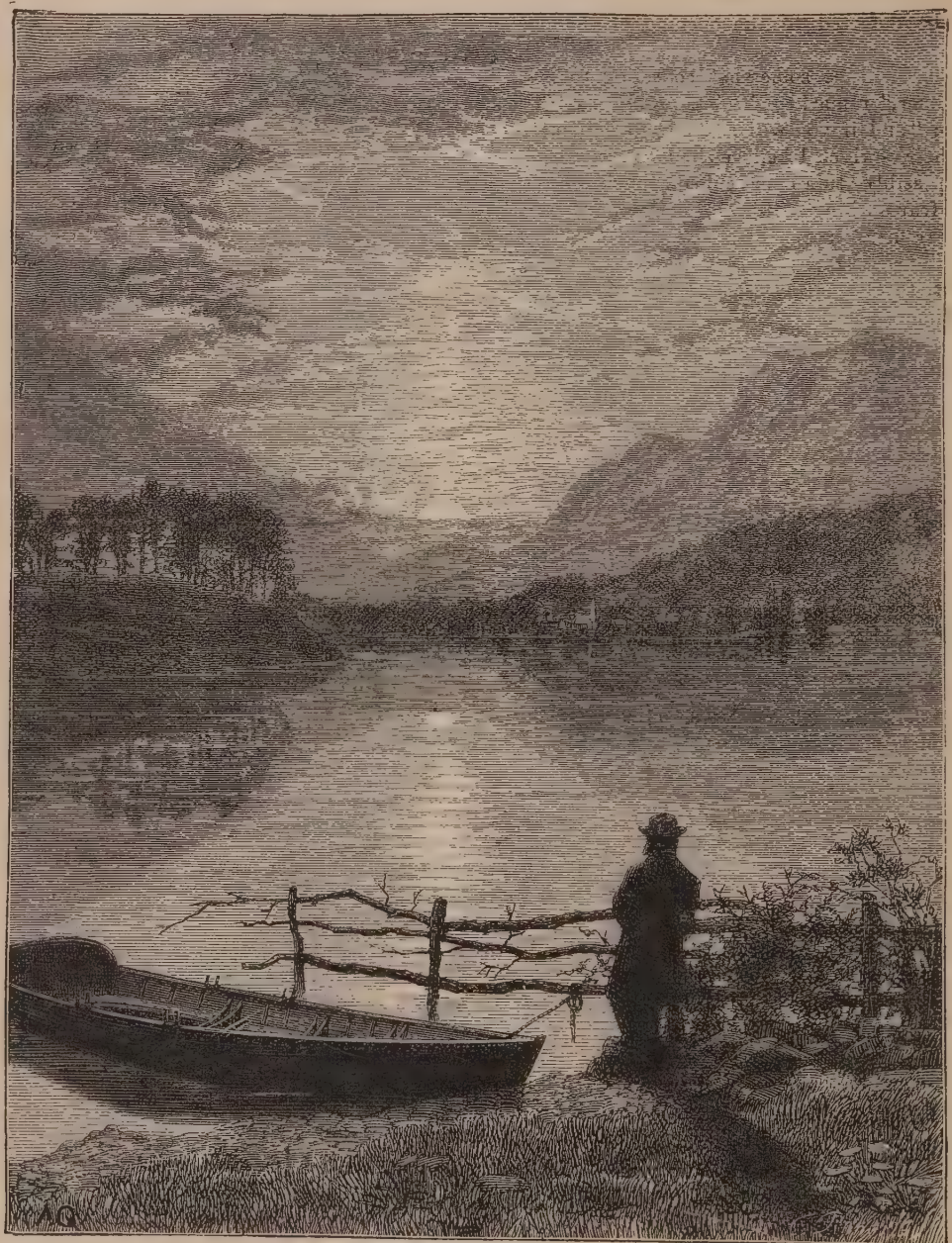
"I couldn't leave any earlier, sir, the room was so full; and the 'Offertory Hymn' is a long one,—I was in the choir, you know."

"Well, well, never mind! tell me all about it. Were the fruits worth looking at, and the hops as good as mine, Deborah?"

"*Beautiful!*" replied Miss Mortimer meekly. "They wreathed the beams and the doorway, and"—

"Ah, I love to see long clusters of red apples and thick green bosses of hops, just as they grow, and boughs of rusty filberts," said the Squire.

"You would have liked to see St. Austyn's mission-room, then," said Deborah, venturing to speak a little louder. "Everything was good and choice, and all gathered out of their own gardens and orchards. There was a lovely moss crown, with white rosebuds, in front of the lectern, and all the open-work of the



LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

prayer-desk itself was exquisite with white barley and red berries."

"H'm! Yes, well, I daresay the flowers were nice enough in their way; but it's the 'fruits of the earth' *I* care for. Had they any fine marrows or field roots, now?"

"All those," replied Miss Mortimer, "were placed on the wide beams in the roof, so that I could not pay so much attention to them; I only saw them among ferns and grasses and reeds and bulrushes—the general effect was wonderful! It seemed to me as if love for the work was woven into everything."

"I like *that*," said the old Squire. "Depend upon it, Deborah, heartiness means success. And now give me some tea, and tell me about the parson's sermon. You took your note-book, of course?"

"Oh yes! I'm glad I know something of shorthand, Mr. Beverley, now you can so seldom hear a sermon."

"Yes, yes, so am I! but you haven't put enough sugar in my tea, Deborah, and my pillows have got wrong—dear, dear! Now then for the text."

Miss Mortimer unclasped her little book, and read, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

"Well, now, I don't see how he could bring that round, Deborah."

"Why, you know, sir, there was first the rest Moses was promised. You listen, now: 'This was not the rest at the end of his toilsome life; for no grand funeral procession from Mount Nebo bore the hero-saint to rest in the promised land: he was never to enter his beloved Canaan. He had to lead a rebellious and ungrateful people—to be opposed, thwarted, disbelieved. And yet—he was to *have rest!* It was to *go* with him—*be* with him. It was the presence within that in all his trials should fill his soul with peaceful rest.

"'So it should be with us in all the cares and sorrows—even the joys—which we shall bring with us to this place, haunting us as we enter, or disturbing and distracting us as we worship. Let only His Presence lead us here, and remain with us—rest will assuredly follow.

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

It should be with us when the golden grain is reaped, and the careful labourer, after weeks of toil, sees it bow before his sickle—for the sudden storm may gather, and the bright promise of the harvest fade away. The hands of the worker are helpless, and only that heaven-sent Presence can restore his hope or bring him *rest*.

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

"'It should be with us when the solemn Reaper Death has entered into our home and laid low the noble head of an undivided family—the one strong in faith, the one that prays, and brings down a blessing on his children and his children's children. For that Presence can go with the departing spirit, and stay with the sorrowing mourner.

Where is death's sting! where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

"'It should be with us when that terrible angel has found one in the full power of his God-given intellect, found him working with all the energy of a noble purpose for the good of his fellows,—unselfish, unsullied by pride, undaunted, matchless!—and, taking that busy hand, lays it down icily on his breast, to work no more. He knows that he is summoned—but he also knows *no fear*—the Angel of His Presence is with him—and his is the rest of saints:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life—in death, O Lord, abide with me!'"

"We all want rest," said the Squire, interrupting Miss Mortimer; "and it is true—quite true every word of it—but oh, dear me! I'm getting so tired I can't listen any more. I don't seem to hear you, Deborah; so put the little book away, and read it—read it all over again—we can have it next Sunday, when we've read the Psalms."

Deborah closed the book, often and often to re-open its pages, for the memory of that sermon never left her! Unattractive and friendless, she too had needed and had found the promised Presence. The dreary sense of loneliness which had seemed to be her lot passed away, and a sweet contentment taking its place stole gently into her life.

To Cyril himself the Holy Presence drew nearer, filling his wearied mind with thankfulness and welcomed *rest*. The long looked-for day was over—the work completed. The "little boat" with sail unfurled had begun the voyage,

with the celestial city and the quiet haven ever in view.

"Mother," said little Ronald, as he came in that evening for his customary lesson on the sermon, "tell me about the ship on the lake, and the frightened disciples, and the Presence that made a great calm: was it?"

"Hush, Ronald!" said Evelyn kindly. "Mother is so tired. See! she is nearly asleep. Come with me into the bay window, and we will talk about it together."

Violet looked up for a moment, but soon closed her eyes in sleep. The music and the choir had been—what church music *should* be—tuneful, and true, and sweet; but it had cost her some effort. And now it seemed to her that years had passed, and still, nearing the "dark hamlet," Cyril steered a white-sailed ship. She saw him stand up and invite the idlers on the shore to set sail with him, promising them a refreshing rest in a lovely island which shone in glowing outline over the western sea. They obeyed the call, and joined him gladly, and she saw, as they left the unsheltered beach, that the sails of the vessel were gilded by the golden sunset. It seemed late to set sail for so long a voyage! but a swift breeze bore them quickly towards the other shore.

Presently a chorus of many voices floated sweetly in the upper air. "Oh, Cyril! listen to that lovely echo!" she said earnestly. "I think it must be our own last hymn in the service.

'Holy off'rings rich and rare—
Offerings of praise and prayer.'

How beautiful it is!"

"The service is over—the 'sacrifice of praise' gone upward. Now has come the blessed time of rest," he replied; but Cyril's voice seemed far away, from the white-sailed ship. "Listen, Violet!"

"O strength! O love and rest—the light that steals
From the pure sunshine of those golden fields,
Faint rays we catch upon our way,
Lighting our footsteps to the land of day.
We rest, we rest, upon our way,
And nearer seems the land of day."

"*Is it so!*" Violet roused herself; and in the deepening shadows she saw Ronald listening with earnest face to Evelyn's story of "the little ship on the lake." Then Cyril came quietly to her side, and she told him her pleasant dream.

"I have just read those lines to sister Evelyn," he said, "and that is why they entered into your dreamy fancy. But there are really many, I hope, who have set sail with us to-day, my dear Violet; and I think old Anthony is among the number. He will indeed 'Hold the lantern for his Captain,' if he sets the good example which I trust and believe he will."

"Oh, Cyril, that would be a joyful ending to our work in the 'dark hamlet'!"

Cyril gave her an answering smile. "We have the promise, you know, Violet—

'At evening time it shall be light.'"

THE END.

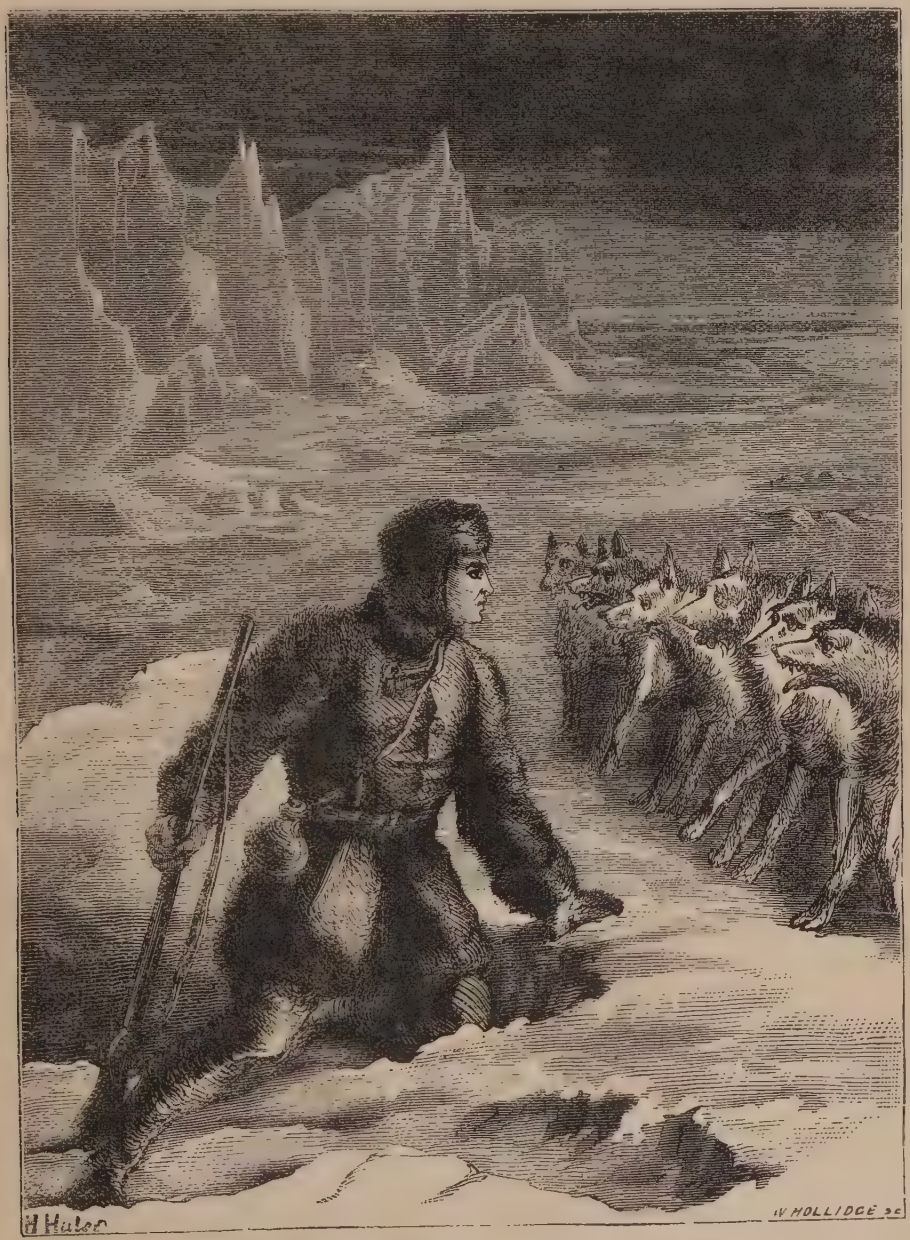
Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. VI. The Wolf.

1. In what sense is the word wolf almost always used in Scripture?
2. Mention some passages where the rapaciousness and voracious greed of the wolf is alluded to.
3. In the daytime the wolf hides, but with the twilight creeps stealthily towards the sheepfolds. Three prophets speak of this habit of seeking the prey after sunset. Name them.
4. The wolf delights in slaughter: it kills from sheer cruelty more than it can eat. Where is this terrible havoc it makes in the fold implied?
5. Why was Benjamin likened to a wolf?
   (*a*) Give examples of the warlike character of this tribe.
   (*b*) Its wolf-like rapaciousness.
   (*c*) The name of a great persecutor who sprang from it.
   (*d*) Who do you consider the noblest of its sons?
6. Explain: (1) "A wolf of the evening shall spoil them."
   (2) "They gnaw not the bones till the morrow."
   (3) "As lambs among wolves."
   (4) "I know that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter."
7. In what does the safety and security of the defenceless sheep consist when exposed to the attacks of its natural enemy the wolf?
8. Is there any historical event narrated in Scripture in which a wolf took part?
9. Of what kind of character is the wolf a type?
10. In the Parable of the Good Shepherd, who is meant by the wolf? Who is the Good Shepherd? Who also is the hireling?

It is said that wolves will combine, and, forming a semicircle, creep slowly towards a herd of deer, and, hemming them in gradually, will drive them to the edge of a precipice. Then they set up the most terrific yells, and the poor deer in their fright leap over the precipice, where the wolves follow at



their leisure, and feed upon their mangled carcases. On one occasion a troop of nine wolves endeavoured to practise the same trick upon Sir John Richardson, evidently intending to drive him into the river. But upon his turning and firing, they made a hasty retreat.

Tiny-Mite; or, Finding a Home.

A TALE FOR THE CHILDREN.

MAY we take a peep again at Kate Lister in her home? It is the morning after the wet day I have just told you about, and Kate is having breakfast with her mother before she goes off to school.

"I suppose I shall know to-day whether to apply to that Home or not," said Kate. "I begin to feel dreadfully afraid that I shall not get the poor little thing in—anyhow not just now, and what is to become of her, mother?"

"Poor child, I know you are doing all you can, but you must not worry over it, Kate," replied Mrs. Lister. "Remember, dear, that the little girl is safe in God's keeping. You have told her so yourself, and He will find somewhere for her to go. Can't you trust Him, Kate?"

"Yes, mother dear, I think I can. Oh, it is so easy to talk about it like that, but when day after day goes by, and nothing is done, really it does try one's trust."

"Of course, dear child. It is easy enough to trust God and be contented when everything goes right. It is when everything goes *wrong* that we find out what trusting means."

"There is the postman," said Kate, and she ran to the door. She came back much excited. "Here is just the one I want," she said, "from Mrs. Warner. There, mother," she exclaimed bitterly, the next moment, "there is not the smallest chance of her getting into that Home for a year or more;" and Kate burst into tears.

"Kate, Kate, that isn't *trusting*, is it? I know it is very disappointing; but cheer up, my dear child, and we must think of some one else to ask to help us. See, it is time you were off to school; and look, here is a telegraph boy coming."

The telegram proved to be from Mrs. Smith at Broadstairs, simply asking Kate to come at once,—Tiny-mite was dying.

"Oh, mother, mother, what has happened? I must go at once. I suppose she wants me," said Kate.

"Oh, Kate," exclaimed Mrs. Lister, "she is in God's hands indeed. We have been worrying when there was no need."

Then they quickly decided that Kate must go by the first train. A message was despatched to the mistress of the school, and in a very short time Kate was being whirled along to Broadstairs, her heart full of tender yearning for her little friend.

Now, what had happened?

When Mary Smith got into a rage and left the other little girls on that wet afternoon, unseen by them, Tiny-mite quietly followed. She was bent on trying to soothe her angry feelings; but when she went up to Mary and was going to speak, Mary turned round quickly and pushed her away, saying, "I shall run away, and no one will find me." Tiny-mite watched from an up-stairs window, and saw Mary tearing along down to the sands. Not heeding the rain, Tiny put on her hat, and, slipping out of the house, followed in pursuit. She never overtook Mary. Poor little girl! she did not notice a large waggon, as she turned round a sharp corner, until too late. The horses' hoofs trampled on her, and the heavy wheels crushed her. The marvel was how she was not killed instantly. All who saw the dreadful sight thought the poor little body was lifeless. A man picked her up carefully and carried her home, for some one recognised her as one of the "poor London children." Then came an hour during which the doctor and Mrs. Smith watched for signs of consciousness. They had done all that they could for her. At last came a deep sigh, and then a whisper too soft to be understood; then the brown eyes slowly opened and instantly closed again.

All night they tended the little moaning child; but it was quite certain that she could not live through the following day.

Great was the grief in the other children's hearts. Mary had returned early in the evening, penitent, hungry, and tired, not expecting to find what sad trouble she had caused. Poor Mary! Her punishment was severe. She would not rest until she had been allowed to kiss Tiny-mite's little wan, white face, and then with bursting heart she flew into Miss Green's arms.

Tiny-mite hardly spoke a word, even when she appeared to know all who came near her; but once she whispered to Mrs. Smith, "I'm going—to die—home—Grannie;" and then, as if she suddenly thought of something, she got quite bright, and asked for "Teacher." "I must tell Teacher. Teacher must know." After this she seemed unable to rest, but tossed about and moaned, every now and then calling for "Teacher."

Mrs. Smith sent a telegram to Kate Lister as soon as possible. The doctor was kindness itself, but he knew the little child was beyond man's help; he knew that God would soon call that little life away.

. . . . . .

It was evening—just twilight. On a bed lay our little friend. Her tiny white face is quite still now, and so very tiny and so very white it looks, with the dark hair all round on the pillow. Her eyes are shut,—she lies so still, so still. Surely that little spirit has flown away. So tiny, so white, so still. Stay—the little lips quiver and break into a feeble smile, then the eyes open. They look straight into those of "Teacher." Softly the little voice murmurs, "Teacher—home—— Grannie—I—" and that is all.

Kate Lister buries her face in her hands, and thanks God that He has answered her prayer, and found a home for Tiny-mite. Mrs. Smith, Miss Green, and the five little girls remember the last Sunday evening talk, and they know that Tiny-mite is happy in the "Home for little children."

THE END.

Gossip.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY CALTHROP, M.A. (*Frontispiece.*)

LET us beware, my friends, of that gossip which takes delight in a neighbour's harm. Let us give it no countenance. What does it originate in? It originates in want of brotherly love. Where real brotherly love exists, such gossip would be impossible. And remember how many forms it shows itself in. There is the whisperer, who, as the Bible says, separates chief friends. He will not speak out plainly,—no, not he,—he is far too cautious; he will not commit himself. But he conveys as much evil meaning in a look, or a shrug of the shoulders, or a wink, or a lifting of the eyebrows, as another evil speaker will in a hundred words. A tone of voice does the business; a simple inquiry, or something to all appearance equally harmless. This man is an assassin—an assassin of character; but he does not stab, he dares not do that. He only poisons. And then there is the man who makes allowances. "It is true that such things have been done, but then you must remember the antecedents of the doer. It is a pity, but what could you expect from such a bringing up? or from such associations as the man had allowed himself to form? We must not be uncharitable"—he says. And then there's a third, who repeats a story, with aggravations of his own, but piously hopes it cannot be true. And so on *ad infinitum*, almost. I don't want to unkennel the whole of the crew. They are all variations of one breed; unsavoury mortals, unsavoury and ill-favoured: the less we have to do with them the better.

Let me here repeat a species of parable for the sake of illustrating the difference between different men in the matter of tale-bearing.

Two men, I imagine, meet on the highway, and stop to converse. They begin, as all Englishmen do, about the weather. But before this fertile theme is half exhausted, and the probabilities of wind, rain, and sunshine have been half discussed, the one asks the other, in an undertone, "But have you heard what has just happened in our village?" "No," is the reply; "what do you mean?" "Why," says the other, "that neighbour of ours, that fellow that was

so fond of psalm-singing, and had a face as long as the moral law, and used to turn up the whites of his eyes, and belonged to the elect, —the 'elect,' forsooth,—why, he's in jail." "In jail!" says the other; "in jail!" "Yes, in jail; and I am glad of it. I always said hypocrisy would be found out at last, and so I say now. Serve him right." "Stop," says the other, "I hope you are mistaken: I hope what you say is not true." "Ah! but it is. There can be no mistake about it. I had the information from a friend of mine who witnessed the whole scene, and saw the precious rascal carted off to prison." "Well," rejoins the other slowly, "I hope the charge is false, or, if not, I hope the matter is not so bad as it seems." "Indeed, but I expect it is much worse. Why, he must have been carrying on this game for a long time, and I have no doubt there are pretty things to come to light." "Ah, then," says the other, "let us hope that the poor fellow has repented, and seen the error of his ways, and that he is forgiven by God, if he cannot be forgiven by man." "No—but he hasn't repented; I know that he hasn't. I heard about him the other day, and they say that he turns a deaf ear to all good counsel, and his heart is as hard as a stone. Ah! I thought what he would come to, pretending to be so much better than his neighbours." "Well, well, friend," replies the other, "don't rejoice over his fall. 'Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted.' The best of us are weak, if left for a moment to ourselves. Let us remember that this erring creature is our fellow-man, our brother; and instead of chuckling over his evil, over the misery he is now in, let us go home and pray for him."

The belief that the power of communicating thought is a talent divinely bestowed, for the use or abuse of which we are accountable, will do much in helping us to avoid those faults into which we are all of us too prone to fall in our ordinary conversation. Another help in the same direction I find in the diffusion of knowledge. Those who are most chargeable with the fault of evil speaking, of malignant gossiping, are those generally whose minds are badly furnished with stores of information. Having nothing really important to talk about, they discuss their neighbours, and then bad feelings speedily come into play. But when we have *things* to talk about, we shall certainly be more disposed to let *persons* alone. But the greatest of all correctives is to be found in true, genuine, living Christianity. The Gospel in its manward aspect is a proclamation of brotherhood; and practically the only true, enduring brotherhood is to be found among Christians. Where this brotherly feeling comes and is influential, there the evil conversation disappears, for there we have only the outgoings of that charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

The Temperance Ship.

TAKE courage, temperance workers,
You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
Are rising from your deck.

Wait cheerily, temperance workers,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
His rudder in your hand.

Sail on, sail on, deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

Behind you holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Courage! Your work is holy,
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!

Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win,
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of temperance in.

WHITTIER.

*** *Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, William Hunt and Company, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age, and a Concordance not to be consulted.*

SHIP ON FIRE—*Page* 168.

JULY.

—o—

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT was very hot.

Out in the country the cattle crept into the shade and lay down to ruminate quietly, now and then looking up, with great brown, patient eyes, as if to say in mild wonder, "Did you ever? Really now, isn't it preposterous? But never mind, evening will come; we can wait." Or else they stood knee-deep in water,—those who were lucky enough to have a cool pond, at least,—and there went almost to sleep, only now and then flicking off the flies, who are busiest in such heat. The dusty roads stretched away like long white snakes, while men lay flat on the tops of creaking hay-carts, only now and then waking up enough to say "Gee-up" to their horses, or to remark to a comrade who passed by that it was terrible weather for the time of year, and that wheat would be very short in the stalk if this went on. The corn-crake rasped from her shelter in the long grass; the mowing-machines made a cheery sound in many a meadow; wide fields of beans filled the sultry air with a delicious scent; the wild roses and honeysuckles on every hedgerow were blooming with all their might; they had no time to lose, they could not bloom for long in such heat as this.

And oh! for the idle people, and still more for the busy ones who had the happy chance of a holiday just now, how perfectly delicious to lie in a bed of scented hay, or in a hammock, or in a boat made fast under some shady tree, and simply to enjoy being alive!

That was how it was out in the country. But in London, where the streets and houses seemed as if they had been baked in an oven, so that the ground by day was hot to the feet, and even at night the stones seemed to be giving out the glow they had taken in, where the air seemed like a hot vapour that could almost be felt and touched, life to nine people out of ten had become a thing rather to be endured than enjoyed. Perhaps, if you could stay all afternoon in well-shaded rooms filled with the scent of flowers, it was well enough; but what if you were forced to move and hurry and exert every muscle to win your daily bread?

Or what if you had to sit in a small, stuffy room in a dull street in Bloomsbury, one up which the water-carts seldom passed, leaning your elbows on the table and your head on your hands, while the blood surged up into your brow and beat in your ears, and trying to din into that weary brain long lists of words and names?

That was what Frank Smith was doing, while visions haunted him of the sunshine lying on fields of scented hay, and of the dear old pond full of water-lilies, where on such days as these he used to lounge and pretend to fish, and dream delicious day-dreams of the great things

that he would do when he grew up to be a man —a man and a celebrated physician.

Steps, heavy but dragging steps, came up the creaking stairs, and a knock at the door. A flush of vexation rose to the student's forehead as he looked up at the draggled, untidy woman who stood on the threshold.

"Well, Mrs. Mills?"

"Well, Mr. Smith? I wish it may be well. Ill—ill—is something more like it, I doubt. Well, you know well enough what I've come about."

"Too well, Mrs. Mills."

"So the money's not here yet?"

"Not yet; but I've written again. Every post I hope— Hark! there is one now."

The postman's knock came nearer. Next door but two, next door but one, next door, now —but no, the steps pass this house, the knock comes to next door on the other side. Frank Smith's head dropped on his hand again.

"I can't understand it," he said. "It's a week since I wrote first, three days since I wrote again. But another day's patience, Mrs. Mills. You know it is promised; I shan't fail you."

"Promised!" broke out the woman. "Promises are piecrust, we all know that. Indeed, I wish they *were* piecrust, I'd know where to look for a bit of dinner for my children and my man that's out of work; eight of us with nothing but the lodgers to look to. Promises, indeed! It's slave, slave, slave, from morning to night, all going out, nothing coming in. It's not to be borne!"

"Only one more day of patience, my good lady," said the student, from whose face the flush had disappeared, leaving it deadly pale. He lay back in his chair and coughed, a painful, hollow cough that seemed to shake the whole frame. He leaned back as if exhausted then, and wiped great drops from his forehead.

"There, there, don't 'ee now," said the woman, sinking her voice again from the wild scream to which it had risen. "I wouldn't press for it, certain sure I wouldn't, only life's so terrible hard. You just put them books away, Mr. Smith, and take a bit of a holiday. My! I don't believe you were two hours in bed last night— were you, now?"

"It's waste of time lying there when you don't sleep," said Frank.

"It's worse waste to wear out mind and body before you've rightly come to your growth, as one may say," said the woman. "There, you go out a bit, and I'll have patience till to-morrow— to-morrow evening, we'll say; you'll get your letter then, sure enough."

She half turned to go, and then, with a sudden thought, came back.

"You'd surely not time for dinner after they lectures? You wouldn't have been in so soon."

He smiled a sad little smile.

"Oh, don't trouble about that."

But again the hot flush mounted to his forehead, and the woman nodded her head with an air that said plainly, "Didn't I say so?"

"Well, Mr. Smith," she said aloud, "when I've done mangling a few things, I'll be making myself a cup of tea. If you'll excuse the liberty, I'll make one for you too, and bring it up." And, without waiting for Frank's answer, she disappeared.

The student sank back into his former attitude, but with one hand now pressed firmly against his throbbing forehead, and sat motionless, except when it was necessary to turn over a page.

An hour passed thus, and then a fresh sound on the stairs made him lift his head again; this time with a look of still greater vexation and irritation.

Half a dozen young fellows came tumbling up-stairs, and burst without any formality into Frank's room. One took away his book, put it on a chair and sat upon it; another seized a box of bones that lay open at the student's elbow, and put it on the highest of a set of shelves that filled an alcove; a third took his seat on the table.

"Look here"—began Frank, jumping up, but a pair of strong hands came from behind his chair, and forced him into it again.

"We're looking with all our might, and what we see doesn't please us," said the young gentleman on the table. "We've constituted ourselves a board, and we've come to sit on you, my good fellow."

Frank fairly groaned.

"Look here, I wish you wouldn't!" he said. "I'm not joking; truly I'm not. You fellows don't know what a lot of work I've got to do. Go and chaff some one else, if that's what you want, Bruce."

"But unfortunately it isn't," said Bruce, still perched on the table. "We've made a bet that we'll bring you dead or alive to Putney by five o'clock, and we're going to do it."

"Oh, good heavens! no practical jokes, please."

"My dear fellow, it's all for your good. As Shakespeare says, 'Look here upon this picture, and on this.'" He seized a likeness of a rosy-faced, jolly-looking boy which hung on the wall, and a small mirror from the table, and held both together before Frank's eyes.

"Well, you needn't add insult to injury," said Frank, in a voice which he vainly attempted to make cheerful.

"Never mind about the insult; it's you who are doing the injury to your own health, and you know it."

Frank again tried to rise, but was still held down. He clasped and unclasped his hands nervously, and looked from one to the other. "It's no good talking," he said at last. "I *must* pass—I know that."

"Pass! of course you'll pass. You ask old Splints; he said the other day you were the best man he'd had for I don't know how long in his class. Besides, suppose you didn't, there are exams. enough, goodness knows! you can take it easy, and then go up again in a few months."

"I can't, my dear fellow. I tell you I *must* pass, and this exam., too. I'll really take it as a great kindness if you'll all go away. I'm not morose as a rule; you'll do me that justice."

"Look here, Smith, old fellow!" said the eldest of the band, laying his hand on Frank's arm; "we didn't come to chaff,—we didn't, really. The fact is, you are killing yourself, not by inches, but by feet, yards, furlongs. We're not going to stand it, and you *must* knock off for a bit, and come out with us. Don't tell me your head doesn't ache; I know better, and I know very well that you can't learn bones when it does. Come out with us. We'll go on the river, and get a breath of fresh air; then we'll come back, and you shall be in bed by ten. Get up as early as you please in the morning; you'll work twice as well, and you won't have wasted the time, but, on the contrary, you'll do twice as good work in one hour as you'd do now in six."

"Hear, hear!" said Bruce from the table.

Frank passed his hand over his forehead. It *did* ache, and his sight was strangely dim.

"I believe you're right," he said; "and it's—it's uncommonly good of you"—

Here two more young fellows burst into the room, carrying a large basket between them.

"Here's some provender," said one of them. "Don't you talk, Smith; we know very well that you wouldn't take the trouble to eat your dinner to-day. We're not going to carry you home from the river on a shutter, so you'll be obliging enough to stoke up before we go."

He set a plate of cold meat on the table before Frank, and then proceeded to pop the corks of two bottles—beer and ginger-beer.

"Shandygaff," said he, putting a lump of ice into the mixture. "Oh, don't imagine it's all for you. Here, you fellows, glasses at the bottom of the basket, bottles this side!"

Frank's protests were drowned in a buzz of merriment. Corks popped, long glasses were filled, lumps of ice broken up, pipes were lighted, Frank's trestle bed dragged nearer to serve as a seat. Tongues of course were loosened, and it was no wonder if, in the cheerful hubbub that followed, no one heard another step climbing the stairs, a footstep weak and uncertain, and yet heavy, as of some one who was very weary. Nor did they hear the door open. Suddenly, as if by one consent, all looked up, gazing at a figure that seemed to have appeared in the open doorway, seen somewhat dimly through the smoke of seven or eight pipes. It was the figure of an old man, white-bearded, travel-stained apparently, and with the deep-set eyes fixed in a strange, reproachful stare upon the face of Frank Smith. There was a moment of complete, almost awestruck silence, so odd, so melancholy this figure seemed. Then Bruce struck his fist on the table so that the glasses jingled:

"Act II. Scene I.—'I am the ghost of thy father, Hamlet.' Get along. *Exorciso te*, old boy."

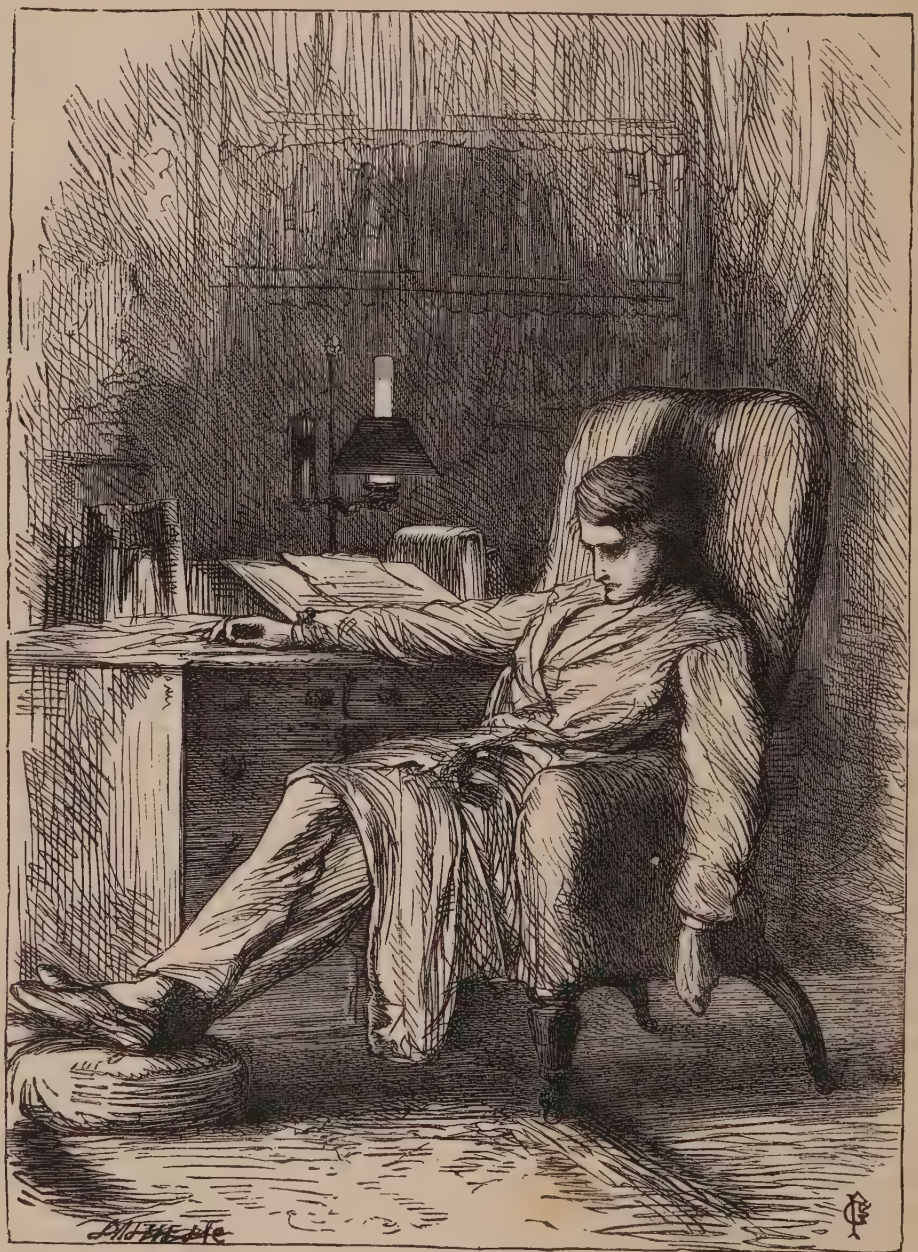
"Don't, Bruce," said Frank, who had sprung to his feet. "It's my grandfather." He rushed to the door and seized the old man's hand.

"It isn't every fellow who would be in such a hurry to acknowledge that old party as a relation," muttered one of the students to his neighbour.

"Hush! there'll be a row, I believe. Hadn't we better be going?" answered the other; and one and all they rose up.

The old man had shaken off Frank's grasp, and stood now with his hands behind his back, staring stonily at the young fellow, who had drawn back a little, evidently much surprised.

"For Heaven's sake don't look at me like that, grandfather!" he said. "Is anything wrong at



THE WEARY STUDENT.

home? — Mother? — Rosa? — Why have you come all this way? Do speak, at least."

The old man shook his head solemnly. "Not here, not before all these"—

"Riotous ruffians?" said the irrepressible Bruce. "Smith, don't disturb yourself; we're going. If you can still go on the river, send word round to me; we sha'n't be off for half an hour."

"My friends, grandfather," said Frank, — "Bruce, Salwey, Carnegie, Lloyd"—

"I'm honoured by the gentlemen's acquaintance," broke in the old man. "Perhaps, as you are engaged with them, I had better go."

"Do come and sit down," said Frank. "Don't go, Bruce." But his friends had caught up hats and sticks, and, with hasty nods to him, were already trooping down-stairs. When the last had gone, Frank closed the door, and set a chair for the old man. "Don't keep me on thorns, grandfather," he said. "Something must be wrong at home. Isn't it so?"

"There's nothing particularly wrong at *home*," said the grandfather, with emphasis.

"Where then? Good heavens! what *is* it?"

"You can ask that, wretched boy? You have sunk so low!"

"So low?" repeated Frank, fairly perplexed.

"Yes, sir, so low," repeated the old man. "What is wrong? you ask. I will tell you, then. In your own home sit a mother and sister, patiently stitching day and night till their fingers are sore and their eyes red, to help you to finish this costly education. I never held with it myself, and all the talk about a noble profession. *I* never wanted to raise myself to a profession. I've been content to moil, and toil, and scratch up the earth, like my fathers before me. Do your duty where you're put; that's the Church Catechism as I learned it. But you must needs get to som'at higher, and your father he encouraged it, and your mother since he's been gone. Well, we toil and we scrape, and it goes on and on, till at last, when we're nigh cleaned out, comes the strongest pull of all. 'We'll meet it somehow,' says your mother—toils harder—eats less. Then comes a whisper in the village that medical students are a bad lot—fine goings-on we hear of. 'Don't you dare to think it of Frank, grandfather,' says Rosa, fluffing up like a hen when her chickens's touched. 'Well, then,' says I, 'I'll take the last we can scrape together and go see for myself.' Sure enough I come here, and what do I find?—No; no interruption, please; if you have anything to say, you can say it afterwards. — I come here and find you surrounded by riotous companions, squandering the money that has been so hardly earned in"—

"Grandfather, you *shall* hear me!" declared Frank, with a vehemence which for a moment silenced the old man. "Let me speak before you say something you will be sorry for afterwards. These good fellows came in, because they knew I have been working too hard, to try and get me out. What you see on the table they brought, because"— He stopped short, and once again flushed painfully.

"Yes, you may well blush; catch a weasel asleep!" growled the grandfather. "These good fellows brought all that is needed for good fellowship with them. But you need not trouble yourself to tell lies, my boy, when your face tells its own tale—dissipation written in every line of it."

At this Frank fairly laughed aloud.

"He laughs!" murmured the old man, lifting his eyes to the smoky ceiling, and then sinking his chin again on his hands, which were clasped on the top of his stick in the favourite attitude of the English yeoman when tired or discouraged. Frank stood looking at him in silence for some minutes.

"I don't know how I'm to convince you," he said. He went over to the cupboard and took out a piece of dried-up bread and a scrap of equally untempting cheese. "Half of that made breakfast for me this morning, this is my supper," he said.

"Fine dramatic effect—capital play-acting," grumbled the grandfather, without looking up.

"Well, then, here, will that satisfy you?" Frank rummaged among his papers and produced a letter. The old man motioned it away. "Left my specs at home," he said.

"Well, then, I'll tell you the contents," said Frank. "This is from our anatomy professor, telling me he must remonstrate; he sees I am making myself ill with work, and I shall break down utterly unless I leave off grinding so hard."

The grandfather lifted his head and looked long and steadily in Frank's face. "I believe you, my boy," he said at last. "And—and I beg your pardon."

"*Don't* do that. But try and think differently about the doctoring, grandfather. God knows it isn't ambition that has made me take to it. It's been my dream, my castle in the air, ever

since I was a small child, to do good to other people. I hope it doesn't sound priggish, but it's all I've ever seemed to care for, to lessen suffering, there is such a fearful amount of it in this world."

"Well, well, my boy, I don't deny that it was a good dream enough, better, maybe, than most. I'm the more sorry to break it up. Frank, your mother can't pay those fees. It's no use, my boy; she's strained her uttermost, you must ask no more from her."

"Cannot? Not this one last thing? All the work's over then, for I must and will pass. I'm a qualified man then, I can practise. Oh, grandfather, it *must* be managed somehow!"

"Must's a hard word, my poor boy. I tell you it cannot."

Frank dropped into a chair by the table, and hid his face in his hands. "Then God help me!" he groaned aloud. "All my hopes—not altogether selfish hopes"—

There was a long silence. At last the grandfather spoke:

"Frank, you shall have the money. There's the little bit I've put away to keep me out of the House when strength fails me for work. You shall have it. Better men than me have gone to the House before now. It's likely the thought of it's worse than the reality."

Again a long pause. Then Frank looked up. "It's a great sacrifice, grandfather, a very great one for you to make. Yet I'll take it. And I'll prove to you that I'm not ungrateful. You shall never go to the Union while I live—never, never! I'll work day and night like a slave, and I've brains enough to get on, so they say. If you could read the professor's letter, you'd see he thinks well of me. Don't think of the Union again, grandfather; think of the good time coming."

The grandfather put his chin down on his hands again.

"Well, well, my boy, we'll live in hopes. It may come and it mayn't, and any way there's always the House to fall back on."

But his words came slowly and with an effort. Truly it was no light sacrifice that the old man was making.

CHAPTER II.

Fifty years ago, the village of Miller's Roothing in Essex could only be reached by coach. Consequently it happened there, as in many other villages in that county especially, that the houses tended to arrange themselves along the high road in a long straggling line, some with little gardens and painted wooden palings in front, some opening directly on the road, but all built either of red brick or painted weather-boards, invariably roofed with red tiles, tile and brick alike toned by a few years' wear to a cheerful red-brown colour. This part of the village is known as the Street, and often an older settlement, belonging to days when no coaches ran, stands at some little distance. Miller's Roothing Street and Miller's Roothing village are quite distinct places.

The old village is of course the quieter of the two. Now-a-days both are probably smaller than they were fifty years ago, for the young people who marry and set up for themselves are apt to drift away. The world of Miller's Roothing is not wide enough for them; they go off to the towns,—to London probably, where life goes faster whether in joy or in sorrow, and seldom visit Miller's Roothing again except perhaps by a "'scursion train" on Bank Holiday. But fifty years ago any one who wanted a new house built it in the Street. There stood the very comfortable house of Dr. Harland, all red brick and gables, decorated on the upper storey with white plaster intersected with black beams, in the fashion always popular in Essex, and which now, under the name of Queen Anne, is a fashionable fancy everywhere.

Just opposite Dr. Harland's house was another dwelling of far humbler appearance. This was, in fact, nothing more than a cottage, but remarkable for a certain neatness and trimness about everything, from the white doorstep and white window-curtains, to the careful training of the creepers and tying of the old-fashioned flowers which made the little garden gay from spring almost to spring again. Within, it was the same. Everything was very plain; evidently there was not over-much money here to spend on luxuries, but everything was daintily fresh and spotless in the tiny parlour, where, one day in late summer, a pale, anxious-looking woman was kneeling alone, her hands clasped in prayer, her eyes dim with tears, her lips quivering with an anxiety which during the last few hours had become too great to bear in any way but this—on her knees in prayer.

It was very unusual for Mrs. Smith to be idle during the hours of daylight. With her, in the

words of the old proverb, to labour was to pray, and almost her only rest seemed to be the change from one sort of work to another. But just now to pray was to labour, for thus only could she hope to help her only and dearly-loved son Frank in the examination, which to so many young fellows seems only one chance among many, but which seemed a matter almost of life and death to this poor family, whose resources had been strained to the uttermost to enable him to undergo it. Through the kindness of his friend the anatomy professor, Frank had been promised that he should know on this very day the result as far as it concerned himself. This news he was to entrust to the guard of the "Lightning" coach, which always passed through Miller's Roothing Street at four in the afternoon. Now it was half-past three, and the mother, who was praying now that, whatever the result, the will of the Father in heaven might be fulfilled, could not help watching now and then the long hand of the tall clock which ticked on—on—so slowly.

The door opened, and a girl about seventeen stood on the threshold,—a fair, slim, blue-eyed girl; it was a little sad to look from her to the weary mother. Just such a one as her daughter had she been in youth; just such a one as she was now it seemed that Rosa might become, should her pathway in life be rough and steep, and watered, as the mother's had been, by many tears.

"Well, Rosa?" said Mrs. Smith.

"Well, mother dearest, I have been up the road to listen for the coach-horn."

"Child, child, with half an hour still to wait!"

"It's so hard to sit still, mother!"

"And where is grandfather?"

"Standing on the horse-block to catch the first glimpse. He is so pale, mother, I am sure he expects bad news."

"Frank's last letter was enough to make him anxious," sighed the mother. "Oh, Rosa, it will be terrible if he fails!"

The girl hid her face in her hands and began to cry bitterly.

"Don't, dearest child, don't do that," she entreated, but her own tears began to flow afresh, and at this moment the grandfather entered the room.

"This is foolish," he said. "Jane—and you, Rosa—I am ashamed of you. Is that all the patience you have? Ah, well, it's hard work waiting," he ended, with a voice that would tremble. He sat down and leaned his elbows on the table, and the silence that followed was only broken by Rosa's sobs, and the ticking of the inexorable clock, when all at once a light tap came upon the house door, and a cheerful voice asked, "May I come in?"

Suiting the action to the word, the visitor entered, a tall, well-made, handsome girl, who stood still and looked round as if in surprise at the disconsolate group. It was no wonder that Marion Harland's friends teased her about her friendship with Rosa Smith, saying that she well knew the advantage to her own looks of having the fair, fragile-looking Rosa constantly with her. The Smiths themselves, it should be said, occupied a rather peculiar position. Frank's father, a navy surgeon, had fallen in love with pretty, penniless Jane Wolmer, whose father was a small and unsuccessful farmer. He married her, and settled down to a country practice, as assistant to Dr. Harland of Miller's Roothing, but died in a year or two, leaving his young widow and her two little children to struggle on as best they might, with the grandfather also, whose farm had now passed out of his hands, only a small garden being left, where he grew some few vegetables for sale. Mrs. Smith had always felt bitterly that, but for his love for her, her husband might have done better. She had dragged him down, she felt, socially and in every other way. Perhaps—perhaps—under other circumstances he might even have lived longer. When, therefore, her boy early expressed a desire to follow his father's profession, Mrs. Smith felt that no toil would be too severe, no sacrifice too great, for her, if she could see him launched upon that life, earning a great name, perhaps,—she felt sure her darling was clever,—and, better still, serving God in serving his fellow-men. The old grandfather shook his head. Jane was ambitious, he said. He knew that long ago, when she would take up with Dr. Smith, instead of marrying Farmer Moore, who was well known to be a warm man. Well, she and the boy were two to one in their arguments with him, and so Wilful had his way. But the old man always seemed to stand by, as it were, with the wet blanket of discouragement, ready to apply it when opportunity allowed.

The social position of the Smiths was, as has been said, rather peculiar. Dr. Harland himself held the "betwixt and between" position of the country doctor of the period. Every one who knows anything of village or country-town life

knows that there are certain carefully-kept distinctions in the social scale. At Miller's Roothing, the large tenant-farmers, and Mr. Avey the miller, and Lord Paulet's land steward, and the landlord of the King's Arms, formed a society which considered itself a little above that of the tradespeople, the butcher, the baker, the blacksmith, the tinsmith, and various others. This upper circle was pleased to admit the Smiths to its gatherings, and was proud to invite Dr. Harland and his daughter, while they sometimes were invited to the houses of the neighbouring squires and clergy, and even to Lady Paulet's larger entertainments. It was to Marion Harland's credit that she made no effort to be more intimate with the young ladies of these families than they themselves seemed to desire. Her chosen and beloved companion was Rosa Smith.

"What, crying!" said Marion now. "Why, Rosa, I expected to find you dancing and singing! Twenty minutes more, and the best of good news will arrive. And you're crying! But perhaps it's for joy!"

"Oh, Marion, dear child," said the widow, "you don't know what it is to be anxious!"

"Well, I think it is an insult to Frank,—I do, really, Mrs. Smith," replied Marion, in her happy young voice,—"when you *know* how clever he is, and how many stupid men are able to pass!"

"His last letter!" moaned the mother.

"Well, what of it? Dear Mrs. Smith, it is just the best thing of all that Frank is so modest. *He* will not have been idling his time because he trusted to his wits to pull him through, as so many do. No, no, he has worked to the last steadily."

"Worked himself nearly to death," said Rosa.

"Exactly; and then, tired as he was, he felt nervous when he wrote to you. I *will* scold him for that when he comes—frightening his poor mother like this for nothing!"

"No, no, Marion, he didn't," began Mrs. Smith.

"There, you see, you will not let me abuse him, though you insult him worse than any one else would dare to do. Do you know, I have just made a great discovery, Mrs. Smith? I am shocked to find that you are a very bad mother. There, I have made you smile at last! Rosa, look here. You know I have coveted that white geranium of yours in the window for two years—will you risk it on Frank's passing?"

"No—yes, if you like," said Rosa, and she too smiled.

"But have you thought of getting his room ready? Suppose, instead of writing, he came himself," suggested Marion. The other three looked at each other in surprise.

"To-day? but no, it is impossible."

"I think it is very possible. And how unwelcoming he will feel it if you have no room ready."

Rosa looked at her mother. "I wish we had," she said.

"Do it at once. Let me help you," suggested Marion again; and in two minutes she had the mother and sister up-stairs, forgetting their fears and anxieties in busy preparation of the little room that only needed arranging, nothing in this house being ever left in want of cleaning. Suddenly—

"Marion, Marion, what are you doing? You will fall out into the street," cried Rosa, rushing to catch hold of her friend, who was leaning dangerously far out of the window.

"Frank, Frank!" cried Marion, drawing back quickly.

"Frank!—where?" cried mother and sister in a breath.

"There, getting down from the coach. Here now."

And in a moment Mrs. Smith was down-stairs and in her son's arms, and Rosa was holding one of his hands, and the grandfather the other, while Marion, a little distance off, was looking grave, almost sad, although the happy word *passed* was flying from mouth to mouth, and had already, with the wonderful and mysterious speed with which news spreads in a country village, travelled to the ends of the Street, both up and down.

"And Marion too—how kind of you, Marion—Miss Harland," said Frank, who stopped suddenly and coloured up, as he pronounced his old playmate's name again.

"I'm so glad—I—wish you looked better," said Marion, in a disjointed way that seemed to surprise her friends. "I must hurry away, I see father coming back. Good-bye, Mrs. Smith. Good-bye, *Doctor* Frank."

They would have pressed her to stay, but she was gone in a moment.

Every Day.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."—1 Cor. x. 31.

"HOW hard it is," you say, "that so much of one's time is taken up with things that must be done, and yet don't any of them seem worth doing!" Ah, that is not a new difficulty. The hermits of the East stumbled over it, and the monks of the West; and many a one who has not left, like them, the every-day life of the world, has groaned under it, as if there were guilt in the weight as well as care.

One thing, however, we are sure of,—that all God sends to any human soul must have its meaning. There is nothing, however trivial, which He cannot make a means of grace. It is for us to take it as such, or to scorn it. There is blessing wrapped for us in every lowly duty, and, if we despise its homely dress, the loss and the responsibility are our own.

"But mine are such common duties," you say,—"helping in the house, or sewing for the children. It's all such material work." I think I have been learning, lately, that we may not call anything common which God has cleansed; and has not His consecrating touch fallen on all home-toil and care, material though it may appear, since Jesus lived in the workshop at Nazareth? He counts nothing unclean, nothing unworthy of Him, but sin. His love in the heart will purify all it touches. It has transmuting power enough to change the dross of the common street into the fine gold of the sanctuary. And so the "base things of the world, and things which are despised," become, when laid on the altar, which sanctifies the gift, things which God has chosen.

Well, you admit all this in the abstract, but I can hear your question, over all the miles of distance between us, "What is the use of it all? If I have made a pudding for dinner, or turned Lucy's frock, has my time been spent worthily of an immortal being, with powers which are surely fitted for nobler employment?" I might say much in answer to that, but I will dwell only on one "use of it all," which you can hardly question: do not each of these things furnish you with an occasion of offering up your will to God? You may turn them all into sacrifices, and they will be truer than many which you bring in sight of other eyes, and with much complacency to yourself. I think, too, that we are all in danger of dwelling too much on what we do, too little on what *we are*. God's work *by* us we may leave with Him; His work *in us*, our being and our becoming, is surely our first care. And the truest helps to this are the small self denials in which we oftenest fail. We yield them, indeed, but grudgingly and of necessity, not with the free heart of a cheerful giver. So, when you are tempted to murmur over a wasted day, may you not feel that each bit of "useless drudgery" has had its place in working out for you God's

great design, that each of His children should be conformed to the image of His Son?

Yes; but still you sigh and wish we might be without all these things,—so much care for the body is very humiliating. Is not the time spent upon it a robbing of God? Of course it may be, unless the body is brought into subjection. But we cannot live in this world, constituted as we are, without some care for it. If we try to do so, we shall be requiring of ourselves what we cannot possibly perform; what God, who knows us, has never asked. We are not all spirit yet, and, so long as mind is linked with matter, it cannot accomplish much without some thought of its companion, and we must be content to wear fetters till we are free. God's hand will strike them off when we are ready for liberty; but, till He does, there must be some purpose in our bearing them. And, if we struggle too impatiently, we may be rebelling against His appointment. We cannot tell how the discipline is to be wrought out by which He prepares us for His presence, but there are indications that much of it comes through our bearing the yoke of physical humiliation.

Of this I feel more and more deeply assured, —and the thought would help us much, I think, to bear the "every-dayness" of life,—that all the passing occupations with which our time is taken up have an element of the eternal in them, and, in their issues, stretch far away into the unseen and everlasting. The outside husk of them, so to speak, perishes with the using, but within it is a living soul of impulse and influence which perishes not.

For in every moment of our days, when once our hearts are yielded to His service, God is working in us and through us. Hitherto, perhaps, our little world has only been large enough to hold self and the present. But gradually, through tender leadings and unfoldings, and maybe through pain and suffering, we come to learn life's lesson,—that it is God's world, not ours; that our existence is not finished and rounded off here, but forms part of one vast scheme to which mind and heart and spirit expand and grow, while all the horizon round them grows and expands too, until it touches the shore of the illimitable future, and we become conscious that earth and heaven are not so far separated but that the first is but the vestibule of the second,—imperfect, cloudy, full of broken fragments, but still part of the same Temple of God as that to which we shall pass in by and by.

And there is one command which, in its fulfilment, consecrates our working days as well as our Sundays: "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Do you think *He* cares whether we are doing this or that, while each thing is "unto Him"? God asks from us simple obedience:—not some wonderful piece of consecration, or what to us seems such, but that, hour by hour and day by day, we should follow His will. Perhaps, for the present, that will for you may be to be "faithful in a very little," but if we will not do a little thing to please Him, we should not do a greater. It is easy to make great sacrifices when God does not ask them, but to give up our own will in each detail of life is something far harder. And this is what He *does* ask. To hold ourselves ever in readiness for His bidding—to count no token of it too slight—such is His call to each. Thus only shall we be ready for further service if He sees fit to lead us on to it. H. B.

Jack's Text-Book.

"HE is the decentest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailors' boarding-house. "As quiet and mannerly as a grown man, while most of the other boys keeps up such a fussing that I'm clear worn out." Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman, when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah," said she, as he lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?" She held up a Bible in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack; "my mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"H'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you, and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath." Mrs. Ray went silently on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained. But the thoughtful face, good manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention.

"If it's the book makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself.

"Keep it up, Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye; "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys, it must be good for old folks." Jack had never thought of being an example; but he surely must have felt glad and thankful in having led any one to read the pages which point the way to eternal life.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. VII. The Goat.

1. The domestic goat is considered to be descended from the ibex or wild goat, a shy creature, loving inaccessible places.
   (*a*) What references have we to this characteristic in Scripture?
   (*b*) Who once sought refuge among the rocks of the wild goats?
2. Since the flesh of the gazelle, the "only common species of deer in Palestine," is not reckoned a dainty, what is supposed to be meant by the venison Esau procured for his father Isaac?
3. The wealthy in patriarchal times had herds of goats as well as flocks of sheep. Mention the name of a rich man who possessed 1000 goats. How many goats did the Arabians bring Jehoshaphat?
4. The goat was very valuable.
   (*a*) Its hair was woven into cloth.
   (*b*) The leathern bottles we read of were made of its skin.
   (*c*) Its milk was sweet and wholesome.
   (*d*) Its flesh was good for food, a kid being considered a great delicacy (the favourite dish in Arab hospitality).
   (*e*) It was offered in sacrifice.
   What light does Scripture throw upon these uses?
5. Explain the following words: "spotted," "speckled," "ringstraked."
6. What was the sin-offering of the prophet on the day of atonement?
   (*a*) What was done with the blood of the goat on which the Lord's lot fell?
   (*b*) What ceremonies were observed in the case of the scapegoat?
   (*c*) What was the meaning of the imposition of the High Priest's hands?
   (*d*) What precious truth is taught by the goat bearing all iniquities into a land uninhabited?
7. When the children of Israel pitched before the Syrians, who filled the country, what did they resemble?
8. In the vision of Daniel of the ram and the he-goat, by the goat was meant Grecia and by the horn "the first king." Who was this?
9. What was that which the blood of bulls and goats *could* do? What could they *not* do? What is that which the blood of Jesus alone can do?
10. Sometimes sheep and goats mingle together in pursuit of food, but the shepherd separates them at night. What use does Jesus make of this custom? Why does He liken the wicked to goats?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. I.—The Lion.

1. Egypt, Isaiah xxx. 6. Nineveh, Nahum ii. 11. There are no lions in Palestine now, but there were in the days of the Old Testament. See 2 Kings xvii. 25; Jer. xlix. 19, etc.
2. (1) Judg. xiv. 18; Prov. xxx. 30. (2) 2 Sam. xvii. 10; Prov. xxviii. 1. (3) Job iv. 10; Ps. vii. 2.
3. (1) Ps. x. 9; xvii. 12. (2) Gen. xlix. 9; Job xxxviii. 40. (3) Ps. civ. 20. (4) Deut. xxxiii. 22.
4. Samson, David, Benaiah. The man from Judah; the man mentioned in 1 Kings xx. 36; Daniel.
5. Judah.
6. See 1 Kings x. 19, 20; also 1 Kings vii. 29, 36.
7. The lion, as an emblem of strength, courage, and sovereignty, was the ensign of Judah, from which tribe the Messiah was to spring, who was to reign over the people of God for ever and ever. Jesus is called the lion of the tribe of Judah, in allusion to the prophecy of Jacob, Gen. xlix. 9.
8. See 1 Pet. v. 8.
9. God, Ps. civ. 21.
10. The righteous, Prov. xxviii. 1.

*** *Answers to Bible Questions to be sent to the Rev. Gregory Nicholls, care of the Publishers, William Hunt and Company, 12 Paternoster Row, London, before the 15th of the month following publication. Prizes will be awarded to the four best sets of Answers for the six months January to June inclusive. Competitors to be under sixteen years of age. The use of a Concordance not forbidden, though it is preferred that the questions should be answered without its aid.*

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES I., A.D. 1625-1648—KING AND COMMONS AT VARIANCE.

JAMES I. had two sons. Henry, the elder, was a fine, promising youth, whose sympathy with the people might have enabled England to obtain liberty without a civil war, had his life been spared. But when only eighteen, he caught cold, and died, after a few days' illness, on November 6, 1612. His brother Charles then became Prince of Wales, and on the death of James succeeded to the throne, at the age of twenty-five.

Charles I. was superior to his father in many respects, while inferior to him in shrewdness and sagacity. We are told that "he was temperate and serious, and that courtiers who did not quite abandon sinful ways, yet so reverenced the king as to retire into corners to practise them." His tastes were refined, he encouraged men of learning, and "was a great lover of paintings." But his character, like a beautiful cup of porcelain which is rendered useless by one or two cracks, was marred by some great failings. He was so obstinate, that "the courtiers were in his youth wont to pray that he might be right way when he was set, for if he was in the wrong way, he would prove the most wilful of any king that ever reigned." Worse than this, he was not trustworthy. He would lightly make promises, but slackly perform his word. This grave fault early showed itself, when he and his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, went off to Spain, that he might see and win a Spanish princess for his bride. He professed ardent affection to her, made all sorts of promises of protection to the Papists for her sake, allowed her to be styled Princess of Wales, and to trouble her southern tongue to learn our English language, till the very day he crossed the border to return home. Then he immediately broke off the match, and urged his father to make war with Spain, on the plea that the Spanish king would not join with him in war against Austria.

In politics, Charles was altogether his father's son. He at once took up the struggle with the House of Commons where James had left it, and exceeded him in the severity of his measures, and the bitterness of his words. "My father scourged you with whips, but I will scourge you with scorpions," appeared to be his motto. Yet, to do him justice, we must remember that in seeking to be an "absolute king," he was not desiring power simply for his own gratification. He was deeply religious, and he considered it a sacred duty to maintain every prerogative ever enjoyed by a king of England. He would not allow that the House of Commons, which had originally granted these prerogatives, might withdraw them when they were found to be seriously injurious to the nation; nor was he conscious how selfish it was in such circumstances to wish to retain them.

In the early years of his reign he was completely under the influence of the Duke of Buckingham. "Who rules the nation?" was a popular saying. "The king." "And who rules the king?" "The Duke of Buckingham." "And who rules the Duke of Buckingham?" "The devil." "Tush!" the duke was reported to have said; "it makes no matter what the Commons or Parliament doth; for without my leave and authority they shall not be able to touch the hair of a dog."

Buckingham was clever and accomplished, but selfish and incapable as a politician. On account of mere personal pique, he did not shrink from plunging his country into war with Spain and France in succession. One act of his especially exasperated every honest Englishman. Having concluded a truce with the King of France, he promised to help him against his Protestant subjects, but, knowing how unpopular this would be in England, the soldiers were enlisted under the pretence that they were to be sent to Genoa. When they discovered instead that they were meant to join in the siege of the Protestant city of La Rochelle, their indignation was great, and they utterly refused to fight.

At last the House of Commons resolved upon Buckingham's overthrow. Sir John Eliot had the courage to lead the attack. He impeached him before the House of Peers. "My lords," he exclaimed, "you have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. By him come all the evils; in him we find the cause." While he spoke, Buckingham stood by, erect and smiling, sparkling with jewels, and strong in his confidence in the protection of his sovereign.

Charles, in great wrath, sent Sir John Eliot to the Tower, but was compelled to release him after a few days, as the Commons refused to go on with any business till he was at liberty. Then he indignantly dismissed Parliament, replying to the peers, who begged for a short delay, "No, not an hour."

This early dissolution was very inconvenient to Charles himself, for it left him without any supplies. He therefore demanded a loan from the people. This was no new thing. Henry VIII. borrowed largely from the nation, and the House of Commons obligingly released him from the obligation to pay his debts. Elizabeth, likewise, asked for loans, but she early and honourably repaid them. "Benevolences" or so-called gifts were also "gently solicited." Both loans and benevolences, however, were merely taxes laid without consent of Parliament, and it was well known that any subject withholding his offering would have to suffer for it. So it was now. Several gentlemen, amongst whom one Thomas Wentworth was conspicuous, refused to subscribe to the loan, and were therefore sent to prison.

Charles found himself obliged to summon Parliament again on March 17, 1628. It was not ungenerous to him. It voted him large subsidies, but this seemed to him only meant to sugar the bitter pills they had in store for him. They impeached Buckingham again, and they presented to him, through Sir John Eliot, the famous "Petition of Right," which is, next to Magna Charta, the greatest bulwark of national liberty. Sir John Coke, Chief Justice, proposed it. "Let us," said he, "put up a Petition of Right." Accordingly the Commons drew one up, and sent it to the Lords, who sent it back with an additional clause: "We humbly present this petition to your Majesty, not only with a care of preserving our liberties, but with due regard to leave entire that *sovereign power* with which your Majesty is entrusted for the protection, safety, and happiness of your people."

But the Commons knew of no "sovereign

power" which could have any right to interfere with the rights of Englishmen. They rejected the clause. "What is sovereign power?" they said. "Let us give that to the king the law gives him, and no more." "Magna Charta," said Sir Edward Coke, "is such a fellow that he will have no sovereign;" that is, to control or interfere with him. "We say no more," said Sir Henry Martyn, "than what a worm trodden on would say if he could speak—'*I pray tread on me no more.*'"

In fact, the famous petition did little beyond enumerating infringements of the old rights secured in Magna Charta, and insisting anew upon them. "There is nothing new in this," said King Charles; and he signed it. It would, alas! have been a new thing had he ruled afterwards in accordance with it.

Charles again interfered to protect Buckingham. He hastily prorogued Parliament rather than allow him to be tried.

But the days of Buckingham were numbered. He was soon after shot in the streets of Southampton by a fanatic named Felton. The news was whispered to Charles while attending service in chapel. "His countenance changed not till the prayers were ended, when he departed to his chamber, and with abundance of tears lamented the loss of his servant and the horrid manner of his end."

Yet was the tragic death of Villiers less terrible than the fate which awaited his opponent, Sir John Eliot.

The king continuing, in spite of the Petition of Right, to levy "tonnage and poundage" without consent of Parliament, Sir John Eliot once more stepped forth as the champion of liberty. He presented a "Remonstrance" to the king on behalf of the Parliament. This, the first "Remonstrance," was only passed in the House of Commons after a very stormy scene.

Finch, the Speaker, refused to read it or put it to the vote. He was forcibly held in his chair while Sir John read it. The door of the House was locked lest any member should leave before the Bill was passed.

The reply of Charles to this Remonstrance was the instant dissolution of Parliament, the threat that "the vipers amongst the Commons should meet with their reward," and, accordingly, the committal of Eliot and Valentine to the Tower. There Sir John Eliot remained between three and four years. His health declined, and he craved permission of the king to go home for a time, if but to gain strength to return to prison and bear the rest of his sentence. Charles refused. His petition, he said, was not humble enough. Feeling death approaching, Sir John wrote a second petition, This the Lieutenant of the Tower refused to forward, repeating the words of the king, "It is not humble enough." He told Eliot to write another. This the patriot said he might think of when he was better. "His spirits had grown feeble and faint." On November 27, 1632, he died in the Tower. His son craved permission from the king to carry his father's body into Cornwall to be buried amongst his forefathers; but Charles made answer, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died;" and accordingly it was thrust into an obscure corner of the Tower church.

Thus perished the two first victims of the civil strife, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the arrogant darling of the sovereign, and Sir John Eliot, the self-sacrificing champion of the nation.

Betting and Gambling.

"THE evils of betting and gambling are now touching the whole fabric of English life." So spake the Bishop of Durham (Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott) at the first public meeting he addressed in his diocese, held as recently as Monday, 2nd June. And there can be no doubt that the charge is absolutely true. Twenty or thirty years ago betting and gambling were confined principally to the horse-racing community, but now every department and every class of life are affected by it. From the jobber on the Stock Exchange to the errand-boy in the humblest printer's office—all classes, indeed, have in their ranks men, and, alas! women too, who indulge in it. It is, in fact, the greatest curse of the present day, and thousands upon thousands have been ruined for time and for eternity by it. Time was when drunkenness was supposed to

be the giant destroyer of the lives and happiness of the people. But the evil resulting from betting and gambling is more deeply seated and more widespread than intemperance ever was.

The extraordinary thing to my mind is, that up to the present time no serious effort has been made by the Church or the State to put a stop to it. To the average intelligence it does seem strange, that the Government should prohibit the comparatively harmless "guessing competitions," and yet allow betting and gambling—both of which, I suppose, are clearly against the law of the land—to continue unchecked, like a great pestilence stalking through the land. Here and there a raid is made upon a club that is known to have a peculiarly bad character; but I make bold to say that, so far as the Government and the police are concerned, betting and gambling are connived at, if not actually encouraged. I well remember that, when visiting the Derby racecourse last year for mission work in company with Mr. Gawin Kirkham, the devoted secretary of the Open Air Mission, I was perfectly appalled at the open and flagrant violation of the law carried on by book-makers, tipsters, and others, under the very eye, and apparently under the protection, of the police. Even women were betting and gambling openly and ostentatiously, and no one said them nay. This ought not so to be, and Christian people have a right to call upon the Government to take some active means to diminish the evil.

But what of the Church? Have not those in authority done something to check the practice? The answer is, that they have done much talking on the subject, but very few, if any, active measures have been set on foot. Betting and gambling have been denounced at every Church Congress for the last few years, at every diocesan conference in the country, by many bishops and in many pulpits, but there the matter has been allowed to rest. When it became apparent, some twenty years ago, that drunkenness was sucking the very lifeblood out of the nation, the Church did something more than merely talk about it. There was set on foot the Church of England Temperance Society—an organization which, despite its many weaknesses, has proved a great blessing to the nation. Why could not, why cannot, indeed, an anti-gambling crusade be started within the Church, under the leadership of the bishops? The time for talking is past; the time for action has come. We look to the Fathers of the Church to take the initiative.

It must not, however, for one moment be supposed that I insinuate that the inactivity of the bishops is due to any want of appreciation of the extent of the evil; rather, I believe, it is its very enormity that has baffled them. The Archbishop of Canterbury, at the meeting in Durham to which I have referred, suggested that a Royal Commission should be appointed to consider and report what counter-active steps could be practically taken. In his Grace's opinion, the Church should endeavour, as far as possible, to support what may be judged expedient by practical persons with a view to getting at the root of so great and apparently infecting an evil. The meeting passed a resolution in favour of the appointment of a Royal Commission, and we must be prepared to wait and see what comes of the proposal.

In the meantime there is a view of the question that affects every one of us, and that is, personal individual exertion to arrest in some degree the progress of what Bishop Westcott calls so gigantic an evil. For it must be remembered that the strongest laws are of no avail unless they are backed up by the full voice of the people. I will not do the readers of the *Home Visitor* the injustice of supposing that any of them engage in the practice of either betting or gambling, but I do ask them to use their influence in discouraging it in any form wherever they meet with it. From every point of view, the practice is a dishonest and dishonourable one, irrespective of the amount at stake. In principle it is just as bad to play what is popularly known as "halfpenny nap," or "penny-a-corner whist," as it is to stake large sums on the Derby or the St. Leger. The principle is bad, and the practice cannot be defended on any ground whatever. If one had the opportunity, one might fill pages with harrowing narratives of young men and young women who have been ruined by this abomination, and have gone down dishonoured and disgraced to a suicide's grave. But the evil is admitted, and what we want now is a determined effort to check it, and, if possible, to eventually stamp it out.

I am glad to know that within the last few weeks a movement has been started on a small scale to deal with the vice. The National Anti-Gambling League, which has just been formed, with Lord Aberdeen as president, promises

well, if only the efforts of the promoters are responded to by the people at large. The working committee consists of Churchmen and Nonconformists, and includes Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, a name justly honoured amongst our readers, the Rev. W. J. Dawson, Dr. Thain Davidson, Major Seton Churchill, and Mr. R. S. Clough, the secretaries being the Rev. J. S. Barrass and Mr. F. A. Atkins. Its object is to offer a strenuous and uncompromising opposition to every form of betting and gambling, and to diffuse among young men and others useful information on the subject. Its methods of work are described as "the widespread distribution of leaflets, tracts, booklets, etc., and the organization of lectures and public meetings in all parts of the country." The members of this League are expected to pay a subscription of one shilling a year, and to sign a declaration promising to abstain from all kinds of betting and gambling, and to do their utmost to develop a more healthy public opinion. They will receive, post free, all the publications of the League, and its quarterly bulletin. The offices of the Society are at 9 Paternoster Row. It is surely not too much to ask that *every* reader should join the League, and thus do something to roll away the reproach. H. C. H.

Our Church and Parish.

WOMEN'S WORK.

THERE can be no doubt that we live in an age of progress. In every department of life there is development, but in none is the advance more apparent than it is in the history of the Church of England in recent years. No doubt many of my readers can recall the time when two services on Sunday—often very slovenly and carelessly conducted—formed the sum-total of the work of the Church in many town and country parishes. One need hardly stop to notice the wonderful contrast afforded by the numberless activities of the Church to-day. Even the deadliest enemy of the Church of England will not now dare to say that she is not working earnestly and devotedly to win the people over to the cause of religion. But there is one direction in which I venture to think that the Church has not taken full advantage of the opportunities within her reach, and that is in the employment of women for work amongst the poor and crowded districts of great cities.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that woman has a claim to a large share in the life of the Church. In the old dispensation this was not so. But the religion of Jesus Christ has elevated and ennobled woman, with the object, I think we may well believe, that she may in her turn elevate and ennoble others. There is unfortunately, in the present day, a tendency in some quarters to minimize the importance of the gifts and graces bestowed on women, but, as the Rev. H. W. Webb Peploe pointed out at the Wolverhampton Church Congress in 1887, they are as capable of receiving as large a measure of the Holy Spirit of God as any episcopally-ordained clergyman. And not only are they capable of this, but, as a matter of fact, there are numbers of women—and who has not known one of them?—who have shown by their life and conversation that they are "full of the Holy Ghost."

As a man receives gifts from God that he may impart blessing to others, so, too, women have grace and power given them that they may be of service to those around them. But it is a sad fact that the Church, until quite recent years, has not recognised the value and importance of woman's work. In this respect I believe a deplorable blunder has been made. We see that the most prosperous organizations are those that press into their service the work of women. I believe that much, very much, of the success of the Salvation Army is due to the prominent part occupied in it by women. The Church Missionary Society, which first opened the way for women's work in the foreign mission field, has now utilized the service of ladies in its home organization; so, too, the Church Pastoral Aid Society and other institutions; while, in the political world, one may see what enormous influence has been wielded—for good or for ill does not so much matter, as we are not discussing politics—by the Dames of the Primrose League.

What I think we want now is a very marked

development of women's work in individual parishes. But I would not be misunderstood. I do not like the idea of women-preachers; neither the pulpit nor the platform is, in my judgment, a suitable sphere for a woman's abilities. The work that women can do in the parish, and do, I believe, far better than men can ever hope to accomplish it, is that of personal dealing with individuals. And what work can be more important? There is no branch of Christian enterprise so fruitful in good results as that of seeking to influence individual souls.

I plead, then, for an extension of women's work in the parish. I know that already many noble hearted ladies work in Sunday schools, and a smaller number devote their time to district-visiting; but even in these directions their efforts have not met with the recognition they deserve at the hands of the dignitaries and rulers of the Church. We are constantly hearing of the formation of Lay Helpers' Associations, with the membership confined to men; we want now an association of women-workers, properly organized and duly acknowledged by the authorities.

OUR BIBLEWOMAN.

There should be, I think, in every parish where the people are poor, a Deaconess, a Biblewoman, and a Sick-Nurse. The last-named personage would be a most important acquisition. I shall not easily forget the enthusiasm manifested by a poor woman whom I visited in a Bristol slum when she told me of the many kindnesses the sick-nurse—who by the bye was the property of several parishes—had shown to herself and her family in times of affliction. But the ladies who usually fill the offices I have mentioned are so circumstanced that they require a small stipend, and this is often fatal to their employment in parishes where they are most needed. But are there no women who, for the love of Jesus and of the souls He died to save, will volunteer for such work, if only on a small scale? I am sure there are. Just as now it is not difficult to get hold of men who will give up their leisure to work gratuitously in parishes unable to afford a paid agent, so I am sure there are women—always more self-denying than men—who would readily give some of their spare time to the cause of Christ's poor, if only they were sought out.

I trust that these few rambling remarks may lead some godly maiden or matron to *offer herself* for work in her own parish, or, if that be unnecessary, in some place where her services are urgently required. May I indicate some of the ways in which such an one might help on the cause of Christ?

There are, of course, the Sunday school and the Band of Hope,—and what higher work can a woman desire than that of training up the young for her Lord?—but these are so obvious that I pass them by without further comment. But upon the question of district-visiting I should like to say a word. That was at one time a favourite occupation with ladies who desired to play—I use the word advisedly—at church work, and a fine muddle they often made of it. It was no uncommon thing for such a visitor to act the part of the inquisitor, and to ruthlessly trample under foot every spark of self-respect her victim possessed, thus alienating at the very outset those whom she was supposed to want to befriend. It was this kind of thing that made "district-visiting" unpopular even with the clergy; but I think we are learning a more excellent way now. There is a splendid field open to women with sympathetic, loving hearts to visit in the homes of the poor. They will be welcomed effusively if they will only show that their mission is really one of love. The visitor, such as I have in my mind, should not be above scrubbing a floor, making a bed, or washing the children, if such services are really needed. How many a sick-room would be brightened by such kindly offices as these! And they would give the visitor an opportunity of speaking to the poor suffering ones of the love of Jesus with a power she could not otherwise easily acquire, for they would show that she really cared for them.

But I readily admit that it is not every woman who could do that kind of work. No one, however, need remain idle. There is plenty to do. The Bible is, unhappily, almost an unknown book in many homes. Let women go to women and read and explain some of its precious teaching to them. If this kind of work had been done regularly and systematically in years gone by, the state of many homes would have been very different to-day from what it is. There is no book like the Bible, and there are few persons better able to read and explain it to poor women than women themselves.

Many other ways might be mentioned in which women can work for their Lord amongst the poor, the weak, and the sinful,—such as the conduct of classes for working girls, teaching in ragged schools, etc. The godly woman who really consecrates herself to the Master's use will not be long idle, for He will open up the way of service. Let women give themselves to definite Christian work, and they will not only be made a blessing to others; they shall assuredly experience rest and peace in their own souls.

H. C. H.

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER I.

CHARACTER.

SOME years ago several artists agreed each to paint, not from life but from imagination, a picture in which they should embody their ideas of female beauty. A similar task is mine now. I wish to describe what appear to me the most beautiful features of womanly character, to sketch slightly what an ideal woman should be. It is of the utmost importance that we should keep up for ourselves and for our country a high standard of womanly character. If we aim high, we shall accomplish something; if in anything we aim low, we are apt to fall even below our aim.

Unselfishness is one of the most beautiful features in womanly character. It is represented in the most ancient tales and legends as characteristic of female heroines, even to the extent of self-sacrifice. How lovely is the story of Iphigenia, the maiden who, on hearing that the wrath of an offended goddess against her father could only be appeased by her death, willingly accepted her fate, although at first indeed she shrank from it, bewailing

"That ne'er for her should choirs of virgins lead
The festal dance, nor sing the bridal lay."

Similarly, in the Bible, we find women portrayed with this same characteristic of unselfishness. Jephtha, living in days when "every man of Israel, ignorant and untaught, did what was right in his own eyes," had caught the gloomy tone of the superstitious heathen tribes near whom he lived, on the east of the Jordan. He vows to offer to God the first object that meets his eye on his return from battle. That object proves to be his daughter, coming to welcome him with timbrel and song. She hears his vow, and bids him not to vex himself for her fate, but, with touching childlikeness, she asks for a little reprieve, during which with her girl-friends she may wander amongst the loved scenes of her youth. Then she returns, a willing sacrifice, not to propitiate an angry God, but as a thank-offering on behalf of her father and her people. She remains a nameless but unforgotten example of womanly self-sacrifice.

So too Ruth, the young Moabitish widow, instead of remaining amongst her kith and kin, where she might soon have made another marriage, chooses rather to share the fortunes and the poverty of the old mother of her husband, the object, she doubtless remembered, of his tender love and regard.

Esther, too, raised to unexpected royalty, is willing to risk crown, position, and life itself for her people.

"If I perish, I perish," she says, as she utters her resolution to face the eastern despot, who, like the sensual tyrants of more modern times, was likely enough to cast her aside, or hand her over to the executioners.

In all these cases we admire the same unselfishness which is ready to give life itself for others. Nor is this high devotion wanting in our own days. It is seen in our Agnes Jones, our Florence Nightingale. It is shown in many a humble life. Perhaps no classes of women furnish more examples of it, though the names of the heroines are never known to fame, than those who have to earn their own living either as governesses or as servants. What scores of these noble creatures save out of their scanty incomes to support an aged father or mother, or to pay for the education of a brother or sister. Beyond all honour are their unnoted self-denials, often involving their own poverty when sickness or age comes upon them.

Yet, spite of these many examples of loving self-sacrifice, it is to be feared that there is still much selfishness amongst us in all ranks of life. The young lady, engrossed with her lawn-tennis parties and her balls, too often neglects her home duties. "What do you think about your going abroad?" asked a friend of a young girl in high health and spirits. "Oh," she replied, "it will be delightful! It is just what I should like." "But I was not thinking what you would like. I was thinking, how will it suit your sick mother? can she bear the journey?" rejoined the friend. The girl was silent. *She had not thought of that.* "She had not thought of that." There is the secret of much selfishness. We think of ourselves. We forget to think of others.

So, too, I fear, in many a cottage home, daughters are apt to hurry off after the day's work to the party or pleasure walk, scarcely stopping to see whether a few minutes cannot be spared to "help mother." Money is spent on smart jackets and showy hats, part at least of which might have been spared to lighten "father's" weekly bills. So again, in a hundred little ways, want of thought leads to selfishness. The girl who has gone far from home forgets to write to her parents in the excitement of her new occupations or pleasures. Young people complain when "a fuss" is made by an old grandmother if they "forget" to look in to see her, or neglect to give the morning or the parting kiss.

A selfish daughter, letting her mother slave for her pleasure, a selfish wife unable to turn from her cares and pains to sympathize with a hard-working husband, what miserable spectacles are these!

Gentleness is another characteristic of beautiful womanhood. A loud, harsh voice, rough, bustling manners, or cold, sarcastic bearing, are alike unsuitable. "A soft voice," says Shakespeare, "is a thing most excellent in woman." The hurry-skurry and excitement of these days are not apt to produce gentleness of manner. Let us endeavour to resist the tendency of our times to an opposite style. There is such a power in gentle ways, gentle words, gentle acts, and even in gentle looks.

We need hardly say that industry must be another trait in our ideal woman's character. This virtue was indeed one of the most valued from the earliest times. The women of Greece and Rome lived industrious lives! They spun the clothes of the household; prepared the food, superintended every domestic matter. Nor were the women of Old England less occupied. Their

days were filled up with busy toil, while perhaps their husbands were out fighting. They were also both doctors and nurses to attend them when carried home wounded or sick. To fill the day with occupation, to work not grudgingly with hand or brain, must be a pleasure to a worthy woman.

Shall I add that womanhood must indeed be pure as the driven snow? "The wife of Cæsar must be above all suspicion," was a proud emperor's saying. So should it be with a Christian woman. Never should she risk her name by foolish conduct or silly flirting. These are days when men and women, and especially *young* men and *young* women, are thrown together much more than formerly, in business and in recreations. There should be ever a calm self-respect amid the freedom of such intercourse.

"When modesty, like to a shield,
Is by each gentle maiden borne,
Then shall each youth due honour yield,
Who meets the flippant girl with scorn."

The true woman will also be one who loves God, and seeks His blessing in all she does. A woman without religion seems indeed an unnatural monster. In her weakness she should feel the need of God; in her purity yearn after Him.

Such are some of the features of a beautiful womanhood. The Bible gives us no specimen of a perfect woman. It presents us only with true pictures of women, in whom goodness and imperfection co-exist. Some may say that the Virgin Mary is the scriptural type of womanhood. She furnishes, indeed, a lovely example of simple trust and humility; but her position was too exceptional, and the notices of her are too brief and scanty, for us to take her as our pattern. The fact is, that there is no virtue required of women which is not likewise required of men. It is most important that we should remember this. Should a woman be unselfish? So also should a man be. Should a woman be gentle, pure, religious? So also should men be. Let us not for one moment excuse them from the same obligations. Thus for men and for women alike there is but One Perfect Example, the "Man Christ Jesus." In His life how clearly may be traced the virtues of which we have spoken, along with every other! In Him we see self-sacrifice indeed. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me!" His life was full of labour, and radiant with gentleness, purity, and love to God and man. "Let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus!"

E. A. W.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

"THY kingdom come!" Lord, in my heart,
Rule Thou in grace and love,
And let me show on earth below
Some type of heaven above.

"Thy kingdom come!" Lord, rule the world
With providential sway:
Let nations hear Thy word, and fear,
And love Thee, and obey.

"Thy kingdom come!" Lord Christ, return
To this lost world again,
To claim Thine own, and on Thy throne
To take Thy power and reign.

—o—

"Thy Will be done."

THY will, O Lord, not mine,
By me be ever done;
My will be lost in Thine,
As shadows in the sun.

Lord, help me to fulfil
The pleasure of Thy love,
As angels do Thy will
In heavenly realms above.

Let me like them attend
The audience of Thy word,
Then forth Thy servant send,
A witness for my Lord.

So shall I here below
Improve Thy mercy given,
And in earth's want and woe
Foreshine the life of heaven!

JAMES SILVESTER.

—o—

Truth and Life.

ALL are not taken! there are left behind
Living beloved, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a blessed thing;
And tender voices to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so, if I could find
No love in all the world to answer me,
Nor any pathway but rang hollowly,
Where "dust to dust" the love from life disjoined;
And if with parchèd lips, as in a dearth
Of water springs, the very deserts claim,
I utter to those sepulchres unmoving
The bitter cry, "Where are ye, oh, my loving?"
I know a voice would sound, "Daughter, I am!
Can I suffice for heaven, and not for earth?"

E. B. BROWNING.

A Case of Insomnia.

I CANNOT get my doll to sleep,
O dear, O dear!
To morrow she will be so cross,
I fear, I fear.
(*Oh, hush-a-by!*)

For dollies, if they keep awake,
You know, will get
All out of tune, as children do,
And cry and fret.
(*Oh, hush-a-by!*)

If I could see the doctor-man,
Perhaps he'd fix
A sleeping dose for wakeful dolls—
You know they mix
(*Oh, hush-a-by!*)

Sleep in a bottle; how it's done
Nobody knows,
Nor where the doctor gets the sleep—
He does, I s'pose!
(*Oh, hush-a-by!*)

M. F. Butts.

The Idiot Boy.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

An idiot boy, whose parents had died in a distant land, was placed on board a ship to return to Europe. He had no friends to look after him, and his forlorn condition might well have excited compassion in every breast. A child alone, an orphan, deprived of God's best and most perfect gift of reason—could any object more claim the kindest consideration? But, alas! the infirmities of those whose minds have lost their balance, or whose faculties, like a flower nipped in the bud, have never been properly developed, too often only excite thoughtless contempt and ridicule, and so it was in this case. Poor Joseph became the laughing-stock of the whole crew. Sailors, stewards, nay, even the little cabin-boys, made fun of him. Every day he was the object of their ceaseless tricks. Their ingenuity seemed to be continually taxed to persecute and annoy him. They would trip him up as he passed; they would hustle him as he went down the companion-ladder, and make no room for him at the meals; they would tease him with their questions, and bewilder him with their contradictory commands; they would frighten him with their threats; and when at last, stung with rage by their treatment, he would look round for some weapon by which

he could strike and revenge himself, they would stand around mocking at his ridiculous and impotent wrath.

One day in particular this sport was going on with more than usual animation. The poor idiot was in an agony of distress, and his tormentors in a corresponding degree of mirth and amusement. Just then a fair and delicate little girl, the only child of a lady on board, happened to come near; and, seeing what they were about, she ran to the poor idiot and threw her arms protectingly around him, exclaiming, as she did so, "Oh, you wicked, wicked men! How can you be so cruel?" The sailors shrank back abashed, and for the first time felt ashamed of their conduct. The girl and the idiot stood alone in their midst. Then the poor boy threw himself at her feet, patting and stroking them, and behaving very much as an affectionate dog would do to a kind benefactor. Looking up, he then fixed a long earnest gaze upon her, as if wondering who or what she could be who showed such unexpected kindness to so miserable a being as himself. She did indeed look like a little guardian angel come to his rescue, her blue eyes moist with pity, her golden hair falling in long waving ringlets over her shoulders.

For many days after this incident the vessel sped rapidly on its way. The voyage appeared likely to end as prosperously as it had begun. Already the passengers were anticipating a speedy arrival at the desired port, and, standing together in twos and threes, talked of their future schemes, and of the friends whom they expected to welcome them home. In such happy mood as this, all went as usual one night to rest. Darkness had fallen around. Only a few stars peered out of the cloudy sky. Scarcely a sound was to be heard.

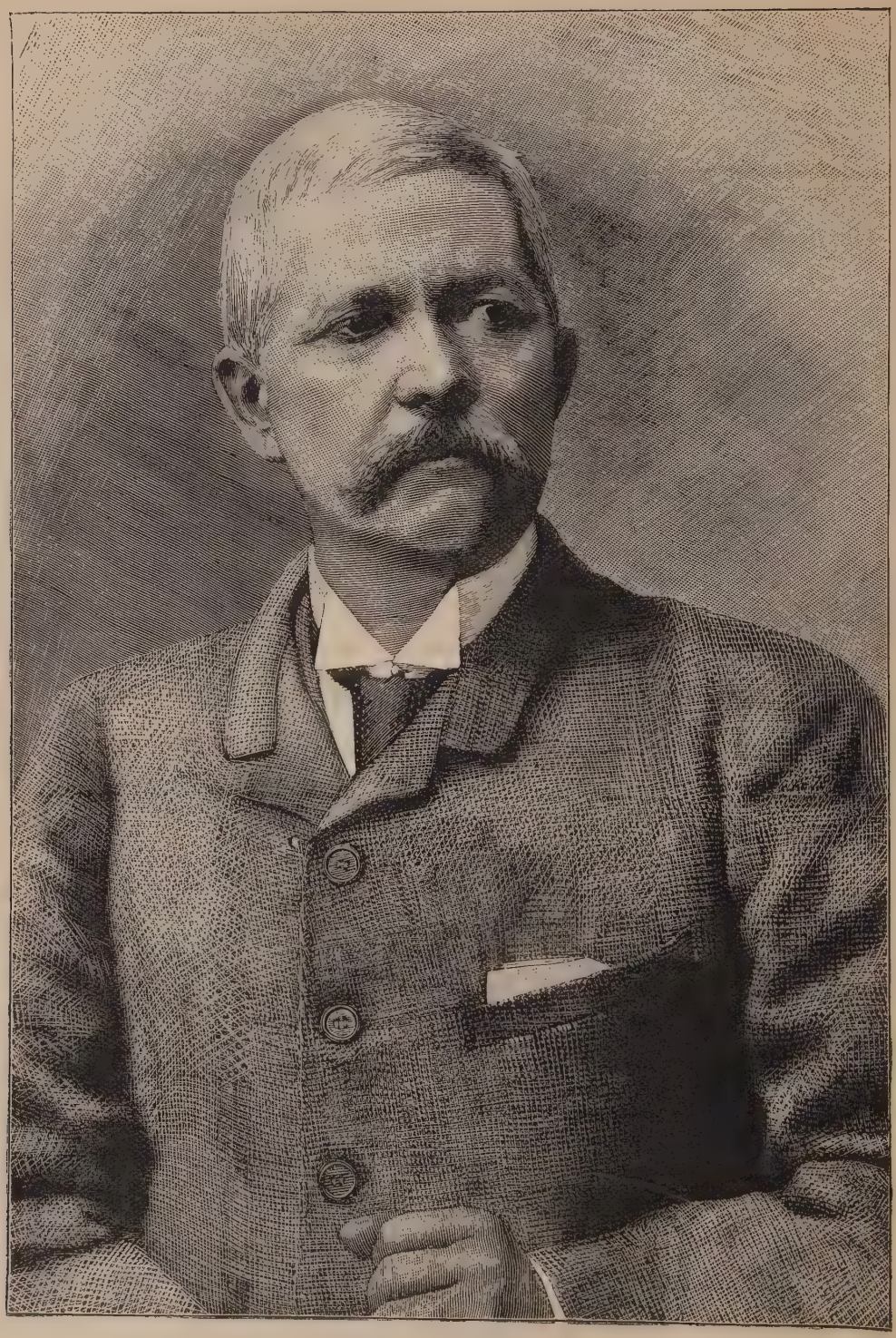
"Is any silence half so still
As this upon the trackless deep,
When all around the quiet waves
Appear to murmur in their sleep?"

Suddenly the intense calm was rudely broken by a loud, ringing scream, followed by shouts of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" In an incredibly short time, the deck, a few minutes before quite deserted, was thronged by a crowd of passengers, rushing hither and thither in the greatest excitement, some only half clothed, some with nothing but a blanket hastily thrown around them. Cries, screams, oaths, prayers, sobs, mingled together in a strange hubbub of noise; and meanwhile true indeed proved to be the cause of the alarm! There from the hold were bursting raging flames! Having come in contact with some barrels of spirits, they were sweeping with fearful rapidity over the ship, running up the masts, and making an illumination as splendid as it was awful. It was evident that the vessel would soon be consumed. Happily the captain's voice was heard amidst all the confusion, and it secured some degree of order. The boats were quickly got out and manned, and the terrified passengers jumped into them, fear enabling them to make a leap from the deck which they would not have attempted in cooler moments. Soon all the boats were filled, and two of them were already pushing rapidly away from the burning wreck, when a lady, who was in the third one, suddenly sprang to her feet, and with piercing accents screamed out, "My child! my child! Oh, where is my child?" It was the mother of the idiot's friend, who had been hurried in a state of excitement bordering on delirium into the boat, and now, in comparative safety, woke up to the awful dread that her child was lost. But at that instant, lo! the idiot boy was seen carrying the fainting little girl in his arms, and bearing her as quickly as he could through the dense smoke to the side of the ship near which the boat lay. All eyes were fixed upon him as he approached. The boat was already heavily laden, yet in sight of that mother's agony the sailors could not relinquish the hope of saving her darling. The idiot was now at the ship's side. The terrible and urgent peril seemed all at once to rouse his torpid intellect. He looked around, as if taking in that there was only death before him by either fire or water except in that little boat, and that in that little boat there was room—only for *one!* An expression of horror swept over his features, but in another instant, stooping as far as he could over the bulwarks, he let the little maiden's senseless form drop into the sailors' arms. A great and heavenly smile for one moment illumined his whole countenance, and then, his foot slipping from the burning deck, he fell heavily into the deep waters. The boat rowed swiftly away, and he was seen no more.

May we not believe that loving angels joyfully welcomed his emancipated spirit into the home above?

"In that fair world of perfect bliss
Is lost all sense of woe in this."

In our memory's gallery of noble deeds let us keep a little corner at least for that of poor Joseph, the idiot boy. E. A. W.



DR. H. M. STANLEY.

AUGUST.

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

THE family party closed round Frank again, rejoicing over his success, but a little grieved by the sight of his hollow cheeks and heavy eyes. He laughed at this. It was nothing, a little overwork, a little anxiety, all over now. And now—

But here a formal knock came at the door, and Rosa went to answer it, for the Smiths had long since dispensed with even their little maid-of-all-work. She returned, ushering in Dr. Harland, who entered, followed by Marion, and seized Frank's hand with a loud and hearty "Wish you joy, my boy, wish you joy with all my heart," and then sat down and pulled out his snuff-box.

Dr. Harland was a stout, florid, elderly man, with little twinkling eyes that brightened over a good dinner or a funny story, and shot sparks when he was annoyed, for the genial doctor was a decidedly peppery person at times. One of the old school, he delighted to call himself, and if there was one thing in the world Dr. Harland hated, it was "new-fangled notions," especially notions about medicine. He would never read any ordinary book that was less than forty to fifty years old. Pope was a good enough poet for him, he would say, and he liked Rogers' *Italy*, and *Rasselas*, and *The Spectator*, and cared nothing for anything so new-fashioned as Wordsworth. He would also never study any modern medical work; all discoveries of a later date than his own boyhood came into his catalogue of new-fangled notions, and were disapproved of accordingly. "*Experience*, my dear sir, experience makes the doctor," he would say. "What's the good of cramming your head with books? The bedside's the only real book. Experience, my dear sir, depend upon it, that's the first and last secret of doctoring."

Forty-five years of experience had firmly settled one conviction in the doctor's mind. This was, that almost all illness is the result of too much health, a plethora which overflows and causes ill humours to collect. This belief was common enough in the days of his youth, and perhaps was more often justified then, when every one who could manage to afford it dined off solid beefsteak and drank profusely of port wine or claret, or at least of good strong ale. Dr. Harland stuck to his faith in it, and bleeding and lowering treatment were his usual course for any and every malady. If unhappily the patient died—why, what then? Men must die at some time; the doctor is not to be blamed for that.

"Well, my boy," he said, taking a pinch of snuff, and holding his tortoiseshell and silver box out to Frank's grandfather, "so you're a qualified man. And a lot of the modern stuff they've stuffed you with, eh? Ha, ha, ha! vile stuff, vile stuff!"

"Well, Dr. Harland, I have learned all I could. I don't feel that I know everything yet," said Frank.

"Bless you, no," said the doctor; "nor would you if you learned at books for fifty years. Get experience, my boy—wait till you are my age, then you may begin to talk of knowing. I've never read any of the new stuff, and look at my practice!"

"Still," said Frank, "you don't despise the progress medical science has made, I am sure, Dr. Harland. Medical remedies, surgical appliances—why, we can save scores of lives now that must have been lost fifty years ago, and relieve pain that must have been most terrible to endure!"

"Yes, oh yes, of course," said Dr. Harland hastily. "But now for yourself, my boy. I suppose you expect the roast pigs to run after you, crying, Eat me, now that you have passed your examination. But I tell you they won't. Examinations are only the first fence; the real thing is to get the patients. Well, I think you've a fair chance; you have plenty of sense, and—yes, I think so, your face and voice will give confidence. Oh yes, by and by you'll get on!"

"You are most kind, Dr. Harland," answered Frank. "I did mean to come and ask your advice as an old friend of my father's. You have always been a kind friend, and I shall value your advice."

The old doctor nodded his head, and took another pinch of snuff.

"Come, that's the way young people ought to speak," he said. "I'm very glad to find that your studies haven't made you conceited, Frank. There's no standing some of you young fellows who think you know everything after a few years' cramming. Well, then, I'll give you the best advice I can, my boy, before you go off to settle in town."

"Oh, but Frank is not going to settle in town just yet, papa!" broke in Marion.

"No, Dr. Harland; he intends to remain here for a while," said Frank's mother. "The real truth is, expenses have been great, and"—

"And I thought that here I could pick up a good deal of experience, sir," said Frank. "You have often said yourself that, since my father died, there has been more work than one man could possibly do, so I know I cannot be a nuisance to you. When I can see my way to settling in town, it is a wider sphere in some ways, and there is more chance of learning the new treatments."

Dr. Harland brought down his walking-stick with a heavy bang on the floor.

"I—understand—you're—going to set up—here? As a doctor?" he asked, speaking very slowly, as if trying to take in something very surprising. "And you think you'll really find something to do?"

"I shall have to try," said Frank sadly.

"If you remember, Dr. Harland, there has always been enough for two doctors to do here. Since my husband went there was Dr. Birch, who left because the air did not suit him," said Mrs. Smith.

"Miller's Roothing did not suit his pocket, you mean," said Dr. Harland gruffly. "He thought he could compete with me—cut me out, perhaps, with his new-fangled treatments. But I tell you this, Frank Smith, Essex louts, Essex yokels, Essex calves, as they call them, the peasantry, and still more the farmers, have more sense than you give them credit for. They will have a man of experience on whom they can rely. Indeed, Frank, I did wish you a better fate than that of poor Birch."

He paused and looked round for a reply, but nobody spoke; and, as he scanned the faces of his listeners, he perceived that they all wore a saddened and discouraged expression. Only his daughter Marion turned upon him a beseeching look. He went on in a calmer tone.

"Do not mistake me; it is from a sincere interest in Frank that I speak thus. As for me, I am growing old; I should be glad to rest a little. But I repeat that one cannot force people to have confidence all in a moment in a lad without experience, whom they have known from a baby. They don't care about your new treatments; and, between you and me, I am not sure that they are far wrong. What's the good of it all, I'd like to know?"

The hot blood had rushed up into Frank's forehead. He knew well enough that the old doctor's learning was not profound, but he was not quite prepared for this wholesale disparagement of knowledge, and indirectly of his own studies.

"Well, Dr. Harland," he said, "willing as I am to acknowledge the importance of experience, I cannot agree that nothing more is needed, or that all research and discovery in medicine is useless. What a loss it would be if no one had discovered the use of—let us say—quinine in

medicine, or the operation for cataract in surgery. And'—

But Dr. Harland's eyes were sparkling dangerously.

"Yes, yes," he said; "it is evident that your diploma is a brand-new one. You think your ounce of knowledge will go as far as my pound of experience. But I have no leisure now to discuss these matters with you. Marion, my child, you are forgetting that we dine at the Hall to-night. Do not be late, they are punctual people. Come, come and dress. Good evening, Mrs. Smith; good evening, *Doctor* Frank Smith. Think over your plans, young man; they may arrange themselves more hopefully." He hurried his daughter away. Frank was about to close the door behind them, when a cheery voice bade him not shut out old friends. Plump, good-natured Mrs. Avey from the Mill, with her two pretty daughters, Connie and Millie, were coming along.

"And I've put on my Sunday bonnet on purpose to wish you joy," said the good lady, shaking his hand vigorously as she entered.

Altogether the day of Frank's home-coming was one which he would not soon forget. Alone at last, when all the family had gone to rest, he stood by the window of his little bedroom in the roof and looked out at the moonlight lying peacefully over the village and the fields, and the winding brook that had been a playfellow to Frank as a child. Childhood was over, boyhood was gone; he stood here now, a man, with the battle of life before him. He thought of the future and of the past, of the mother who had made such sacrifices for him, of his sister also and the old grandfather, and last, but not least, of Marion Harland, and a crowd of thoughts and hopes crowded together into his brain.

Since so much tender and unselfish love had been shown to him, he must do his utmost to prove worthy of it, and he *would*. He saw himself in imagination going about his daily work, tramping over the meadows to distant cottages, hastening in and out of village homes, everywhere soothing, helping, relieving pain, giving back children to anxious mothers, snatching strong men from the jaws of death, that they might live for their loved ones. He saw himself successfully increasing in repute and in knowledge, able to do more good as the sphere of his fame widened.

"Surely," he said in his heart, "God cannot fail to let me prosper. It is no mean and selfish ambition that I have cherished, but the high vocation which is but one from the highest. Yes, I will win money to earn comforts for my loved ones; I will win fame, but not for fame's sake; I will glorify God by serving my fellows, as even His Son did not disdain to do."

Frank opened his Prayer-Book to read the evening Psalms before going to rest. It was the seventh of the month, and surely no words that he could have found would better have suited the circumstances that at this time surrounded him.

"*Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*

"*Delight thou in the Lord; and He shall give thee thy heart's desire. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.*"

The cloud of anxiety which Dr. Harland's words had raised in Frank's mind, wearied as he was with over-study, seemed to melt away in a moment. Kneeling by his bedside, he prayed long and earnestly, and then, with a happy, hopeful heart, fell into peaceful sleep.

CHAPTER III.

One November day, three or four persons were sitting in Dr. Harland's dining-room, which served as a waiting-room, anxiously expecting the doctor's return. These were poor patients coming to him in his capacity of parish doctor at his appointed hour, from twelve o'clock till half-past one. They formed a melancholy group as they sat there weary with waiting, for it was almost one o'clock, and still Dr. Harland had not appeared. One was an elderly man in whose face it did not require a doctor's eye to read that he was suffering from acute liver complaint. Eyes, complexion, and the look of utter sadness and depression told their own tale only too plainly. Beside him sat a poor but decent-looking woman, nursing on her knee a little girl of about ten years old. This poor little child's face was covered with fearful sores, evidently from scrofula, which made her almost too dreadful an object to look at. Nevertheless the mother was kissing and petting her, with that tender mother-love which can never see anything repulsive in the loved sufferer.

On the other side of the room was seated a sturdy young fellow, who gave no sign of sickness or suffering, for the strength of his limbs, the fresh colour in his cheeks, and the size of his muscles, visible when every now and then he seized his stick with an impatient movement, as if really at last his patience must give way, all showed plainly enough that there was no lack of muscular strength in young Thornton the blacksmith.

It was very quiet in this room: the mother fixed anxious eyes upon her poor child, the two men seemed listening intently for sounds out in the street.

'I hear a carriage,' said the older man at last.

All sprang to their feet, but the young blacksmith, looking out, said in disgust, 'Only another man riding, who most likely wants the doctor too.'

They heard the bell pulled and the door opened, and a loud voice declaring that Farmer George over at Theydon Hall had had a stroke, and that the doctor was wanted immediately.

"Worse and worse," said young Thornton. "When he *does* come in, he'll be in such a hurry he will not be able to listen to us. It's our proper hour—he ought to give it us if he takes the parish money."

"Yes, but you see my lady at the Court sent for him early this morning. The maid declares he has been gone these four hours, and you understand"— said the older man.

"I understand that my money is as good as Sir Richard's," grumbled the blacksmith. "There's my work left to go to the dogs, because the doctor spends all these hours with an old lady whose pains are all in her temper, as they say."

"Well, you can afford to pay," said the other; "I wonder you don't go over there to Dr. Frank Smith."

"Father don't hold with such a young fellow," returned the blacksmith. "He says it's practice makes the smith, and the doctor too."

"Well I don't know," said the elder man wearily; "if 'tweren't for the money, I'd as lief try him, for I don't know but Dr. Harland's leeches are digging my grave. It is leeches to-day, and gruel to-morrow, till I've neither blood nor flesh left. And am I better? Look at me."

"Well, I can't say as you look much to boast of, Mr. Prior," said the blacksmith, after a good long stare.

"Didn't I tell you?" said the other, with a triumph that was almost comic. "And you, Mrs. Burns, that child of yours looks worse each time I see her. I suppose you don't pay the doctor, now?"

"Oh, but we do," she answered, with a touch of pride.

"Then why don't you try Dr. Smith? They say he's splendid with the children."

"Well, I don't hardly know," answered the poor mother, looking sadly at her child. "You like what you're used to; and then she's so kind, is Miss Marion—many a drop of soup and bit of nice jelly she's brought the children, and a doll for Mary Jane at Christmas."

The man shrugged his shoulders and grunted. Meantime the young blacksmith, losing all patience, had risen to his feet, and was stamping about the room, bringing down his stick with a noise which seemed to attract attention in the house, for the door opened and Marion Harland entered.

"You have to wait a long time; I am so sorry," she said. "But papa really cannot be longer now; I expect him every minute."

"So the servant's been telling us for two hours past, miss," said the blacksmith, with a comical effort to be civil, and to express his grievance at the same time.

"You must really not blame poor papa," said Marion gently. "Do you know I am really very anxious about him, he works so terribly hard to try and do justice to every one. He had been out half the night, but off he had to go again this morning. Oh, Mrs. Burns, here you are with your dear little Mary Jane. How is she?"

"Bad, miss, very bad," sighed the poor mother. "I'm thinking she's not long for this world."

"Oh, don't talk like that," said Marion cheerfully. "My dear Mrs. Burns, you know how it is with children. One day they seem very ill, quite thin and wasted, but you find something that does them good, and then all at once they pick up, and in a week they are plump and rosy. Sometimes even those sickly children seem to make the strongest men and women."

"But look at her poor face, miss!"

"Ah, yes, but think how much better it is that she has thrown it all out. You wait a bit, Mrs. Burns. I used often to think what a pretty child your Mary Jane was; you'll soon see her get back her looks."

Her cheerful voice and the confidence with which she spoke quite comforted the mother, and the child revived at the sight of a packet of chocolate creams, and began to laugh and clap her wasted hands.

"Thank goodness, here comes the doctor at last!" said the blacksmith, as a carriage drew up before the house.

Marion ran down to the street door and opened it, but to her surprise she was met by a gentleman who took from his mouth the largest cigar she had ever seen, and asked if the doctor were at home; his business was very pressing, he added.

"My father will be home directly, Captain Rogers," said Marion. "Please come in and wait a few moments."

"I can't wait," was the impatient answer. "I tell you it's torture for a man in my state to anchor; I must and will see him at once."

THE DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS.

"I am very sorry," began Marion, looking at this very impatient patient, who was fidgeting up and down the little hall. "Will you not wait in my father's study? there are papers there and books."

"No, thank you. Sit still and read! I only wish I could. There, don't you trouble yourself, Miss Marion; I'll walk up and down the garden and smoke my cigar."

Marion opened a side door which led out into the garden, and at that moment a high gig drove up rapidly. Her father had returned at last. Entering the hall, he flung himself down on the nearest seat, and motioned his daughter away when she came near to tell him of the patients who were waiting.

"A little peace, please!" he said. "I'm fairly done, and that's the fact. Bah! Who would wish to be a doctor? It's a dog's life, simply! When other people are warm in bed, one's dragged out to see a man whose own misconduct has made him ill. One comes back—and in an hour's time, it's the same thing. Day and night, night and day, one is at every one's beck and call, here and there and everywhere, in every sort of weather; and, to wind all up, one is blamed because an old woman of eighty has to obey the laws of nature."

"Dead, father? Lady Thorpe?"

"Dead at last. Four mortal hours I have been by her bedside, while she could not make up her mind either to die and have done with it, or to do my treatment justice by getting better. And then her son must needs turn round upon me. *Me!* Does he think I can change the laws of nature? Now then, speak, child—who is next?"

"Farmer George at Theydon Hall has had a stroke. They want you to go at once."

"I suppose so. Of course I can contrive to be in three places at once. Well, any more?"

"Captain Rogers is waiting in the garden, wanting you very badly. Poor dear papa! After all, it is something to have such a practice!"

The doctor only grunted, and pointed to the door of the waiting-room.

"Three sick people, waiting a long time," said Marion.

"They will wait a little longer. I'll see Rogers. No, stay—let me get rid of these waiters. Fetch Captain Rogers to my study meantime." So saying, he went off quickly to the poor patients

"Now, good people, I have little time to give you; so spare me any long stories, and just answer my questions as quickly as you can."

While making this declaration, he took hold of the young blacksmith, felt his pulse, gazed into his eyes.

"A plethora," he said. "We want lowering here. You stand aside; I will bleed you presently."

"Me! bleed me!" said the blacksmith. "That's your fun, doctor."

"Fun? What do you mean? Too much health is the matter with you, too much"—

"Yes, but I am not sick, sir. It's father."

Dr. Harland bit his lip. In his haste and annoyance he had made an awkward mistake. He hurriedly put up some medicine for the old blacksmith, and then examined the sick child. Here he found a lowering treatment would be necessary; the ailment was, he said, the result of over-nourishment developing gross humours. Skim milk was to form the chief diet. There might be hope, he could not say; the constitution was evidently bad. In the meantime, plentiful doses of rhubarb and senna would be needed. The mother went out, sobbing, which further irritated the doctor. "Come, come," he said; "don't cry at me, my good woman. You know I am doing my best for you." Then to the sufferer from liver-complaint he peremptorily ordered a dozen leeches. But a spirit of doubt and questioning seemed to be abroad to-day. Instead of accepting the prescription gladly, and going away content, the patient took upon himself to grumble.

"If you'd order me a bit of nourishment, doctor, I'm sure I'd take it kindly," he said. "Just look at my hand! it's perfectly yellow, and you can see through it almost. Parson would give me the bit of meat if you'd only order it. I believe now I'd mend if I could but get my teeth to meet in a bit o' steak."

"Steak, indeed!" almost shouted the doctor; "don't look at one if you value your life! Home you go at once, and my man shall come round and put the leeches on. I should like to know what the world is coming to! Here are my patients making out their own prescriptions! Eat steaks indeed—eat poison! Toast and water and water-gruel, my man, that's your diet till you get rid of this inflamed and overloaded condition of body. Now, for pity's sake, do *go!*" The last word was fairly shouted.

"I'll go, sir. All I beg is, you'll not trouble to send any leeches. If I'm to die, I'll die without feeding them again. Wish you good day, sir."

The doctor closed the door after this patient with a bang that relieved his irritation a little. What a loss the nations have who dwell in tents and have no such safety-valve for the vexed temper!

But Dr Harland closed the study door quietly; the patient who was stamping restlessly up and down the room was in no mood to endure further irritation.

"What the mischief"—he began violently; then, with a great effort at self control, "You've had a very busy morning, it seems, doctor."

"I should think I had indeed, Captain Rogers. And, as far as I can see, I shall have a busy afternoon too; I have just been sent for to Farmer George. Ten miles if it's a yard, and the old man has a stroke, they say. He is strong; it will take a good deal to kill him, and meantime I shall have to go that journey in all weathers. Ah, captain, you're a lucky man! you don't know what hard work is."

"Yes, I do," retorted the other, "and exposure to the weather too. I haven't been to sea for nothing. I'd hard work there, boy and man, and hard living too, and now I've neither one nor the other. And I was a happy man then, and I'm a wretched man now; and it's my conclusion that hard work's no evil so long as you've got good health aboard.'

"Umph! Well, my dear sir, a man in your present position certainly ought to be able to enjoy life," said the doctor.

"That's just it," declared the sailor. "I'm well content to tie up to the pier now; but there's one thing I can't stow, and that is this miserable state I'm in. My sister's ill, and

I'm ill. Well, I'm a plain man, doctor, and I want a plain answer. You told me three months ago you'd soon set us both right, but she's worse, and I'm worse, and what I have to say now is just this: if you don't understand the navigation of the thing, say so, and we'll 'bout ship and hail another pilot."

The captain rested a brown hand on each knee and looked stedfastly into the doctor's face. Dr. Harland felt extremely annoyed. Here was one doubt after another thrown upon his abilities. What was the world coming to? —that was what he wanted to know.

Meantime the angry tone with which he could suppress the grumblings of his poor patients would not do here. Conquering his irritation by a desperate effort, Dr. Harland summoned a cheery laugh to his aid.

"Understand navigation! No, my dear friend, I wish I were you to understand anything so interesting. All I understand is sickness, my dear sir, sickness which attacks every one whose system becomes, as I may say, overcharged with health. Dear me! if it never attacked worse constitutions than yours, what an easy life we doctors should have of it!"

"Well, I don't quite see that," rejoined the sailor. "I've been sailing by your orders for three months past, and my sister too, and we don't make way. No, doctor, there's no denying it, we don't make way."

"My dear sir," said Dr. Harland, relapsing into a professional tone, and producing his great snuff-box, "I must impress upon you that this is a case for patience. Your nerves, we know, are affected, and nerves cannot right themselves in a moment. They are like slack ropes—you take my metaphor, captain?'

The patient nodded. "You're the man that's got to make them taut."

"But you don't obey my orders. You persist in eating too much."

"I lived for three weeks on slops. After that the ship wouldn't trim, sir. No craft can sail without either cargo or ballast; that's seamanship and medicine too, I should think."

"Umph!" grunted Dr. Harland, whose wrath was beginning to rise. 'Since you are so perfectly capable of taking charge of your own case, sir, I suppose I need hardly interfere.'

"Never said so," rejoined the sailor calmly, "Shouldn't think of taking my own ship through straits I didn't know. We sailors hail a pilot then, so I came to you. Got my sister in tow as well, sick too."

"Then, sir, having got your pilot on board, as you express it, you seem to refuse to let him guide your ship."

"By no means, sir. But if the skipper can't sight the harbour lights in a reasonable time, and if the pilot seems to be all abroad, why, his course is plain; he'll lower a boat and ask the pilot to step ashore."

Here the sailor produced another cigar of the same enormous size as that which had amazed Marion.

"I told you not to do *that*," said Dr. Harland, pointing to it.

"Well, doctor, in few words, will you try another treatment upon me? You're steering up the wrong channel, both with me and my sister, it's no use denying it. 'Bout ship if you like I'll give you another chance."

Dr. Harland's eyes were airly ablaze now.

"Confound your wilful waywardness! what do you mean?" he shouted. "Am I, with my fifty years' experience, to be browbeaten in this way, told I am ignorant, ordered to change my treatment? I'll not endure it, and so I tell you, you little skipper of a merchant vessel—accustomed to send half a dozen cabin-boys scampering up rope ladders"—

There was something so comical in this description of his former crew that Captain Rogers fairly laughed. Then he rose to his feet.

"Good day, then, doctor. Be kind enough to send me the bill. I'll—hail another pilot."

Dr. Harland's anger cooled as suddenly as it had blazed up. At this moment such a suggestion was peculiarly disagreeable to him.

"Sit down again, my good friend, at least for a moment," he said in his most genial tones. "You think of consulting another doctor? I am sure I shall be most glad you should have a second opinion; it is a great relief to us medical men when the patient hears the same thing from more than one of us. But one word of warning I should like to give you. Do not, I beg, allow yourself to be taken in by young men fresh from their studies, provided only with a few showy phrases, learnt by heart, and a little superficial knowledge decorated with a modern glitter. What, I ask you, can they know? Having no experience, they experiment with dangerous and new-fangled remedies upon their unfortunate patients, so that often, even when a

temporary cure seems to have been effected, a hurtful agent has really been introduced into the system, which will in the end shorten the days of the too-confiding victim. I beg you, sir, as a friend, not to trust your valuable life to such unpractised hands."

As he spoke, Dr. Harland had quite persuaded himself that he was only doing his duty in delivering a grave and much-needed warning. The sailor listened with due attention. When the doctor had finished, however, he looked up and asked bluntly, "Do you mean your opposite neighbour, Frank Smith? I don't know him at all, but all I have heard was to his credit, and he seems to have plenty of patients."

Dr. Harland took another pinch of snuff.

"I speak merely of the general run of young doctors," he said. "As to my poor friend Smith's son, I know for a fact that his patients are not so numerous as they say. Here and there a poor wretch goes to him who has been given over by more capable men, and a few of the labouring class who knew young Smith as a boy, and are now impressed by his new wisdom. He's a good lad, a very good lad, and in time I do really think he'll make a doctor; but of course as yet no man in his senses would entrust him with an important case. The measles or the mumps if you like, but a case like yours or Miss Rogers'—no, no, my dear sir, you and I know better than that, I hope. Come, sit down again, Captain Rogers," — for the sailor had risen; "let me tell you of a case in which I pursued the same treatment."

"No, doctor," was the answer in a very quiet and decided tone. "My mind is quite made up. We'll part friends, and I hope now and again you'll shove alongside us, and have a smoke and a yarn. I bear no grudge, and you need bear none either, since we've had it out honestly. I'll go and consult"—

"Frank Smith," suggested Dr. Harland, with a bitterness which he could not repress, and which caused the sailor to look at him curiously.

"I never thought of him," he said; "I quite agree with you about young doctors. Money is no object to me, I am thankful to say. can go to Chelmsford for advice, or to London itself. Tell me, do you know Dr. Moore of Chelmsford? I might apply to him."

"Moore? Oh yes, I know him." Unhappily no name could have been less welcome to Dr. Harland; Dr. Moore had not long since made some very disparaging remarks upon his management of a case. "Good surgeon, Moore, but a very poor physician," he said. "I can tell you of one or two better men. Sit down again and I'll just run over them. Come, captain, I'll depart so far from my treatment of you as to exhibit a bottle of my best port wine. Take this arm-chair—I'll run and fetch it."

But the sailor was not to be beguiled.

"Thank you kindly, but I'll stick to it," he said. "We'll part friends. Morning, doctor;" and he made for the door. But at the sight of his departing figure Dr. Harland's self-control fairly deserted him. He pursued the retreating patient and caught his hand.

"Rogers, my good fellow," he said in a tone of entreaty, "don't leave me like this. Consider my feelings. Think of the gossips—what will they say? Good heavens, what *won't* they say! Come back, there's a good fellow, and let me have the chance of trying another treatment."

But with a hasty "No, no, don't press me. Good-bye," the sailor shook himself free and fled, jumped into his phaeton and drove off at tremendous speed.

Dr. Harland returned to his study and threw himself into an arm-chair. To him came Marion, and tried to soothe his weariness and irritation. She had a great plan for the future, she said. Why should not her father give up the dispensary work? Then he would still have plenty to do, and earn at least enough for their simple needs. Somewhat more timidly, she suggested that the dispensary work would be an immense boon, a valuable start to Frank Smith. Poverty, she knew, was making its sharp tooth felt in the young doctor's home. This last statement, it must be owned, did more than all her coaxing to soothe Dr Harland's ruffled spirit. He was his cheeriest self again when he kissed his daughter, and started again in his gig for Theydon Hall Farm.

(*To be continued.*)

The Rope in the Belfry.

An old author says: "Prayer is the rope in the belfry: we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." And so it is. Keep that bell moving. Pull it well; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will send answers of peace according to your faith.

What shall be done to the Man that killeth this Philistine?

BY THE REV. SIR EMILIUS LAURIE, BART.

"What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?"—1 Sam. xvii. 26.

WE talk of working men's difficulties. Most of us are working men; most of us have our difficulties; but few have ever had such a difficulty to contend with, as the men of Israel had, when Goliath of Gath, proclaimed his challenge in their hearing, "Give me a man, that we may fight together."

For forty days "the Philistine drew near morning and evening," and "cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me." But no one took up the challenge. It was not that there were no brave men in the army of Saul: Jonathan, at all events, was there, and he was of the bravest. But a single-handed combat with the mighty Philistine seemed altogether hopeless; and no one cared to risk his life, much more the honour of his country, in a duel which could have but one issue. It was at such a moment of national peril and humiliation that an arrival took place in the camp of Israel, which proved the turning-point of the war.

A young shepherd, whose three eldest brothers were serving in the army of Saul, had been sent by his father with a supply of provisions for them, and a present of ten cheeses for the captain of their thousand. He reached the circle of waggons which formed a rude fortification round the camp, just "as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle." Joining his brethren in the very midst of the lines, he heard the challenge of Goliath (now made for the fortieth time), beheld the panic which seized his countrymen, and was told of the reward offered by the king to the man who should kill the giant. The young man's spirit was stirred within him: "And David spake to the man that stood by him, saying, What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine, and taketh away the reproach from Israel? for who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?'

We know what followed: the jealous anger of David's brethren,—his introduction to Saul,—his preparation for the combat,—the combat itself,—the victory in which it issued. But the whole of this noble scene is too large for the canvas which this chapter can pretend to cover. I seek only to fix your attention upon the first springing up in David's mind of the purpose to accept the challenge, and upon the formation of that brave resolve upon which such great results depended. It was a critical

moment in David's life; a great opportunity offered itself to him; why and how he availed himself of it is worth knowing and remembering.

1. The approach of the crisis was unknown to David. For aught that appears in the narrative, the family of Jesse was kept in entire ignorance of the progress of the war. Electric telegraphs and newspaper correspondents are modern inventions. Little did Jesse think, little did David imagine, that the mission of the latter to the camp of Israel was to be other than a mission of peace. "And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren; and carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge." How natural, how homely was this errand! How improbable that it should end as it did! Far off was the heathen warrior, of gigantic stature, clad in complete armour, defying day by day the armies of Israel; whilst from his quiet home at Bethlehem was setting forth a shepherd youth, swift indeed of foot and strong of arm, but trained to no warlike arts, and carrying no weapon but his shepherd's sling. How unlikely that these two should ever meet; how far removed from the thoughts of both of them, that they were soon to engage in deadly strife!

2. But though the crisis came unexpectedly upon David, it did not find him unprepared. He had learned to fear God, he had learned to trust God, and he had found Him to be his "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." He had known a great danger and a great deliverance; a lion and a bear attacked his flock, he slew both the lion and the bear, and he felt that he owed his safety to God. "The Lord delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear." He had moreover gained a victory over a foe, the hardest perhaps of all to conquer,—he had learned to rule his own spirit. Witness the meekness and forbearance of his conduct when his brother spoke so tauntingly to him: "Why camest thou thither? and with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle. And David said, What have I now done? Is there not a cause?" But David's son has taught us, that "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city" (Prov. xvi. 32). The crisis, therefore, found David living in the fear of God, ruling his own spirit, strong in faith, zealous for the Divine honour, conscious of the Divine protection. A man so armed is prepared for any emergency; he carries with him a power before which opposition must give way; he does not seek, but he does not shun danger; and when he fights, he conquers.

(*To be continued.*)

A Lost Love Restored.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES writes from Hawthorndale, Bracknell: "I walked over this morning to call on a friend whose wife is a skilful ornithologist, and has the brightest and healthiest aviaries known to me. I was particularly struck with one of them—that for foreign finches, in which some fifty birds from all quarters of the globe were flitting about and prattling to one another on the swinging perches. They were of all colours, generally very brilliant, and almost all unknown to me. Among those that attracted me most was a gentle little hen, almost white, a 'zebra finch,' the mistress told me, which she had got through an advertisement in the *Exchange and Mart* from a perfect stranger. Rather more than a week after the arrival of the 'zebra finch,' she had another letter from her correspondent, saying that a 'Bengalese,' who had shared the cage of the 'zebra finch,' had shown such evident signs of distress ever since their separation, that if she would put two shillings and sixpence into the poor-box and accept the disconsolate bird, he should be sent off at once. She gladly complied with the condition, and in due course the 'Bengalese' arrived, and was turned into the finch aviary. Here, amongst the fifty strangers, he at once singled out his lost love, who was sitting meekly on a perch in a distant corner, and flew straight up to her side. She seemed equally delighted, and they rubbed bills and shoulders, and in the intervals of such bird-like caressing, prattled away to each other as though recounting their respective adventures since that sad parting ten days before. To-day there was not a brighter bird in the aviary than that 'Bengalese,' or one more unlike his faithful mate in plumage or form."

Dr. H. M. Stanley.

"IN DARKEST AFRICA"—A MISSIONARY PLEA.

THE history of Mr. Stanley's latest travels in Africa has now been given to the world, and there can hardly be a doubt that it will rank as one of the most remarkable books of the century. It ought to be read by every one, and certainly to none will it be more interesting than to those who feel the burden of the Lord's last command, to preach the gospel to every creature. Just now, Africa is the one part of the great mission field that arouses enthusiasm in the minds even of those who are callous to the calls of the heathen populations of the world. Mr. Stanley's book gives us a clearer insight than we ever had before of the grand possibilities that country presents to the Christian worker, and it cannot but be believed that one result of its publication will be that numbers of devoted, consecrated men, fired by the love of their Lord and of the souls He died to save, will go forth to win Africa as a jewel for the Master's crown.

It cannot be denied that the friends of foreign missionary work were somewhat troubled when they first heard of Mr. Stanley's proposed expedition. They could not but be fearful lest the news of an armed force, advancing into regions where the ambassadors of Christ, notwithstanding the bloody murder of the lion-hearted Bishop Hannington, were preaching the Gospel of peace and goodwill, would enrage the cruel tyrant M'wanga, and lead to a massacre of all the white men and their Christian followers. These fears were happily groundless, and it cannot be too distinctly borne in mind that the result of Mr. Stanley's expedition has been to open Africa to missionary enterprise, as it was never opened before. His geographical discoveries are of priceless value to the traveller, while it may fairly be ascribed to his influence that the Government of this country have preserved for English enterprise the territory of Uganda and other districts consecrated by the bones of many martyrs. There was a very real danger, even as late as a month or two ago, that these regions were to be handed over to German influence, and that the Romish priests were to have them as their monopoly. Mr. Stanley protested vehemently against such outrageous concessions, and was sternly rebuked by the Premier for doing so. But, nevertheless, his views have prevailed, and it is not surprising if in some quarters the settlement is looked upon as a case of cause and effect. At any rate, Mr. Stanley has opened up East Africa to the gospel; it is now for Christians to go in and possess the land.

When one recalls the incidents of his wonderful three years' wanderings in Africa, one cannot but recognise the hand of Almighty God guiding and protecting the traveller Here is what Mr. Stanley himself says on the subject:—"I recognise the hand of the Power which guided me through Africa, and brought us safely home to testify gratitude to the Disposer of all things as He saw fit.' And he writes, as the very last words of his marvellous story,—

"THE THANKS BE TO GOD FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN."

This grateful tribute to the mercy of God is in pursuance of a vow Mr. Stanley made when beset with difficulties and dangers in that awful forest which has been so frequently referred to, and which occupies so large a

portion of the first volume of Mr. Stanley's book. "Constrained at the darkest hour," he writes, "to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess His aid before men. Silence as of death was round about me; it was midnight; I was weakened by illness, prostrated by fatigue, and wan with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery. In this physical

EMIN PASHA.

and mental distress, I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with a rapturous joy. In full view of all . . . was the long-lost rear column."

It is not my intention to present any formal review of *In Darkest Africa*, but simply to indicate one or two respects in which Mr. Stanley's story is of particular interest to the Christian worker.

And first, no one can read these remarkable

volumes without feeling that Mr. Stanley believes in the civilisation and Christianisation of Africa. It was only natural that he should have been—well, we will say disappointed, to find Emin engrossed with his beetles and insects; but the following extract shows that Mr. Stanley was vexed because he found that Emin's hobby blinded his eyes to the highest interests of his people. "The time had come to begin a forward movement. The Pasha was devoured to augment his bird collections. I knew he was an ardent collector of birds and reptiles and insects, but I did not know that it was a mania with him. He would slay every bird in Africa; he would collect ugly reptiles, and every hideous insect; he would gather every skull, until we should become a travelling museum and cemetery, if only carriers could be obtained. Now, all this made me feel as if we were engaged in a most ungrateful task. As long as life lasts, he will hold me in aversion, and his friends, the Felkins, the Junkers, and Schweinfurths, will listen to querulous complaints, but they will never reflect that work in this world must not consist entirely of the storage in museums of skulls and birds and insects; that the continent of Africa was never meant, by the all-bounteous Creator, to be merely a botanical reserve, or an entomological museum."

Mr. Stanley is pre-eminently a man of action, and has very clear ideas about what the continent of Africa was meant by the all-bounteous Creator for. His methods would no doubt be different to those usually pursued by the missionary, but of one thing we may be sure,—his devotion to what he believed to be his duty could not be surpassed even by the most earnest worker. Take his remarkable conversation with Major Barttelot, who complained at being left behind, while Mr. Stanley pushed forward, as an example of the spirit that animated him:—"Now, major, my dear fellow, don't be silly. I know you feel sore because you are not to go with us in the advance. You think you will lose some *kudos*. Not a bit. Ever since King David, those who remain with the staff and those who go to the war receive the same honours. Besides, I don't like the word *kudos*. The *kudos* impulse is like the pop of a gingerbeer bottle—good for a V.C. or an Albert Medal, but it effervesces in a month of Africa. It is a damp squib, major. Think rather of Tennyson's lines,—

> Not once or twice in our fair island story
> Has he path of duty been the way to glory.

There, shake hands upon this, major. For us the word is 'Right onward;' for you, 'Patience and forbearance.'" *Kudos*, Mr. Stanley tells us, is nothing to him. Here are his own words when speaking of the feelings which animate him, and of the sense of satisfaction at the accomplishment of the task entrusted to him and to his brave and devoted companions:—"Now let me for a moment speak proudly. Knowing what my companions and I know, we have this certain satisfaction, that, let envy, malice, and jealousy provoke men to say what they will, the acutest cross-examination of witnesses in a court of justice would elicit nothing more, so far as we are concerned, than a fuller recognition and higher appreciation of the sacrifice and earnestness of the endeavour which we freely and gratuitously gave to assist Emin Pasha and Captain Casati, and their few hundreds of followers. Money, time, years, strength, health, life, anything and everything—freely, kindly, and devotedly—without even giving one thought to a reward, which, whatever its character might be, would be utterly inadequate as compensation. To one like me, what are banquets? A crust of bread, a chop, and a cup of tea is a feast to one who, for the best part of twenty-three years, has not had the satisfaction of eating a shilling's worth of food a day. Receptions! They are the very honours I would wish to fly from, as I profess myself slow of speech, and Nature has not fitted me with a disposition to enjoy them. Medals! I cannot wear them; the pleasure of looking at them is even denied me by my continual absence. What then? Nothing. No honour or reward, however great, can be equal to that subtle satisfaction that a man feels when he can point to his work and say, 'See, now the task I promised you to perform with all loyalty and honesty, with might and main, to the utmost of my ability, and God willing, is to-day finished. Say, is it well and truly done?' And when the employer shall confess that 'it is well and truly done,' can there be any recompense higher than that to one's inward self?" Noble words, well said. The Christian worker will not forget that he too must be animated by the same spirit. To hear *his* Master's words "Well done" will be his most gratifying reward.

Mr. Stanley had overwhelming difficulties to encounter, and within a month or two of the start he was almost in despair. By the middle of August 1887, at which time he had reached Itiri, a settlement near the Mabengu Rapids of

the Nevva River, as part of the Upper Aruwimi is called, the state of affairs generally was anything but cheering. He writes:—"Our condition at the river camp was this. We had thirty-nine canoemen and boatmen, twenty-eight sick people, three Europeans, and three boys, and one of the Europeans (Lieutenant Stairs) was suffering from a dangerous wound, and required the constant care of the surgeon. One man had died of dysentery at Avisibba. We had a dying idiot in camp, who had become idiotic some days before. We had twenty-nine suffering from pleurisy, dysentery, incurable debility, and eight suffering from wounds. One called Khalfan was half strangled with the wound in his windpipe; another called Saadi, wounded in the arm, appeared dangerously ill, his arm was swollen, and gave him great pain. Out of the thirty-nine available I had despatched three separate parties in different directions to scout for news of the missing column, lest it was striking across some great bend to reach the river a long distance higher up, while we, unable to stir, were on the other side of the curve. Across the river the people of Itiri, perceiving we were so quiet on our side of the river, seemed to be meditating an attack, and only two miles below on our bank was the large settlement of Mabengu,

from whose inhabitants we might hear at any moment, while our little force of thirty-nine men, scattered in various directions, were searching for the missing three hundred. But the poet said that it became—

> no man to nurse despair;
> But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms
> To follow the worthiest till he die.

"I quote from my diary of August 18: 'The idiot fell asleep last night. His troubles are over, and we have buried him. I wonder if Tennyson were here, who wrote such noble lines, what he would think of our state. A few days ago I was chief of three hundred and seventy men, rich in goods, munitions of war, medicines, and contented with such poor comforts as we had, and to-day I have actually only eighteen men left fit for a day's march, the rest have vanished. I should be glad to know where. A few more days of this disheartening work, attending on the sick, looking at the agonies of men dying from lockjaw, listening to their muffled screams, observing general distress and despondency, from hunger, and the sad anxiety caused by the unaccountable absence of their brothers and comrades, with the loss of three hundred men impending over me, must

have exercised a malign influence over myself. I am conscious of the insidious advance of despair towards me. Our food has been bananas or plantains, boiled or fried, our other provisions being preserved for perhaps an extreme occasion which may present itself in the near future. The dearest passion of my life has been, I think, to succeed in my undertakings; but the last few days have begun to fill me with a doubt of success in the present one.'" Yet he struggled bravely on, and he did succeed. So, too, must it ever be with those who want to accomplish anything that is really worth doing. Africa stands in dire need of men who will not be frightened at difficulties, but who in their Lord's strength will work might and main to overcome them. Such a man was the late Alexander Mackay, of whom Mr. Stanley writes generously:—"A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man who spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep, and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful, lonely, and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, M'wanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind working day after day for twelve years bravely and without a syllable of complaint or a moan amid the 'wilderness,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving kindness in the morning and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."

I must not quote further passages, but those selected will, it is hoped, show that the greatest living authority on Africa recognises the good that is latent in the native heart, and that it only needs the patient effort of the Christian teacher to bring it out. Mr. Stanley's book is in effect a challenge to the Christian Church, to go and teach the poor natives who are perishing in thousands for lack of knowledge, and it must not go unheeded. His appeal, years ago, on behalf of King M'tesa was responded to; but whereas only seven men went out then, seventy times seven ought to be despatched now. There should be no difficulty in the matter. Mr. Stanley has shown us that English pluck and English devotion are not exhausted, and shall it be said that, while a band of men could be easily organised to rescue a garrison, there were but few volunteers to plant the Cross in the heart of Africa?

H. C. H.

A Faithful Ministry.

"He that hath my Word, let him speak my Word faithfully."—Jer. xxiii. 28.

FAITHFUL art Thou, O Lord, in all Thy ways.
Thy promises stand fast for evermore;
Thy Word of truth doth celebrate Thy praise—
Great in Thy goodness, gracious in Thy power:
Man's unbelief can make no change in Thee—
Faithful abidest Thou eternally.

Lord, let Thy ministers be like Thyself,
All faithful watchmen after Thine own heart—
Preaching the gospel not for praise or pelf,
Choosing for good or ill the better part,—
Nothing to know save Him for sin that died;
Counting self nought if Christ be glorified.

O let them speak Thy word as in Thy sight,
No base corrupters of the heavenly gold,
But like good stewards using it aright,
And freely giving unto young and old:
Thus in their teaching may they ever be,
Faithful to souls, and faithful unto Thee.

So when hereafter, round Thy glorious throne,
Thy ransomed ones of every name shall meet,
Christ all His faithful pastors then will own,
Crowned by His hand, and in Himself complete;
And to them bring their people, now their praise—
The fulness of their joy through endless days.

James Silvester.

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES I., A.D. 1629-1640—THE TYRANNY.

CHARLES never again had a favourite whom he loved as he had loved Buckingham, the unwise but brilliant friend of his youth. Two remarkable men, however, became his principal counsellors and supporters. These were William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas Wentworth, who was created Earl of Strafford.

Laud, when about thirty-three years of age, was introduced to James I., and to please Buckingham was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, although the old king foresaw that he would prove a troublesome man to his country. "He hath a restless spirit," he said, "which cannot see when things are well, but loveth to toss and change and to bring matters to a pitch of reformation floating in his brain." This was true, and "the pitch of reformation" at which Laud aimed was simply to root out the Puritan party from the Church of England altogether. Since the days of Elizabeth there had always been two parties within the National Church, those who sympathised with the Reformed Churches abroad, and wished to make the Church at home still more Protestant, and those who would have nothing to do with any non-episcopal Church, and who, while opposed to Popery as a whole, yet held the Romish Church to be a true branch of the Christian community, and who gave to the English clergy a position similar to that of Romish priests abroad. To this latter party Laud belonged, and he was determined to crush every other. With Charles's unwavering support, he succeeded in making himself a sort of pope in the land. Bishops, priests, judges, nobles, magistrates, all classes felt his power, nor was that power rendered popular by any personal qualities. Though truly pious, he had not learnt to control his temper, which frequently broke out into violent passions upon the slightest contradication or provocation. "Thorough" was his watchword and that of Strafford; and this meant, in religion, "thorough" subjection of the laity to the priesthood, and in politics, "thorough" subjection of the nation to the king.

Thomas Wentworth was a very different man. He began public life as a suitor for the favour of Buckingham. Repulsed by him, he threw himself into the popular side. "Since they breathe on me a disgrace," he exclaimed, "in the face of my country, I shall crave leave to wipe it away as openly, as easily." His voice was one of the loudest against the loan demanded by Charles. Together with Pym, he went to prison for refusing to pay it. "If," said he, "he did not faithfully insist for the common liberty of the subject to be preserved whole and entire, it was his desire he might be set as a beacon on a hill for all men else to wonder at." "It is as such a beacon his name has stood from that time to this." After the death of Buckingham he was won over to the side of Charles, and thenceforth no one more bitterly opposed his former friends than he. They keenly felt his forsaking them. "The sin of his great apostasy," said they, "could not be forgiven in this world till he went to another."

Yet, in fact, the heart of Wentworth could never have gone wholly with Eliot and Pym. Proud, scornful, "given to insults," he despised the people. He was more cut out to be what he actually became, "the very embodiment of tyranny." He was made first President of the Council of the North, or governor of the northern counties, and then Lord Deputy of Ireland. Here he had full scope for his "absolutism" as representative of his king. He surrounded himself with royal state; he made all wait upon him. Himself the most punctual man in the empire, he would keep his council for hours waiting his pleasure. By his loud and threatening tones he frightened his audience into compliance. "*Well* spoken it is, good or bad," he wrote to Laud, "I cannot tell whether; but whatever it is, I spake it not betwixt my teeth, but so loud and heartily that I protest to you I was faint withal at the time, and the worst for it for three days after." He fined a sheriff £1000 for opposing him, and

every man of a jury £4000 a-piece. For a careless speech about himself, he sentenced Lord Mountmorris to be dismissed from the army, sent to prison, and sentenced to death. He claimed all Connaught for the king, on the ground that the nobility and landowners could not produce sufficient legal proofs of their titles to their estates. Where Wentworth was, there could be but one tyrant. Therefore at first his rule was of some use in Ireland, which had been at the mercy of many tyrants before. But such a system of "*bullying*" as his could not fail to leave a sting behind, and wherever Strafford went he might be feared, hated, and obeyed, but never was he loved. It were hard to say whether men writhed more under the cool scorn of the Lord Deputy, or under the fiery invectives of the Archbishop.

Such were the men by whose aid Charles ruled without a Parliament for eleven years, from A.D. 1629 to 1640. The period has been styled "The Tyranny," and it deserves the name. It was a tyranny whose oppression was felt throughout every class of the people. Merchants and tradesmen felt it in the taxes laid on all sorts of goods. Gentlemen felt it in the fines wrung from them if they refused to be knighted, and from countless other pretexts. Even widows and orphans felt it, for Government claimed large sums from the wards under their care. But most of all the tyranny pressed upon all those who belonged to the Puritan party, and by the term Puritan came to be understood all who did not share the High Church views of Laud. "If any gentleman maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, he was a Puritan; in short, all that crossed the views of needy courtiers or the proud, encroaching priests, all these were Puritans." James charged his son to "hate a proud Puritan," and now every one was held to be a "proud Puritan" who did not crouch at the feet of Laud.

Those were the days when the courts of High Commission and of the Star Chamber were in all their glory, and the influence of Laud was predominant in both. Among the numerous persons who were "*star-chambered*," as it was called, the following were the most noteworthy :—

1. In 1630, Abraham Leighton, for writing a book against prelacy, was fined £5000 to the king and £3000 to Laud, and to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure.

2. In 1633, for writing a vehement book against the theatre, which was supposed to reflect upon the queen, W. Prynne was fined £5000, sentenced to the pillory, and had both his ears cut off.

3. In A.D. 1637, Bishop Williams, having offended Laud, was condemned to pay £5000 to the king and £3000 to Laud, and to be imprisoned during the sovereign's pleasure.

4. In 1638, for distributing pamphlets against the Bishops, John Selburne, a London apprentice, was severely whipped from the Fleet to Westminster, set in the pillory, and kept in prison three years, till set free by the Parliament.

5. But the case which excited the greatest indignation was that of Prynne, Barton, and Bastwick, who were brought before the Star Chamber together in 1637. Barton, a London rector, had published two sermons and a pamphlet charging the Bishop of Norwich with Roman innovations. John Bastwick, a Colchester physician, had published an answer to the Papists, which Laud disapproved. For this he had been fined already £1000 in the High Commission Court, and forbidden to practise medicine. Prynne, the irrepressible Somersetshire gentleman, had again published a pamphlet obnoxious to the Archbishop. Prynne, Barton, and Bastwick were now each fined £5000, condemned to the pillory, to lose their ears, to be branded "S. S." (Sowers of Sedition) on both cheeks, and to be imprisoned for life, without access to friends, books, or writing materials! From their pillories the prisoners harangued the multitude, who admired their constancy, and expressed their disapproval of their punishment by groans and hisses. To put a stop to all expressions of sympathy, Laud ordered the sufferers to be confined separately at Launceston, Caernarvon, and Lancaster. To his amazement, their departure from London, and their whole journey, bore the appearance of a triumphal procession. The roads were crowded with friends and spectators, not less than a hundred thousand gathered together between Smithfield and a little beyond Highgate to see Barton pass. Laud indignantly fined some persons who showed hospitality to Prynne on his journey, some £500, some £300, and some £250. He blindly thought to crush pity by punishment, forgetting that—

> Sympathy still deeper grows,
> When chidden is the tear that flows.

A tide of indignation was gradually swelling in England, which would ere long sweep away Church and monarchy alike in utter destruction!

E. A. W.

The Golden Egg.

THE HEN THAT LAID IT.

ONE day when the master and the mistress were walking in the garden a stray hen ran out from under the pea-vines. The master drove her out of the garden very gently, for he was feeling a little troubled, and he said,—

"Oh, Biddy, if you would only lay the golden egg, it would be all right, and you might stay in the garden as long as you lived"—

"And have our best marrowfat peas every day," said the mistress.

The hen ran away as fast as she could, flapping her wings and screaming, for she felt very much excited. She crept into the coop through a little place between the slats where she knew how to make room for herself, and cried,—

"Only think of it! The master will let her live in the garden always, if a hen only lays a golden egg! never to live in a coop, and to eat marrowfat peas every day!"

She was a silly hen, for she did not remember that the snow would soon cover the pea-vines, and that she would freeze if she did not come into the coop; but, even if she had been as thoughtful as a stork, she could hardly have remembered very much just then, for her story caused a great chattering in the hencoop.

"Did any one ever hear the like!" said a giddy young hen.

"Of course, when I was young," began an elderly hen, who was not always careful to be polite to the younger members of the community.

"I will consult the best authorities," said a near-sighted hen.

"I'll go and ask my grandmother," said a wise little chicken. So she ran off to her grandmother and asked her how to lay a golden egg.

"Who put that idea under your feathers?" asked the grandmother.

"The master," said the chicken. "He said that

any hen that would lay a golden egg might live in the garden always and have marrowfat peas every day."

"My little chicken," said the grandmother, and she put one claw on her bill and looked very wise, "when I was young, I heard a story that began: 'There was once a hen that laid for her master an egg of gold every day'"—

"And did she live in the garden always?" cried the chicken very impolitely.

"Chickens should not interrupt," said the grandmother. "You have confused me so that I forget what the end was, but I don't think she lived in a garden. I think it was something very unpleasant that happened to her. You'd better lay shell eggs and not think of golden ones."

She was an obedient chicken, and so she followed her grandmother's advice. She laid shell eggs, and raised chickens, and caught grasshoppers, and was as good as a hen could be. She had forgotten all about the story of the golden egg, until one day she heard a servant say, as he pointed to her, "There's that white hen now; she might as well be killed."

"That white hen!" said the master; "why, she's worth more than the hen that laid the golden eggs. She shall never be killed."

The hen was so pleased that she forgot all about the grasshopper that she was trying to catch, and could only sit down in the sun and say to herself: "Never be killed! never be boiled! never be baked! never be stewed!" She should escape the last insult that can be offered to a respectable old hen, and that is to be killed, and cooked, and served up as a spring chicken. How glad she was that she had followed her grandmother's advice!

Sunday Excursions.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.

LET us look for another instance of tyranny in the matter of Sunday travelling. Now you are probably aware that the chief plea advanced in favour of Sunday recreations by those who profess to advocate the working man's interest by such a plea, is that of necessity. It is urged that the labourer, after a week's toil in such a crowded city as London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, needs recreation, and that he has a perfect right, not only to cease from toil on the day of rest, but also to whatever reasonable enjoyment he has the honest means of purchasing on that day. Well, granting, for the sake of the argument, as much as that—who, we take the liberty to ask, who is the labourer? Is he not the railway porter, and the engineer, and the stoker, and the stationmaster, and the ticket clerk? Is he not the waiter at 10,000 houses of entertainment? —the beershop keeper, the tobacconist, the coffee-house keeper, the owner of the tea-gardens and the eating-house? Are these numerous classes anything but labourers? And have they not the same right to cessation from toil, with the city artisan, shopman, and journeyman? Who will venture to assert that they have not the same rights with their brethren, though those brethren be more numerous? No one. Is their need for repose and abstinence from work not as great as the need of the other classes of labourers? All will agree that it is just as great. And yet, in the face of necessities which no man denies, and of rights which all are so fond of asserting for themselves, what are the acts of the multitude who make the Sunday a day of pleasure? There is no escaping the conviction that they manifest the operations of the most deeply seated selfishness—inasmuch as they thrust others beyond the pale of that very advantage for which they battle so strenuously on their own behalf. What, in effect, says the artisan, who has worked hard for six days, to the railway officials, who have worked just as hard? He says—"I am weary with my six days' work, and although you are equally weary with yours, you must rise early on Sunday morning and get a train ready to carry me to the sea-side, that I may enjoy myself and be invigorated for next week's task. You must so arrange it that I shall be able to return before midnight, and then you may go home to bed." He says to the innkeeper—"I shall want dinner to-morrow in your town; so you cannot go to church, but you must stay at home and prepare it." He says to the tobacconist—"I shall want cigars, and you must be in your shop to sell them." But there is one house whose doors are legitimately open on the Sunday. But that house the excursionist seldom enters; for it is the house of God. And there is one man whose services he may legitimately command on that day. But that man he does not much trouble, for he is the minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. And so it goes on; and our excursionist, in the exercise of what he calls his rights, issues his orders on all sides, thinking everything of his own convenience, and nothing at all of the convenience, or rights either, of those whom he expects to minister to them. In a word, the six-day labourer turns master on the seventh day, and unscrupulously, inexorably, compels thousands of his fellow labourers to do that for him, which he is ready to denounce as most oppressive and most unjust, when it is exacted from him by his employers. Now what is this but tyranny? Spell it how you will—it is tyranny. The strong, because they are many, trampling under foot those who are weak, because they are few.

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbour's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity for every day usefulness.—*Selected.*

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER II.

LIBERTY.

NEXT to the word Love, there is none other which so thrills every human heart as Liberty. These two ideas, like golden threads, run through the whole of Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation. Slavery indeed soon appears in the world as one of the results of the Fall, and God did not at once forbid it. We do not give to little children lessons suited to adults. So God did not require from nations in their childhood what is due from Christian nations now. But He early showed Himself as the friend of the slave, and as in sympathy with the love of freedom. The first answered prayer was that of the son of a slave: "God heard the voice of the lad" Ishmael, and saved him and his mother from a cruel death by thirst. The first recorded angelic appearance was also to Hagar, and, though she was not allowed to share the free woman's privileges, God promised to be with her boy in the wilderness, and of all people, none became so free as her descendants, the Arabs, who to this day roam proudly in their deserts.

How sweet is the story of God's care of the poor lad sold as a slave into Egypt, when the "iron of his chains entered into his soul"! But God was with him, and in due time set him free.

Then comes the grand story of the national emancipation of Israel, after a bitter and ever increasingly cruel bondage of four hundred years. The king of Egypt, the greatest potentate of the day, is forced to open his hand and let the captive people go free; and when with retrograde obstinacy he desires to have them in his clutches again, he is overthrown, and Israel praises the Lord, "for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He cast into the sea."

Very many of the laws of Moses were to soften the lot of men and women in service. A Jew or Jewess might not be taken as a slave. Seven years was to be the longest term of hire. Even Gentile slaves, the Gibeonites and the Hittites, were to be kindly treated, and to rest on the Sabbath day.

Nehemiah sharply rebukes the nobles of his day for oppressing the people, for, it was complained, "we bring into bondage our sons and daughters, neither is it in our power to redeem them."

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen?" asks Jehovah by Isaiah; "to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke" (Isa. lviii. 6.) "The Lord hath anointed Me," it is prophesied of the Saviour, "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound" (Isa. lxi. 1).

In history there are no stories more thrilling than those of what men have endured to obtain liberty. When we were children we liked to read of William Tell, the brave Swiss, and of Alfred, our own good king, who saved England from becoming a mere province of Denmark! When we were older, we could feel for all noble men who have fought or died to protect the liberty of England. How delightful, too, it is to read of William Wilberforce, and how he never rested till England set all slaves free in every corner of her dominions! Britons and British subjects shall nevermore be slaves!

We live, indeed, in a free country, in days of abounding freedom. The question now is not, Shall we be free? but rather, Are there any necessary limits to freedom? and how can we make best use of our liberty?

"Free as the bird that in the air upsprings,
And mounts, and mounts, and higher mounts again.
Elate with liberty, he joyful sings,
Then stops delighted with his own rich strain.
Free as the wind that blows from east or west,
O'er varied scenes, and o'er the darkling sea;
Kisses the land it seems to love the best,
And whistles through its woods right merrily."

Free as this would we be, yet even birds and winds have laws which they must obey, and

limits of their liberty. The swallow must fly south at its appointed time. The winds, however much they diverge on their way, must tend towards the poles, and back again to the equator. Even so there must be limits to the liberty of every created being. What confusion there would be in the world if every one was free to do just exactly as he or she pleased in every respect! There would be no order anywhere.

We feel at once that the liberty of children must be greatly limited. They must obey. They must submit their will and wishes to their parents and teachers. They feel themselves that they have been very "naughty" when they disobey their rules. The matter is not quite so easy when they grow older. The girl or boy in his or her "teens" begins to rebel against control. They want their liberty. They think it high time they should be more free to order their own proceedings. They complain, "Father and mother treat me as if I were still a child." Sometimes perhaps parents are slow to relax the authority they have rightly exercised over children; they ought to accustom the young people gradually to freedom and its responsibility. But oftener there is a fault the other way. Young people are too impatient to break loose from control altogether. How much mischief this leads to! They often get into undesirable circumstances, and "make snares" for their feet, because they were so sure they could "take care of themselves," and would not follow their parents' advice. Oh, dear young friends, remember that if father or mother are strict, even as you think *too* strict, it is their love to you that makes them so! The day will come when you will think how happy you once were to be so loved, days when they at least cared for you enough to watch with the most jealous heed over your steps.

"I must have my liberty," says a girl, and, refusing domestic service, goes to the factory instead. Factory work must be done, and there are girls more suited for it than for household work. Yet a girl would do well to think twice before she turns away from a situation where she is sure of her pay, to the uncertain position of a factory worker.

The servant, too, insists upon her "liberty, meaning by that liberty to go out in the evenings, and stay out perhaps as late as she pleases. But the best places are not those where a girl has the most liberty. Too often then the mistress only cares to have her work done, and does not trouble herself further about the servant's welfare. Better far a place with less liberty, where the mistress takes a kindly interest in her servant's welfare, where she likes to know what friends she has to go to on her afternoon or evening out, and anxiously shields her from the many dangers which lie in wait for the unguarded young.

After all, what is the best use we can make of our liberty? It is to remember that we are responsible to God for it. We shall have to give account to Him for those days and hours which we so insist upon spending as we like. Our leisure hours are His as well as our working hours. We are never free from the obligation to serve Him. This is no bondage. It is not bondage when a loving wife spends her years in devoted care of her husband and her children. So the truest liberty, nay, the only true liberty, is when we yield ourselves with loving self-consecration to our God.

"In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty."

"He that committeth sin is the slave of sin," and that is the most bitter of all bondages. But "if the Son of God shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Oh, what a blessed lot is ours, when the hand of Christ gradually looses us "from the chains of our sins," and makes us more and more free from all that is evil, preparing us thus for that glorious future life, where love and liberty shall reign for evermore! E.A.W.

Can She Spin?

THERE is a trite but apposite moral in an anecdote told of James I., on having a girl presented to him who was represented as an English prodigy, because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek, and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but pray tell me, *can she spin?*"

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. VIII. The Serpent.

1. There are different kinds of serpents referred to in Scripture. What words, in addition to the general one, serpent, are used to denote those several kinds?
2. Why did Satan choose the serpent as his instrument in tempting Eve to sin?
3. Where do we read of serpent-charming, and where is serpent-worship probably alluded to?
4. Where are the following characteristics of serpents mentioned? (*a*) Their subtlety. (*b*) Wisdom. (*c*) Venomous bite. (*d*) Concealment in holes and hedges. (*e*) The oviparous nature of some kinds. (*f*) Peculiar mode of progression. (*g*) Dwelling in dry sandy places.
5. Of what, in all ages, has the serpent been considered an emblem?
6. Where are the plans of the wicked compared to the eggs of a venomous serpent? Where are their tongues likened to the reptile's bite?
7. The cerastes, or horned snake, has the habit of coiling itself and basking in the footmark of a camel, and then suddenly darting out at any passing animal. What allusion to this is there in the Bible?
8. Explain: The *deaf* adder; *Fiery* serpents; The fiery *flying* serpent; That *old* serpent; The *crooked* serpent; Dust shall be the serpent's meat; It shall bruise thy head; Nehushtan; Be ye therefore wise as serpents.
9. Mention those passages which promise God's beloved children immunity from the serpent's poisonous bite. How are those passages to be understood? What remarkable literal fulfilment is given in the Acts?
10. To what historical event in the Book of Numbers does Jesus refer to show the necessity of His death, and of faith in Him in order to salvation? In what do the events agree? In what do they differ?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. II.—The Eagle.

1. (*a*) Deut. xxviii. 49; (*b*) Exod. xix. 4; (*c*) Job xxxix. 27; (*d*) Prov. xxiii. 5; (*e*) Ex. xix. 4; (*f*) Ps. ciii. 5; (*g*) Job xxxix. 29.
2. (*a*) Saul and Jonathan; (*b*) Sennacherib; (*c*) Nebuchadnezzar; (*d*) The Chaldeans; (*e*) The Romans.
3. Riches: "Uncertain," 1 Tim. vi. 17.
4. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest." This probably refers to the hard life the Israelites lived in Egypt, to wean them from their love of its ease and abundance, and to make them ready and anxious to leave. Possibly also to the plagues.—"Fluttereth over her young." This refers probably to the cloud, sometimes before, sometimes behind, and sometimes above the camp, guiding and directing.
5. Its being suddenly and swiftly overrun by the armies of the enemy—devastation. (*a*) The eagle seems to never grow old; its strength is continually renewed even in old age, *i.e.* after the moulting season. Thus it is, as it were, continually becoming young again. (*b*) To cut off the hair was a sign of mourning. The eagle here referred to was probably the bald-headed vulture.
6. See Job xxxix. 27.
7. See Prov. xxx. 17.
8. Jer. iv. 13. Nebuchadnezzar's.
9. Moab.
10. (*a*) Ezek. xvii. 3, 7. (*b*) Matt. xxiv. 28.

WOODS IN AUTUMN.—*Page* 202.

SEPTEMBER.

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT same day, Frank Smith, thickly booted and gaitered, was trudging over the long field paths that make rights-of-way over every farm in that part of the country. There is a common but mistaken impression abroad that Essex is a very flat county. True it is that on the northern bank of the river, much of which was dense forest within the memory of some who are not quite "the oldest inhabitants," a wide space lies at a low dead level, where floods come out after even *one* day of heavy rain, and the ague is here not yet entirely a thing of the past. But in the region where the scene of our story is laid, a region of which Brentwood is the best known town, the country is hilly and pleasantly varied. There are no grand features, neither rugged mountains nor tumbling waterfalls nor deep river valleys. Red houses nestle in pleasant gardens and orchards, cattle feed in wide pastures, plenty of well-grown trees break the monotony of the hedgerows. Little copses, little brooks, small bright farm ponds abound; in summer the masses of green are relieved by the swaying gold of wide cornfields, by brilliant reaches of yellow mustard, pink or white clover, rosy lucerne. It is all rather commonplace, perhaps, but all very prosperous and comfortable-looking, homely, quietly cheerful, very *English*. And every few miles a church tower, sometimes handsome and solid in square red brick, sometimes of wood, the delight of antiquarians, quaint and old-fashioned, points to the sky. "Be glad, be thankful," the voice of nature seems here to say. "Be at home, be content," sing the birds. It is wonderful that here, within twenty or twenty-five miles of London, there are so many birds even now. The ferns and wild-flowers are being uprooted and carried away to sell in the great city; so fast is this work of destruction proceeding that some say ere long they will have disappeared altogether. Happily the wild singing birds are not fashionable for any purpose, and so here they gather in numbers, and make earth beautiful with their songs.

But the time of singing birds, the time of flowers, the time of golden harvest, and even the time of gorgeous autumn tints, were all over as Frank Smith strode over the long field path. Nature's mood and his own seemed well in harmony to-day. Low gloomy clouds hung heavily in the sky, a few last leaves were fluttering cheerlessly down. Mother Earth seemed to be once again turning to her rest with a sad heart. "I have striven and not attained," seemed to be the burden of her thoughts to-day. So much gay promise in spring, such a wealth of birds and blossoms, such teeming young life everywhere. And now the harvest was gathered, such as it was—"As a man soweth, so shall he reap." What of that thunderstorm that burst upon the setting

fruit? what of the wet weather in June? what of that sad late frost in May? Something was saved, something was lost, much of earth's promise and man's labour had been in vain, in vain! Now through the sodden hedgerows the north-east wind wailed drearily. "I have striven and not attained," said Frank Smith to himself as he tramped over the sticky, clayey soil that clung about his strong shoes and made the walk toilsome.

That was a golden-crested wren that hopped out of the hedge, that set its dainty head a little on one side and looked at the wayfarer. The sight brought back to Frank the memory of a day long ago when he had—ah, naughty boy that he was!—stolen the nest of just such a little bird and carried it off home. There to the naughty little boy, half proud and yet half ashamed of his deed, came a little fairy with grave brown eyes and sunny curling hair, and wise forefinger lifted, and reproved him for his evil deed in words of quaint old Essex wisdom —Frank smiled as he said them now aloud:

"The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren—
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again!

The robin and the redbreast,
The martin and the swallow—
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow."

"'Ye'll never thrive again!' No, Marion, little Marion, I never have!" said Frank Smith.

Fighting an up-hill battle is not altogether painful. Nay, in a sense it is enjoyable, if only every now and then, when the clouds roll away, we may see that we have gained a step or two. But when the darkness gathers more and more thickly, and failure follows failure, so that the toiler loses ground at each step and gains none, then over the bravest heart comes the dreary sense of discouragement, creeping up like these autumn mists, darkening all the land. "Ye'll never thrive again!" It was Marion Harland who said that. Frank shook his shoulders impatiently. He would not give way to such foolish fancies,—fancies unfit, moreover, for a Christian man.

"Commit thy way unto Him, and trust in Him. Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good. . . . He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

Frank stopped short in his walk and looked up at the leaden sky. Those last words seemed almost too wonderful to be true. What right had he to hope for that far-off marvellous joy which was in truth his heart's desire? How many were they among the children of men who attained the desire of their heart and were glad? A passionate longing flooded all his heart suddenly, and overflowed his lips in prayer. But he checked the prayer, half uttered. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." On the "high way of the holy cross" blows a flower of happiness more beautiful than any that will flourish on the broad way of self-pleasing. That was the teaching Frank had learned at his mother's knee. He believed it now, though he could not see plainly in the mist of disappointment that shrouded his path, but he clung to it with all the strength of his weary heart, and strode away again along the November fields, with a firm purpose in mind and body. The first patient on his round was sitting by the fire in a tiny cottage. She moaned as Frank closed the door and came to her arm-chair.

"Well, Martha," said he, "how are you after my medicine?"

"I don't know, Master Frankie dear." Martha had been the young doctor's nurse once upon a time. "I don't see as I'm much better. I'm as bad as bad." Which is what the people say in Essex, when they mean very much so: they are as sick as sick, as sorry as sorry, or even as stout as stout.

"But I'm afraid you haven't taken much of it," said Frank, taking a bottle three parts full from the chimney-piece.

"Well, no," allowed Martha. "I doubted it wouldn't do me much good. Why, Master Frank, when I tasted it, 'twas as nice as nice!"

"And so you were afraid it was not real medicine?"

"I doubted it hadn't much goodness in it," admitted the patient. "And Miriam Wells came and gave me sum'at"—

"Oh, Martha, Martha, I'm ashamed of you!" declared Frank. "Didn't I beg you to have nothing to do with Miriam Wells and her remedies? I wonder you, as a good Christian woman, like to have to do with such superstitions,—to say nothing of their being utterly unscientific."

The old woman looked uncomfortable, and wriggled in her chair.

"For sure, Master Frank, there was nothing

in it could hurt a body. It wasn't to be taken, so it couldn't quarrel with your stuff, sir, inwardly, as it were."

"Ah," said the young doctor, "not to be taken, wasn't it? It was a charm, then, I suppose? You just let me see it."

Old Martha demurred, but Frank, with the dignity which was beginning to come naturally to him, quietly insisted, and the old woman at last produced a little packet from the folds of her dress. It consisted of seven wrappings of soft paper, each separately tied up with cotton. In the centre of all were some tiny chips of brownish wood.

Frank held these in his hand, and fixed questioning eyes on old Martha's face without speaking, till at last she seemed to feel compelled to answer.

"Chips from an old gallows on which a many's been hanged, that's all it is. They do say it's powerful good for the ague; my grandmother used to say it, an' she was an old woman before ever you was born or thought of, Master Frank," declared Martha, with a desperate effort to bring the authority of age to bear upon the young doctor, who stood gazing down upon her with troubled and reproachful eyes.

A knock at this moment came at the door, and a little girl entered, carrying a dog, which she brought up to the old woman and laid in her lap.

"There you are," said the child. "Mother says she hopes you'll spare me a penny if my dog does you good. Don't make it very sick, Mrs. Martha, will you, please?"

"No, my dear, I won't. I'll take care of it," said the old woman hastily. "There, there, run away, my dear. I'll be glad to have your dog for a visitor,—just a visitor, you know."

"Yes, and Mrs. Wells said"—began the child; but old Martha had rummaged at the back of her chair, and produced some peppermint drops.

"There, there, run away, Dorcas, my dear. I'll 'tend to it all by and by," she said; and the child seemed to understand that she was not wanted, and departed hastily with a curtsey to the doctor.

"Well, now, what is the dog going to do for you, Martha?" demanded Frank, somewhat severely. "It seems to me that I had better leave you to Mrs. Wells and her remedies, since you have much more faith in them than in proper medicine."

"Oh, don't 'ee do that," begged Martha. "Don't I know well enough how wise and clever you are, dear? didn't I say so, from the day you crawled out on the landing—bless your heart!—and fetched a bottle of lamp oil and a spoon, because nursie said she'd a toothache? Lord bless me! didn't Miriam Wells cure me then, and not my baby boy? Bit o' scraped horse-radish tied on my left wrist, and a bit o' writing to wear. I've got it somewheres now."

She managed, with many a moan and groan, to rise up, and took down a quaint old teapot from the high mantelshelf.

"That's it," she said. "I was a'most wild when I put it on, as bad as bad I was, and in an hour I'd no more pain than a babe newborn."

Frank unrolled the dusty, crumpled paper, and with difficulty made out the few lines of writing which it bore, feebly scrawled in very odd spelling—so odd, indeed, that it will be as well to give the words as they were meant to appear.

"As Peter sat weeping on a marble stone, Jesus Christ came by, and said unto him, 'Peter, what ailest thou?' Peter answered and said unto Him, 'My Lord and my God, my tooth acheth.' Jesus said unto him, 'Arise, Peter, and be thou whole, and not thee only, but also all them that carry these lines for My sake, shall never have the toothache.'"

Frank Smith fairly groaned as he replaced the charm in the old teapot.

"It's cured me, and a many besides," said old Martha defiantly.

"And is that dog going to cure you now?" asked Frank.

"That's another thing as can't do me any harm," said the old woman. "If I nurse it in my arms, it's like the ague may leave my old bones and fasten on the young thing, that's better worth preying on. If it don't, it's good to cuddle when the cold fit's on; you can't gainsay that, sir."

"I would rather a thousand times fight all the diseases on earth than such superstitions," said Frank sadly. "Well, look here, Martha, you can use your charms and your nostrums as much as you like, so long as you swallow my medicine too. I'll send you up some by and by, and you shan't have reason to complain that it isn't nasty enough." For which pleasing announcement the old woman thanked him

heartily, and Frank tramped off into the chill mud, again feeling more annoyed and more chilled in spirit than, as he told himself, he had any right to be.

CHAPTER V.

The next cottage which Dr. Frank entered presented a marked contrast to old Martha's lonely hut. Here a large family party were collected, but only, as it seemed, to be companions in misery. Dirt and disorder reigned; to a practised eye like Frank's, the scene told its own story. A father who drank, a mother who could neither sew nor cook. Total result, a miserable home.

Poor, shiftless, unhappy Mrs. Adams, once pretty and attractive, but now draggled and sharp-voiced, bitter reproaches her only weapon against the drink-fiend. Oh, wives and mothers, without your help no temperance movement, no social reforms that look well on paper, can be of the smallest use. Give the tired man a bright, well-brushed hearth, a savoury dinner, and the sight of a smiling wife and neat, rosy children, you will keep him from the public-house; and coax his earnings for his children, he will not grudge them to produce so happy a resting-place for himself, to put it on the lowest ground.

Adams himself was lying ill in bed in the inner room, and a boy who seemed equally ill lay beside him on the same bed. In the outer room, which served as kitchen and living-room, three younger children were huddled in another bed. A large fire burned in the kitchen grate; doors and windows were tightly shut; the fetid atmosphere seemed to come to meet the doctor as he entered, like a thing that could be touched and felt. Yet he went in eagerly, showing no sign of disgust; for here was a place where he was wanted, a call to which he could respond.

The woman who was stooping by the fire gave a sharp side-glance at Frank as he entered, and then bent lower than before, and seemed quite engrossed in stirring something, which looked and smelt very strangely, in a saucepan.

The other women, including the mother of the family, crowded round Frank, all talking at once, and relating the sufferings of the sick ones, mingled with accounts of what they said to each other, and of similar but rather worse cases which they had known, and the remedies which had succeeded in doing good to these, and would doubtless succeed now. It was such a Babel that Frank could hardly have been blamed if he had put his fingers to his ears and fled. Instead of doing this, however, he got rid of the chatterboxes by giving them something to do. He wanted some clear water, very clear, and from a stream, not from a pump. He knew what an excellent supply flowed past Mrs. Farmer's own cottage, a quarter of a mile away, and the good woman was soothed by the compliment, and went readily off with a pitcher. To another he allotted the task, as a great kindness to *him*, of bruising some loaf sugar to a very fine powder, to help in giving the children their medicine. This idea aroused great surprise, the notion that medicine must needs be nasty, and that something nice to take after it was the very utmost that could be done to disguise its unpleasantness to a child. So with many a "Well, I never!" two gossips set to work, and Frank went to the bedsides, and examined first the sick children and then the father.

Scarlet fever—that was what ailed the little ones. Dr. Harland would have bled them copiously, holding that too much health had, as it were, boiled over into fever. Frank Smith looked with kind and thoughtful eyes into the little faces. He saw how the corners of the little mouths quivered, even while they smiled at the jokes he made to amuse the children, how wasted were the small limbs, how hollow the cheeks. The fever was decreasing, thanks to his remedies, and in spite of the suffocating atmosphere of the house, which no orders nor entreaties of his could change. Nourishment—that was the one need now—the beef-tea and the barley-water, and presently the light pudding, and delicate slice of fish or fowl, that would be so readily obtained in the houses of the rich for children far less sick. Cleanliness too—that was sadly needed in this house, where a young and scatter-brained girl had thoughtlessly come as wife to a mere lad, whose unsteady habits made his work irregular and wages small and uncertain. She was young and pretty then, poor little Mrs. Adams; she would still be a comely woman if she did not look so pinched in face, so draggled in dress, and, alas! so far from clean in person.

Frank Smith sighed. If only now he were a flourishing doctor, and could go home and order that beef-tea and barley-water to be sent! But he had resolved to cease from even mentioning

his poor patients at home, since Rosa had taken to pretending she was not hungry, and carrying three parts of her own food off to some needy patient of her brother's. He could not encourage that kind of thing. Rosa was not strong; she worked only too hard, and ate only too little as it was. And yet, to this poor family, the nourishment they could not buy was a matter almost of life or death.

He passed on to the father. Here it was the same story. Injured by a fall from a tree because he chose, while sawing off a great bough that overshadowed the road, to sit upon the bough, and saw it between himself and the tree, John Adams had come home with a terribly wounded leg. While he lay in bed, unable to earn anything, the fever that had attacked his half-starved children seized upon him also. Now he lay there, gaunt and wasted, still too ill to rise, and sorely in need of nourishing food. Dr. Frank tried to cheer him by a few kind words, while he uncovered and examined the wounded limb.

DR. FRANK AND MARTHA.

"But how is this?" he asked, surprised and vexed. "My dressings, my bandages — where are they?"

The sick man shifted uneasily in bed, and a deep flush rose upon his wasted face.

"Well, sir, you see it's this way," he began at last, when Frank had twice repeated his question. "My wife she do like to have her own way. Yes, sir, yes, she do like that, so she do."

"Like a good many other people," said Frank. "But will you tell me—what has become of my bandages?"

"You're quite right, sir, that you are now, in what you've a-said," continued the man leisurely; "it's a wonderful true thing now, that is, sure enough. As you say, sir, and that's quite right, there is a many people likes their own way."

"Doctors must have their way, anyhow, else they can't cure people," said Frank. He knew how very hard it is to get anything in the way of information out of the genuine English rustic. So he had patience, and once more he demanded. "About the bandages I put on—where are they?"

"The missus thinks with you, sir, that she do," resumed Adams. "'A good thing it is to have your own way if you can get it,' she says. 'Missus,' says I, 'that's just where it is,' I says"—

"Yes—well—and you took those bandages off, and you put them—where?"

This way of extracting the information proved really successful. The patient nodded his head

feebly towards a large press that occupied a quite unreasonable amount of space in this tiny room.

"Mrs. Wells looked in to see the missus," he said, "and she says, says she, 'I've cured many a worse wound,' she says, 'and that with some'at as was a good cure before your doctor was ever born or thought of."

"And you'd rather trust Mrs. Wells' knowledge than mine, I see," said Frank.

"Bless you, no, sir, that I wouldn't. And the me-owing were fearful," said the man. "But happen you've not had much experience of women's tongues, sir? And it's the truth, I was that weak and low I didn't seem to have the courage to meet 'em."

"I see," said Frank again, and he stalked away with the most dignified air he could manage to put on into the outer room, and confronted Miriam Wells.

"Mrs. Wells, I understand that you are replacing the ointment I gave Adams with something of your own. What is it?"

The woman quickly covered one of the saucepans with its lid, and covered another as much as possible with her hands.

"It's some'at as 'll do him no harm anyway, Dr. Frank," she said.

"What is it?" persisted Frank.

"Well, there's one or two ingriddiments," said Miriam, as he kept a steady gaze upon her.

"But there is one principal one," said Frank very gravely indeed. "You must be kind enough to answer me, Mrs. Wells; it is absolutely necessary that I should know what has been given to my patients."

"Well, if you're so very pertickler," declared Mrs. Wells at last, "it's oil of kittens, no more and no less, and a wonderful thing it is too, as a many can testify."

So, truly enough, many people did declare of this and other similar remedies prescribed by Miriam Wells and persons like her. The patients who recovered after, and perhaps in spite of, using such medicaments were quite ready to pronounce them excellent. So Miriam Wells lived and throve, and a hundred years before her time *doctors* lived by such prescriptions!

Further questions from Dr. Frank elicited the fact that the second pot contained the repulsive remains of a mole, which had been enclosed in it, and then the whole thrust for nine days into a hot-bed. The revolting contents of the pot were now to be used as a sovereign remedy for the eldest boy of the family, who had almost lost his hearing from the fever, which had attacked him before the rest of the family.

"And these unhappy people call in a wretched old woman when my back is turned, and are content to have these atrocious messes administered to them," thought Frank, and his indignation was roused to such a point that he could not refrain from speaking out all his mind, and there and then gave Mrs. Wells and the rest of the assembly such a piece of his mind that they were all—very angry?

By no means! When Frank had given them "a piece of his mind,"—they are very disagreeable "pieces" generally which we thus freely give away,—when he had doctored the leg according to his own system, and had administered medicine to all the patients, and made certain very rash promises about nourishing food, he strode away over the wet fields again, thinking sadly that he had done foolishly, that this was the way to give offence, and to retard, and not to hasten the spreading of the greater enlightenment and civilization for which he was striving. "And now they are all abusing me behind my back," he said, and he tramped faster and faster to get rid of the painful thought. While all the time, had he but known it, the little group of women were uttering to each other their profound admiration. *Their* men folk were so slow of speech. By a painful effort only could they bring a whole sentence over their lips. How desperately and wonderfully clever must Dr. Frank Smith be when words could come with such a splendid flow from him! Whether in their admiration they lost sight of the meaning of his words is another question. Frank did hope he had at least made them understand that quackeries such as these remedies of the Wise Woman were at best wretched and useless things, and might be dangerous and hurtful ones. In this he had hardly succeeded, but still the admiration and wonder excited by his eloquence were something gained, had he known it.

Thence to the Widow Mayne's, where whooping cough reigned, and where also the Wise Woman had been at work, feeding the patients on fried mice. Into this house came Mrs. Burns, carrying her sickly little Mary Jane in her arms, and declaring, in answer to Frank's

remonstrances, "that people took complaints if it was the Lord's will."

He was placed on the horns of a somewhat painful dilemma, for the poor anxious mother insisted on consulting him about her child. To tell her that Dr. Harland's treatment should be entirely reversed, and the child given tonics and fed up would cause grave offence to the doctor when he should hear of it, yet evidently this was the one hope, and Frank feared it was but a frail hope, of saving the child's life. Here again his psalm came to his help.

"Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good."

Doing good—the good that lies before us, no matter the possible consequences to ourselves. Frank prescribed for the child, and made the mother promise to be a little less "neighbourly" to Mrs. Mayne till her children should leave off whooping. Her charity for the present must really begin at home, Frank told her. And once more he marched away, feeling just a little more light-hearted. At least his day's work was not in vain, at least he was doing good so far as he could, putting his talent out to interest, not letting it rust in idleness. "I was sick, and ye visited Me."

There was quite a bright smile on Frank Smith's face, sadly pale and worn for one so young as it was now, as he lifted it a moment to the gloomy sky. "God *will* not let me fail utterly," he said to himself. "O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded."

Those Adams now—would it not be a work worth doing to raise them up from the misery into which they were each day sinking more deeply? Health for the children, hope for the poor draggled mother, fresh impulse for the too weak and easy-going father. Those were their needs, but how, how to help them? That nourishment, to begin with, all too rashly promised, how should he ever obtain it? Frank stood still to think out this problem. Then he looked up, and saw straight before him a very neat dwelling, with everything about it thoroughly taut and trim and ship-shape, from the perfectly-clipped hedges to the mathematically-accurate shell edgings of the flower-beds. Here lived Captain Rogers, the worthy, if somewhat irascible sailor. He was well-off, kind-hearted too—Frank had seen him pull his fast-trotting horse back suddenly upon its haunches to get down and comfort a crying child. What if he were to go and tell Captain Rogers of the sore need that there was so close to his doors?

Perhaps it would be officious. Perhaps he would be thought anxious to introduce himself. He hated aggressiveness in any form. Perhaps Captain Rogers had already too many claimants for his charity. So Frank thought, and then he felt sorely ashamed of himself for encouraging such thoughts. No, no; if there were a chance of benefiting the sick and suffering, surely he need not care for such trivial obstacles. He marched up to the house, and rang boldly.

"Master's ill," said the little maid who opened the door. "Dunno as he'll see you. Miss Rogers is ill too."

"Perhaps you'll go and ask," suggested Frank.

The little maid's manners were not those of a highly trained servant. She stood fingering the corner of her apron, and looking shyly at the visitor.

"Likely you're the new doctor," she said at last.

"Oh—yes—I forgot," said Frank, who was accustomed to be known by everybody so near his home. "Ask if Captain Rogers will see Dr. Smith."

"Dunno as he will," said the little maid, but she trotted away on her errand, and presently returned to invite the visitor in.

Captain Rogers was lying back in a long deck-chair. He looked ill, the most superficial observer must notice that; his face was pale and puffed, his lips were colourless, his whole bearing was that of a man thoroughly out of health. He lay back as if too weary to rise, took a huge cigar from his mouth, and greeted his visitor.

"Glad to see you," he said. "Forgive my not getting up; I'm not able, and that's the truth. Take a seat. No objection to my cigar, I hope? Can I serve you, sir?"

"Well, Captain Rogers," began Frank, and, to his own great annoyance, he blushed and stammered like a schoolgirl, "I hope you will forgive my boldness, but I have ventured to come and ask you"—

"My dear sir, I must not let you go any further," interrupted the sailor. "Belay that, and we'll let go some other talk. I've made up my mind to go to London and get the best advice, and by this time to-morrow I hope to be docked for repairs. Ever seen a useless old hulk lying aground out of the stream? No? well, you see one now at any rate."

"I am sorry you are ill, but I never dreamt of offering my services," said Frank. "No, Captain Rogers, I came to try and interest you"—

"No use, no use," murmured the sailor, shaking his head; "can't feel interest in anything now-a-days, no good trying."

"—in sickness more painful, and circumstances more trying," went on Frank, and told his story.

The sailor smoked and listened. By degrees his interest was aroused. He told his visitor in return the story, quite a romance in itself, of his own sudden acquisition of wealth, given bodily to him in gold by a dying man in a West India island, where yellow fever had almost halved the population. Finally, he became so much interested as to insist that Frank should go into his own case and that of his sister, and was amazed beyond words when change of air and a simple course of nourishing food and healthy occupation were prescribed for both, the young lady being fairly roused from a sofa in a hot flower-filled room by the prospect of usefulness to Mrs. Adams' suffering children and poor old Martha. More wonderful still, this new doctor seemed little anxious to make money out of his patients. He would not come again unless sent for, he said, and Captain Rogers nearly wrung his hand off at parting.

"Ill from poverty, and ill from wealth," said Frank to himself, as once again he strode away. The sun had come out, and threw a pale glory over the landscape. And there, coming towards him, along the wet field path, was a slight girl-figure about which the sunshine seemed a little brighter than elsewhere. Dr. Frank's heart beat a little faster, for he knew at a glance that it was Marion Harland.

AUTUMN. AFTER HARVEST.

TOWARDS the fall of the year, a party of friends were taking a walk in the country, when one of them said, "Alas! how all things are rushing, as if down-hill, towards winter. We no longer hear the voice of a single bird! The lark mourns to see the grain mown down and carried away, and the fields left naked and bare." To this Gotthold replied: "The birds sing most in spring, and are silent in summer; and this God has in His goodness ordained, in order that while as yet we see the precious fruits of the earth only in their growth, and rejoice in them only in hope, the music of the feathered songsters may stir us up to praise Him. Afterwards, when we actually enjoy His manifold bounties, and bear the precious grain in cart-loads to our barns, the birds keep silence, as if they deemed it needless to remind us of our duty, because amidst the profusion of the gifts it was not possible to forget the Giver. Look around you, and on every hand you will see one load of grain carted after another. Do you suppose that the bountiful Father may hope to receive for each a hymn of praise and thanksgiving? And yet such a tribute is due to Him for every single ear, inasmuch as the whole combined skill and power of the human race could not, without His aid, have reared a single ear from the earth.'

What shall be done to the Man that killeth this Philistine?

BY THE REV. SIR EMILIUS LAURIE, BART.

"What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?"—1 Sam. xvii. 26.

(*Continued from p.* 180.)

THE light in which the challenge of Goliath presented itself to David was (1), That it was the challenge of one who was uncircumcised ("Who is this uncircumcised Philistine?"), a stranger therefore to God and to the covenant of promise; (2) That the challenge was addressed to the armies of the living God, and that the affront offered to them was really offered to God Himself ("seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God"). David therefore regarded the challenge at the outset from a religious point of view. It was not a question of dishonour cast only upon the king or the nation; the King of kings Himself was dishonoured, and it became the duty of every true-hearted Israelite to avenge the insult offered to the God of Israel.

This much then was clear,—the challenge of the Philistine must be accepted, Goliath must be slain. But who would undertake the task? "And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him: thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine." In a spirit of true courage, because urged by a sense of duty, and relying firmly upon the help of his God, David offered himself as the champion of Israel. The resolution taken, he never once wavered; discouraged by man, he encouraged himself in the Lord his God; and, as true in his aim as he was in the purpose and intention of his heart, with one blow he smote the Philistine, took away the reproach from Israel, and gave to the world an example of victorious faith which can never die out. "Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee and take thine head from thee, . . . that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel."

The moral of this for us is plain. Each man has his Goliath to contend with, his master-difficulty to encounter, his master-sin to overcome. If it be asked, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?" I answer, What shall be done to the man that killeth *not* this Philistine? There is no escaping this conflict; there is no discharge in this war: man or sin must conquer; sin must be destroyed, or man must die:—"for the wages of sin is death."

Many think that they can effect a compromise with sin; that by confining sin to certain limits, by keeping it within certain specified boundaries,

they may live in peace; that there is room enough for both, that there need be no hostility between them, no war of extermination, no deadly strife.

Others, who feel that the question must one day be settled, see no danger in putting off the time of settlement. Why, they ask, is there such pressing need for decision? A time may come when the gate will be less strait and the way less narrow, a season more convenient at least to them; then they will forsake sin, then they will repent.

Others are content to let things remain as they are; they will take their chance with the crowd; they hope that things will turn out better than some seemed to think.

Vain fancies all! Is there not a lie in the right hand of those who thus reason?

However willing man may be to make terms with sin, sin will make no terms with him. Sin's language to him is that of the Philistine to David:—"Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field." No, my reader, there can be no compromise with God's enemy and yours. You must fight, and you must *fight it out*, with sin. Goliath must be slain. It may be that as you read this chapter you are conscious of a master-sin which rules over you, which treats you as a captive, and drags you whithersoever it wills. Determine at once, with God's help, to rise against the foe. You do not know what one strong effort may not accomplish. You have David's example; you have what is more, you have the promised help of One greater than David. David cannot help you, but Christ can. "Let no man's heart fail" then. Put your trust in God, and you need not fear. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." "Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you." Begin at once. Be humble. Be in earnest. Be strong and of a good courage. Persevere. And you shall before long learn to say with the Psalmist: "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall; but the Lord helped me. The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation."

Incidents in Missionary Life.

CATHERINE SOTIDUTAWIN.

CATHERINE was reputed among the Sioux to be a hundred years old, but we thought it more probable that she was ninety. When I, a boy, left my missionary home on Lac qui Parle to go East to school, forty years ago, she was "Old Catherine," and she has been Old Catherine to the Dakota mission ever since. But last September (1888) she went to be with the Lord, and when we missionary children get to heaven, a good many of us will look eagerly for our old Indian friend.

Catherine was a woman of middle age before she had ever heard of Jesus; and I have been told that she was once a leader of heathen dances, and known to be living in other ways a wicked life. But when the missionaries came to the Dakotas and preached to them the gospel, she was one of the first converts, and was baptized at Lac qui Parle more than fifty years ago. She was a poor, weak, ignorant woman, and stormy days of trial and persecution followed. Many professed followers of Christ stumbled and paid homage to heathen gods, but Catherine, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, stood firm. When food was scarce, as it often was with the poor Indians in those days, those with whom she lived would call in the conjurers and have them consecrate all the food to their gods. It then became an act of heathen worship to eat any of it, and they thought thus to compel her by starvation to worship idols. Then the Sioux had continual warfare in those days with the Chippewas. The camp she was with all knew that she would not travel on Sundays, and in dangerous times they delighted in moving off Sunday morning, and leaving Catherine, as it would seem, to be killed by the enemy, for the Indians do not spare women or children in war. But God spared her. She would spend the day and most of the night in singing and prayer, and Monday morning put her heavy pack on her back, and with a happy heart make two days' march in one to overtake the camp.

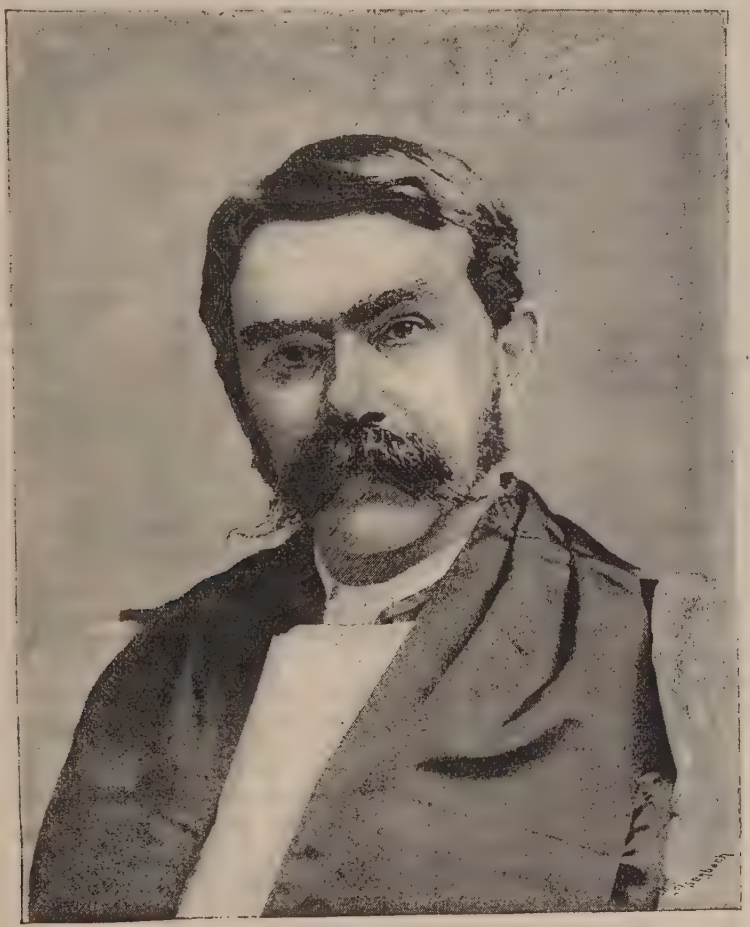
Thus by the grace of God she overcame all trials and torments and dangers, and lived to be honoured at last by many of her persecutors. She learned to read with her children, so that with them she could read her Dakota Bible. Singing God's praises was her delight, and she committed a hundred hymns to memory. So long as she was able to work, the contribution box never passed without receiving her offering. Her last gift to the cause of missions was a quilt which she made with her own hands about a year before she died.—*Rev. J. P. Williamson.*

Brief Biographies of Great Men of our Day.

ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, THIRD BISHOP OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

IT was a striking scene that was witnessed in Lambeth Parish Church on St. Mark's Day (25th April) 1890. A large congregation was assembled, notwithstanding the rain that was coming down in torrents outside, for it was no ordinary occasion; they had come together to show their sympathy with one who was that day to be set apart for the peculiarly responsible post of Bishop of the Church of England in Eastern Equatorial Africa.

Africa, as I pointed out in my notes on Dr. Stanley's book, is the most interesting part of the mission field, and Uganda has a charm about it almost unparalleled. It was for the people of



ALFRED ROBERT TUCKER, M.A.

that country that Bishop Hannington laid down his life, and his intrepid successor, Bishop Parker, fell a victim to the terrible climate before he had crossed the Lake. That two such sterling men should have had their careers cut short so soon naturally made it a

very difficult task to select a successor. Not that there was any lack of volunteers; but the responsibility upon the Church Missionary Society, with whom the appointment practically rests, was great; and they did well to wait until they were unmistakably led by the Divine hand to the man whom God Himself had called to the work. That man proved to be no other than Alfred Robert Tucker, the subject of our sketch to-day; and the circumstances attending his appointment show how marvellous are the providential dealings with men. Indeed it may have been this very fact, added, of course, to the peculiarly interesting character of his diocese, that drew such a large congregation to witness his consecration, and to bid him God-speed in his work.

Bishop Tucker is no ordinary man. Although nearly forty years of age, he had only been in Holy Orders for eight years when he was called to the office of a Bishop in the Church of God. It is believed he is the first man who has been raised from a curacy to the Episcopate. He never held a benefice, but this only shows us that God can and will qualify a man for His work even though he may not possess the experience that we may deem essential. Bishop Tucker, before he became a clergyman, followed the profession of an artist, painting under the signature of Alfred Raille. He belongs to an old Westmoreland family; and, reared up in the very centre of the delightful Lake district, it is but natural that many of his pictures should treat of the scenery of the neighbourhood. But his reputation was not made only in landscape painting; his studies of street architecture and old ecclesiastical buildings are very fine, and have always been much admired in art circles. He has placed several pictures in the Royal Academy. In the season of 1889 he, with other members of his family, contributed sixteen pictures to its walls. This exceptional gift he will no doubt turn to good account in Africa, and we may doubtless look shortly in the publications of the Church Missionary Society for engravings of his pictures. They will stimulate us all to a higher and deeper interest in the cause of the gospel in that district.

Another feature that may be touched upon here is his wonderful strength. As we saw him walking up the aisle at Lambeth, one could not but contrast him with his immediate predecessor. Bishop Parker looked thin and delicate, and subsequent events showed that he ought not to have gone to Africa, as his constitution was already enfeebled by his devoted work in India. Bishop Tucker, however, looked the picture of health and vigour. Tall, broad-shouldered, and robust, he seemed to be, physically at least, the very man for Africa. And his past record showed that he was fully equal to even abnormal exertion. The nerve and vigour and endurance which enabled him to perform the greatest walking feat known in the Lake country—namely, a walk of sixty-four miles, including an ascent of the four highest mountains in England, which means 12,000 feet of climbing, in one day—will doubtless avail him in the arduous journey of 700 miles from Freretown to the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, upon which he has already started. In his early days he was a great athlete; and at one time the Ambleside football team, which repeatedly proved its prowess when matched against some of the leading Lancashire teams, was never considered complete without him. It may be added, for the encouragement of those who hold that abstinence from alcohol promotes physical vigour, that Bishop Tucker is a staunch supporter of the temperance movement, and is himself a total abstainer.

But it is time to look to the more distinctly spiritual side of his character. It was well-known that he had a brilliant career open before him as an artist. But those things that were gain to him he counted loss for Christ; and, receiving what he believed to be a Divine call to work in the Lord's vineyard, he abandoned his profession and resolved to seek admission to the ministry. His life at Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1882, was very largely spent in active work for the Master. In the open air and among his fellow-undergraduates he constantly proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ. Ordained a deacon in 1882, his first curacy was at St. Andrew-the-less, Clifton, Bristol, where he had the good fortune to work under a very spiritually-minded man, the Rev. E. P. Hathaway. For three years he laboured abundantly amongst the people there. In 1885, however, another sphere of duty opened to him, and he removed to Durham, where he remained a most devoted fellow-helper of the Rev. H. E. Fox at the Church of St. Nicholas, until he was chosen to be the missionary-bishop in East Africa. There can be little doubt that it is to Mr. Fox that

Bishop Tucker owes much of the zeal he possesses for foreign missions. Mr. Fox's heart is on fire, one might almost say, with love for the heathen, and no one could be in close contact with him without catching some of his enthusiasm.

Both at Clifton and Durham, Bishop Tucker performed his labours with a zeal and an aptitude, and with evidence of capacity for higher work, which did not pass unnoticed by those who knew him and were competent to judge. He was signalled out by the Executive of the Church Missionary Society as a suitable man to succeed Bishop Parker some twelve months before the offer was actually made to him. It is important to bear this fact in mind, as it is one of the links in the chain that shows how graciously God was guiding the Society in their difficult task. Inquiries of a private character were made, all unknown to Bishop Tucker, and it was found that he was married, and that he had a baby son. This, it was thought, settled the matter, as the Executive felt, and not unnaturally, with the losses of Bishop Hannington and Bishop Parker fresh in their memory, that the new bishop should be a man untrammelled by domestic ties. And so the matter dropped. But early in the present year Mr. Tucker—as he then was—wrote to the Society to know whether they would accept him as a missionary for East Africa; the call had come, and he and his wife were cheerfully ready that he should go forth in obedience to what he believed to be the Divine command. The world, of course, would regard this as a mere coincidence; but those who are accustomed to look to the Lord for guidance saw in it tokens of His hand. Mr. Tucker was communicated with; he was told of the work they had desired, but hardly dared to ask, him to undertake. No one was more surprised than Mr. Tucker himself, and this new development required a little thinking, and, we doubt not, praying about. All difficulties were, however, removed, and his name was submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who nominated him to the Crown, and he was duly consecrated.

And now he has gone forth, leaving wife and child at home for a time, to face the unknown perils of East Africa. Such devotion is a proof that the English Church has still a fund of godly enthusiasm and courage to draw upon. Those who best know him are assured that the missionary diocese served so faithfully by Bishops Hannington and Parker, and rendered so dear to English Christians by their toils and death, will find in Bishop Tucker a worthy, wise, devout, and laborious chief pastor.

Indeed he has already given evidence that he does not mean to let the grass grow under his feet. The service of consecration at Lambeth was not over until 2 p.m., and in six hours from then he had taken his seat in the train *en route* for Africa. By a strange circumstance he arrived at Zanzibar somewhat enfeebled in health, he having partaken of some food on board that must have been accidentally poisoned. But he was not discouraged, and immediately he set to work. On Trinity Sunday he held an ordination in the little church at Freretown, and preached an impressive sermon from the text, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." A little later he held another ordination, and admitted to the diaconate three young men who went out as an emergency party in May last. But the Bishop little thought how soon a severe trial was to fall upon him. One of these very young men, the Rev. J. W. Hill, fell sick and died, and thus, at the very outset of the Bishop's episcopate, one of his all too small band of helpers was taken from him. But Bishop Tucker is a man of strong faith. "The Lord reigneth," he wrote cheerfully; and in that conviction, relying upon the support of the Everlasting Arms, he has started upon his 700 miles' tramp to Uganda.

This is not the place to detail the history of bloodshed and revolution which has overtaken that country. It is, however, believed that peace is at last restored, and that Mwanga—the tyrant who murdered Bishop Hannington—has regained his throne. Whether he has benefited from his baptism by the Roman priests remains to be seen. It is much to be feared that Mwanga is Mwanga still. Bishop Tucker was, however, well advised to write to this king to tell him of his intention. The letter is of sufficient interest to be given here:—

"ZANZIBAR, *June* 11, 1890.

"TO MWANGA, KING OF UGANDA.

"With compliments.

"Having been called, in the providence of God, to be Bishop of the Church of Christ in East Africa, I now write to you as one desiring to see you and proposing shortly to come unto you.

"I come with all good-will and kindness in my heart. I desire only your good and the welfare of your people. I am your friend. And because I am your friend I am anxious that both you and your kingdom should enjoy the blessings of the Gospel of Christ. I am therefore bringing teachers with me. They love your people as I do, and are your true friends as I am. We believe that you will welcome us and do all in your power to help us in our work of teaching, and so making your people happy and prosperous.

"But what is the use of saying more now, when I have so much to say and hope so soon to see you?

"Trusting that this letter may find you in

TRAVELLING IN AFRICA.

good health,—I remain, with many salaams, your true and faithful friend,

"ALFRED, BP. E. EQ. AFRICA."

The last news from Bishop Tucker was that he and his party were all well, in fact, had greatly benefited in health, and that they were making their way into the interior. It will, perhaps, be some time before we hear from them again, but we will follow them with our prayers. May the Lord bless them and keep them!

H. C. H.

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES I., A.D. 1638-1640—JOHN HAMPDEN—SHORT PARLIAMENT.

THERE was another voice which counselled Charles to his destruction. It was that of his wife, Henrietta Maria of France, whom he dearly loved. Beautiful and affectionate, but passionate and imperious, she was constantly urging him to make himself "a *real* king, like the other sovereigns of Europe," to rule, absolutely and not yield to the demands of his subjects. But Charles's attempts at absolute rule were singularly unsuccessful.

One of the most unpopular of his proceedings was the imposition of a tax called "Ship-money." Treasurer Noy had found out that once upon a time, when the land was in danger of invasion, seaport towns or counties had been called on to furnish ships at their own expense. This suggested to him a call, which was immediately made in the name of the king, upon all the counties to furnish so-styled ship-money. A difference, however, existed between this tax and the original demand. *Now* there was no danger of invasion, and the money raised was not even employed to build ships! Noy and the king were greatly pleased with the "ship-money," which promised to be "an everlasting supply of all occasions," as much as £700,000 being in fact raised yearly with the help of the book of rates. "The people, on the other hand, received the new tax as their forefathers did one which Henry VIII. had imposed. The poor cursed, the rich repugned, the wits railed," and in the end "*all* cursed" the originators of it.

Amongst "the rich who refused" to pay it was John Hampden, a friend of Sir John Eliot, and one in whom a similar high patriotism to his was joined to a calm and far-seeing mind. He was of an old Buckinghamshire family, which could trace its descent from Saxon times, and was member of Parliament for Wendover. He declined to pay the ship-money because the tax had not been authorized by Parliament. Charles ordered the crown lawyers to proceed against him. It was a famous trial. Oliver St. John defended Hampden, appealing to Magna Charta. The crown lawyers appealed to very old precedents, and stoutly maintained that "the king of England is an absolute king." "The king can do no wrong, and therefore this tax could not be wrong." "The law," said Berkely, "is an old SERVANT of the king."

On June 11, 1638, the case was decided, by seven votes being given *against* Hampden and only two *for* him. This triumph, however, cost the king dear, for the nation was convinced that Hampden was in the right, and that the judges had debased the law and disgraced their high calling.

Hampden, with his friends Pym and Oliver Cromwell, might have been seen one day not long after this defeat, going on board ship to sail to the New World, for what was England to them if no longer a free country? But Charles forbade their departure. Hampden therefore remained, to become the idol of his countrymen, and to be honoured even by his foes, with perhaps one single exception. Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, thought that "*Hampden and his friends should be whipped into their right wits*"!

Charles was as unsuccessful in ruling Scotland as England. He went thither accompanied by Archbishop Laud, and, both of them being convinced that Presbyterianism came from the evil one, they determined to rid the country of so deadly a plague. Episcopacy was introduced with a high hand. On July 23, 1637, the English Liturgy was ordered to be read in St. Giles, the chief church in Edinburgh. From the moment the service began, nothing was to be heard but groans, hisses, and curses. The women screamed, called the preacher a thief, a child of the devil, and one Jenny Geddes threw a stool at his head.

This disgraceful scene, and the general excitement of which it was one vulgar expression, did not lessen the missionary zeal of Charles and Laud. They continued to insist

on bishops and a liturgy, and combated the authority of the National Assembly of the Scotch Church.

Then the Scots devised a scheme which systematized their opposition to Charles, and banded the mass of the people in a Solemn League and Covenant to defend their self-chosen Presbyterian form of church. We may call their hatred of bishops fanatical, but we must remember that the ardour of Charles and Laud in the defence of bishops was equally fanatical. Christianity without Christ cannot be, but Christianity without bishops has flourished in many a land.

The Scottish character is a singular mixture of argumentativeness and fervid passion. Both these impulses were now in action against Charles. Their preachers argued unceasingly against his opinions, and the people lashed themselves into the wildest enthusiasm of loyalty for their Solemn League and Covenant. Suspecting that he would endeavour to put them down by force, they were beforehand with him, gathered an army with rapidity under the old general, Leslie, and soon forced him to sign a truce near Berwick.

Charles was now in an unfortunate plight. Scotland in arms against him, England uneasy and angry, he was perplexed what course to take. He summoned Strafford from Ireland to counsel him, and, with unwilling deference to his advice, he summoned his fourth Parliament. It met on April the 13th, A.D. 1640, and was dissolved on the 11th of the following month, being deservedly known as "The Short Parliament." The story of its short duration was simply that again Charles required subsidies before redressing grievances, while Parliament insisted that it would grant no subsidies till grievances were redressed. May, A.D. 1640, was far from being a "merrie" month in London. It was a time of excitement and trouble. The popular hatred of Archbishop Laud had been rapidly gaining strength. On May 11, his palace at Lambeth was attacked by a tumultuous mob, shouting as they surged along, "No Popery!" "Down with the bishops!" Laud, however, had had timely warning, and had put his abode in a state of defence. The riot was easily quelled, and the insult was avenged, one luckless youth, a sailor lad, being caught, tried, racked, and hung. He was the last person put to the rack in England.

A few months later, on October 22, there was another rising. This time the crowd broke into St. Paul's, where the Court of High Commission was sitting. With shouts of "No bishops!" "No Popery!" they streamed into the chapter-house, and forced the members to disperse.

This was the last time the Court of High Commission met. The people were mistaken in calling Laud a Papist, but their mistake was a natural one, for they saw him daily endeavouring to introduce ceremonials which had been discontinued since the Reformation, and they may have heard that, so highly was his friendship for the Romish Church appreciated by the Pope that he was offered a cardinal's hat!

E. A. W

The King's Goldfinch.

A DANISH TALE.

ONE afternoon the good King Rhoud went to take his customary walk in the woods of Ledre, with his friend Earl Reigin, who felt very much alarmed about the dangerous enemies that were daily multiplying themselves in the king's own palace. He urged the king to consider some means to prevent it, and to send immediately away from his household any whom he suspected of being treacherous or untrustworthy.

As they were walking and talking thus earnestly through the beautiful wood, they heard something scream piteously in a tree.

"It is only a little bird,' said Reigin.

"It does not sing, it screams," said the king. "The poor thing is in trouble."

"Let it scream," said Reigin. "Just now we have more important affairs to think of than a little bird in a tree."

"The nearest duty first," said the king. "There is nothing more important just now." And he looked up into the tree.

"It is impossible to rescue it," said Reigin; "it sits too high up."

"In youth I have learned to climb a tree, and am not yet so old that I have forgotten it."

"But there are no branches down below on the trunk," urged the earl.

"Then you must lift me. I am only a small man, not heavy to raise."

"But if you fall and get killed it will be an eternal shame to have it said that our king lost his life for the sake of a bird."

"Many have lost it for less," said the king, as he prepared to climb the tree. So the strong, square shoulders of the earl helped to lift the slender, agile king up the trunk; and thence he climbed and ventured himself out on the uppermost branch. He came down safely with a little goldfinch in his hand. It had caught its little leg in a narrow crevice of the wood, and could not fly.

"It shall be my adoption," said the king, tenderly stroking the feathers, "and the playmate of my little son."

He took the bird home, and had a beautiful cage made for it. "How childish the king is!" said one of his most faithful warriors, who disapproved of his giving time or thought to so small a thing as a bird. "At the moment when war is at the door, he finds time to save a little bird, and takes care of it himself. Does he not carelessly run into his own misfortune?"

Meanwhile his foes' desire for vengeance never slept. The death of Rhoud was decided upon. He had discovered the secret conspirators; he had their destiny in his hands, and he must soon die. They had secretly sworn his death, and by promises and threatening had bribed the two slaves that waited on the king's bed-chamber, promising them liberty and great wealth if they helped in the king's destruction.

One day, when the king was hunting with his men, an oaken plank was loosened in the ceiling of the king's bed-chamber over his head; and by some ingenious contrivance they had made it keep in its place until some one could lower it down from the second storey with a rope and let it fall. The king could thus be crushed on his couch, and the whole be thought a terrible accident.

The king returned at night late and weary, and went to bed. He soon was sound asleep, and would probably never have risen again had not the little bird by its screaming suddenly awakened him. He sat up in bed, and collecting his thoughts, perceived immediately that he had forgotten that day to give the little creature water and food, and at evening was so overcome by fatigue that he had not thought of it then. He sprang from his couch, saying,—

"Oh, thou poor little creature! did I save thy life to let thee perish?" With these words, he poured water into the little glass and put grain in the little cup.

Just then the plank fell from the ceiling with a tremendous noise, and striking the bed crushed it flat to the floor. There was a great commotion in the palace yard; the warriors awoke and seized their swords, the frightened servants rushed in with torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"The king is killed, is killed! they cried. "King Rhoud is crushed."

But there stood the king, unhurt and smiling, with the bird-cage in his hand, and he cried out to them, "Do not fear, my friends; God keeps me with His hand."

When Earl Reigin heard how everything had happened, how the planks had fallen, and what had saved the king, he stood long speechless. Then fixing his tearful eyes on the king, he said, "I shall never again doubt a Divine Providence."

"Then you can see, Reigin, one should not scorn little folk. Can a king save a bird? Then the bird can also save the king!"

Through Grace to Glory.

"They that are with Him are called and chosen and faithful."—Rev. xvii. 14.

BEFORE the word of God had reared
The universal frame,
Or earth's foundations had appeared,
God knew me by my name.
Isa. xlvi. 10; Jer. i. 5.

Before the long, long ages past,
Grace unto me was given,
And life for evermore to last
The heritage of heaven.
2 Tim. i. 9.

The Lamb of God was foreordained
To shed His blood for me,
And I in Him a hope obtained
Ere time began to be.
Titus i. 2.

Chosen was I by love divine,
God's mercy here to share,
To know the Spirit's life within,
And Jesus' image bear.
1 Pet. i. 2; Eph. i. 4, 5.

Predestined, called, and justified,
God's glory rests on me;
Sealed with the Spirit, I abide
In Christ eternally.
Eph. iv. 30; John xv. 4, 16.

Who shall accuse whom God acquits,
Or who my soul condemn?
My Lord, at God's right hand who sits,
Himself will answer them.
Rom. viii. 33, 34.

What power below, around, above,
That is or is to be,
Shall sever me from His great love,
Or sever it from me?
Rom. viii. 38, 39.

But not to me be any praise,
My glory is to own
The sovereign grace that stoops to raise
The outcast to a throne.
1 Cor. i. 28–31.

James Silvester.

Our Church and Parish.

CHURCH DEFENCE: A LAYMAN'S QUESTION.

BY THE REV. CANON HOARE, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

I CANNOT help thinking that the work of Church defence must after all be a layman's battle. You will not find that the clergy will do what is recommended that they should do. They will not introduce this matter into the pulpit. We have other things to preach about than our own endowments, and if we did we should suffer as much as the political Dissenters have suffered. But it does not mean that we should be apathetic. It is a layman's question—they must fight the battle for the dear old Church of England. The fight is not for the endowments that belong to the Church. The question is, whether this great nation is to be openly and avowedly a Christian nation, or whether it is to be merely a great country with some Christian people in it. Is it to be a Christian nation, or is it to fritter away all Christian principles, and have a vague Christianity which is to include Protestants and Romanists, with nothing to offend Freethinkers and Infidels? What will be the result? There will be a cutting away of everything that offends those people, and the cutting will go on until it deeply wounds the loving heart of every Christian man in the land. We cannot have that. Is this nation of ours to stand up as a witness for God or not? God grant that England may remain faithful to her Christian principles—that she will never give up her testimony for truth. Men may hesitate to speak as to the endowments, but we, none of us, hesitate to speak on questions of principles, or to preach on the Divine Truth. Those are the strength of the Church of England—her real strength lies in the principles of Christianity. I believe the Thirty-nine Articles bring more power to the Church than all the endow-

ments, because she has great, sound, solid, scriptural principles. I will say this—if we wish that the Church of England shall stand we must see that it is thoroughly faithful to its principles. The heart of England is true to the principles of the Church of England; there is nothing to shake that confidence in her, nothing to weaken the trust of the great thinking body of the laity of England, while we uphold its principles. Let it be felt that we uphold it because of its principles, and because those principles are dearer than our own lives. Let that be our spirit, and it will prevail in the country like a field of corn is waved by the wind, and after all our anxiety we shall see God's truth standing out more clearly, more conspicuously, and more beloved than ever.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. VIII. The Camel.

1. Camels were used for a variety of purposes:—(*a*) for riding; (*b*) as beasts of burden; (*c*) for draught; (*d*) the milk was drunk; (*e*) the hair was woven into a coarse material of which garments were made. Where do we find those uses alluded to?
2. The favourite posture of the camel when feeding, drinking, or resting, is on its knees. Who made his camels kneel while he stood and prayed?
3. The camel is called "the ship of the desert." It is always used by caravans and traders in the East. Where do we first read of merchantmen thus travelling?
4. What patriarch had 6000 camels, and what nation possessed camels as the sand by the seashore for multitude?
5. An Arab is fond of decorating his camel with ornamental trappings, fastened to the halter or suspended from the neck. Show that this custom is very ancient.
6. Some camels are very swift. It is often impossible to follow the predatory Arab into the desert; before the day is over he is 100 miles away. Give some instance of this swiftness of flight and escape.
7. Where do we read of camels as used in carrying letters?
8. What distinguished women do we read of who rode on a camel? Explain the journey in each case.
9. Explain: "The multitude of camels shall cover thee: the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah."
   "The camel's furniture." Gen. xxxi. 34.
   "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."
10. How does Jesus describe those who, though superstitiously anxious to avoid small faults, do not scruple to commit great sins? Explain the metaphor.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. III.

1. (*a*) The coney. (*b*) The ant. (*c*) The spider. (*d*) Order, union, and discipline.
2. (*a*) Ex. x. 15; Joel ii. 10. (*b*) Deut. xxviii. 38; Joel ii. 3. (*c*) Joel ii. 5. (*d*) Joel ii. 7, 8, 9. (*e*) Lev. xi. 21. (*f*) Lev. xi. 21. (*g*) Lev. xi. 21; Nahum iii. 17; Ps. cix. 23. (*h*) Isa. xxxiii. 4. (*i*) Nahum iii. 17; Ex. x. 19. (*j*) Nahum iii. 17. (*k*) Nahum iii. 17. (*l*) Joel ii. 7; Prov. xxx. 27. (*m*) Ex. x. 15.
3. (*a*) Allusion is here made either to the fragility of the hypocrite's trust or to its deceitfulness—it is to him a trap—he is caught in his own craftiness—his trust ends in shame, captivity, and death.
   (*b*) Locusts are feeble in the air in a storm, they are tossed up and down, and to and fro—David is speaking of himself and his persecutors.
   (*c*) In the East, very little work would be done without an overseer, and nothing as it should be. This is not like the ant; the ant attends to its own business, and does it well.
   (*d*) The "spider," that is, the gecko, has a fan-like foot something like a hand, which enables it to run up walls and climb ceilings.
   (*e*) When a column of locusts comes in contact with a house, they do not take the trouble to wheel round the house, but climb the wall like men of war, and march over the top of it.
4. The camel and the hare; because "they chew the cud, but divide not the hoof."
5. The ant. Prov. vi. 6, 7, 8.
6. Because it has "legs above its feet, to leap withal upon the earth." Lev. xi. 21. John the Baptist.
7. The gecko, a species of lizard.
8. Isaiah lix. 5, 6.
9. Prov. vi. 7, 8; xxx. 25.
10. "Exceeding wise."

The Ship which is always sailing on.

"The ship holds on her course, and makes for the desired port, whether they on board sit, lie or walk, eat or sleep."

THUS time is at all times bearing us onward to the land where time shall be no more. There is never a pause in our progress towards eternity, whether we trifle or are in earnest. Even while we read these lines, the great ship is still speeding onward at the same rapid and unvarying rate. We shall soon see the shore of eternity; far sooner than we think! It becomes us to be ready for the landing, and for the weighty business which will then engage us, namely, judgment at the hands of Christ. If we could lie becalmed awhile, and make no movement towards eternity, we could afford to sport; but if we look over the ship's stern, we may see by her shining wake how she is cutting through the waves. Past time urges us to diligence, for it has reported us in heaven; and future time calls us to earnestness, for it must be short, and may end this very day. AND THEN!

SPURGEON.

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER III.

HEALTH.

PERHAPS we never know the full value of health till we have passed through sickness. When laid aside by illness, we sigh for the days of health once more, long to be able to resume even the most irksome tasks, and blame ourselves for the many foolish things we did formerly at the risk of injuring our health.

But not only is actual sickness a trial; a low state of health is a serious hindrance to activity and success in life. How much even a slight headache, or some undefined feeling of discomfort, unfits us for our day's work! Duties which we accomplish easily when well, become wearisome when we are below par in health.

Sad to say, doctors sometimes tell us that they rarely, now-a-days, meet with vigorous constitutions among the young. Why is this? Various causes are assigned. We sit up too late at night; we drink too much strong tea, or, worse still, we use beer or spirits habitually; we eat too much heavy food; we live in too great a hurry; and so forth. Whatever be the causes of weak health, it is certainly worth while to seek after strength and thorough healthiness of body. To do this effectually, we must first attend to the

SEVEN NECESSITIES FOR HEALTH.

Namely,—1. Light.
2. Air.
3. Cleanliness.
4. Food.
5. Exercise.
6. Rest.
7. Warmth.

1. Light. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to the eyes to behold the

sun!" (Eccles. xi. 7). But light is not only pleasant; it is actually healthful. Human beings need it as much as plants, and may take a lesson from the way these seek after it. We see them stretching towards the sunshine. "A potato thrown into a dark cellar has been known to send out a long runner all across the floor, and then all up the wall till it reached the window. It did all it could to come to the light." Ladies who keep curtains habitually down to save their carpets, make a mistake. They keep colour in their carpets, and lose it from their cheeks!

2. Air. We breathe about eighteen times in a minute. It is a twofold process. We breathe out bad air. We *ought* to take in fresh air. This expands our lungs, which are sponge-like in texture, and also purifies our blood. For the blood, starting from the heart, goes all over the body, in the arteries, and comes back to the chest in the veins, having become charged with impurities in the course of its journeys. In the chest it comes in contact with the air we inhale; if this is pure, the blood is thus cleansed, and starts on its travels again, charged with health and life for the whole frame. It is evident, then, how much we need a constant supply of fresh air.

3. Cleanliness. The skin of the body is full of minute holes or pores, through which the perspiration exudes. To keep the pores well open, and have the body really thoroughly clean, it ought, in fact, to be well washed* twice a day. Sleep is ten times sweeter if we lie down clean. Work is entered on ten times more briskly if our bodies glow with cleanliness. We know a good nurse always washes a baby twice a day.

4. Food. We should take food at regular times, and then *only*. We should notice what kind of diet suits us, and act accordingly. We should remember that nourishment does not depend upon *how much* food we eat, but on *what* we eat, and upon *how much we digest*. A person may suffer from anæmia or poverty of blood, not only from over fatigue, or want of food, but *also from taking food of a kind, or in an amount, which he cannot digest*. In some households, animal food is provided several times a day. Few can take it so often without suffering from it. "Excess in meat tends to discomfort, disease and early decay." The diet should consist largely of vegetables, fruit, fish, or poultry, milk, and nourishing grains like rice or sago or oatmeal.

5. Exercise. This should be regular, but *over fatigue and excitement are always dangerous.*

6. Rest. Eight hours' good sleep are needed by young persons, and by all whose occupation is *brain* work. "Early to bed, early to rise," is always a good maxim.

7. Warmth. All who are delicate should wear flannel next the skin. *The same garment should never be worn at night which has been worn during the day.* If you suffer from cold at night, knit yourself a pair of warm socks, and make yourself a loose flannel jacket to wear either under or over your nightgown.

Some may say, "We would gladly attend to these hints, but we are not our own mistresses, and cannot do so." If you cannot attend to them fully, do so *as much as you can* Try, and you will probably find more can be managed by a little clever contrivance, than you thought possible. Let in air and sunshine by open windows. Some persons derive much benefit from keeping the windows open all night. Some, afraid of this, may let the birds awake them with their first sweet songs, and then, throwing the sashes widely open, take their last hours of sleep in the delicious atmosphere of early day.

Baths are now freely provided for the poor. Women in service or other employment may be unable to go to them. Needed privacy may, however, with a little contrivance, be got at home. A corner of the bedroom shared by others may be curtained off, or the occupiers may take it in turn to go to bed or to rise earlier than the rest. A medical man, in the course of six or seven papers of advice to working-girls on health, repeats in every one, "Use the *Girl's Bath*, that is, to wash all over daily, and sponge with cold water!"† At any rate, remember water and air are your best friends, not your foes.

If you suffer from indigestion, try a change of diet, and a glass of hot or cold water the last thing at night, or the first thing in the morning. Use medicine sparingly, for—

> "Pills vex the frame,
> And draughts the same;"

but remember that the health of the body largely depends on regular digestion.

* See a valuable little book, *First Lessons on Health*, by J. Berners. Macmillan & Co.

† See papers by "Medicus" in the *Girl's Own Paper*. Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row.

Many girls are thoughtlessly kept up too late at night by their mistresses, and required notwithstanding to be early astir in the morning. This is not right. Do not make matters worse by dawdling over your work, or sitting up to read a novel. Do not lie awake at night worrying yourself over the past or the future. Troubles look unnaturally huge at night, which seem quite endurable by morning ray. Close each day by full confession to God of all you have done or said wrong in the past hours. Pour out also all your sorrows. Then lay your head on your pillow, calmly trusting yourself and those you love to the care of your heavenly Father, and "take no thought for the morrow." *No one can be well without rest, and much can be done by self-control to secure it.*

If you are poor, spend less on *outside* ornament, and more on warm underclothing.

Give up beer and other stimulants. It is proved that they do not promote warmth, or give strength permanently. If in service, ask your mistress to allow you milk or cocoa for supper instead of beer.

Many girls suffer much from toothache, and often fly to the nearest dentist to have a tooth out when the loss of so useful an article is not necessary. For the toothache often arises from indigestion, or from a low tone of health, and should be treated accordingly. "The teeth need nourishment as well as every other part of the body," and if it is under-nourished, it is as likely that *they* may start a protesting pain as any other part of it. The teeth should be carefully cleaned twice a day.

Other girls suffer grievously from low spirits. With this again indigestion may have to do.* Temperance in eating is as important as in drinking, and to avoid *hurry* at meals is also important. But the low spirits may arise from general debility or other physical causes. A doctor's help may be required, but often in such cases we may do much for ourselves. A little extra rest or change would do wonders. Besides this, we *must* keep ourselves *occupied*, in some way which will not be over fatiguing.

"O'er ills to brood
Can do no good."

There was a lady who often found the clouds of melancholy dispersed by plunging into her house accounts, and then sallying forth to pay her bills! We must borrow the policeman's words, and say to ourselves, "Move on! move on!"

Above all, as you value health, respectability, reason, have nothing to do with brandy. There is no greater mistake than to fly to it in every ailment. Hundreds of women are ruined by it who were once as likely to succeed as yourself. If you are suffering from want of appetite, ask the chemist to mix you some quassia or a little quinine. If you are weak and getting thin, take cod-liver oil mixed with Parrish's Chemical Food, in the proportion of a *sixth part* of the latter to the former. Iron filings, mixed with water, and taken three times a day, is a capital tonic. It should be taken about the colour of tea.

Many take brandy (sometimes very unwillingly) when troubled with internal pains. An experienced hospital nurse advises a tumbler of water as hot as you can drink it *without* the brandy instead. It is the *heat* which does good. You may add a little ginger if you like.†

Avoid wearing *any* tight clothing. "The lungs, heart, and other parts fit exactly in their right places, and have just room enough to work properly. If we try to force them into a smaller space, we hinder them from doing their work, and very likely bring on some dreadful disease in one or all of them."‡ A doctor of Guy's Hospital expressed an opinion that hundreds of girls die from tight-lacing, bringing on feverish attacks and ultimately consumption! A tight-laced person can never be healthy, and with health goes beauty.

"The brightness of the open eye,
The roses of the cheek."

Above all, let us ever remember that our bodies are not our "own." Let us keep them pure, and, as far as we can, strong and healthy. "What! know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost?" (1 Cor. vi. 19).

E. A. W.

* The advice in the following homely lines may be useful:—

"Why so sad, poor Mary?"
"The world is bad; I'm going mad.
All things are so contrary!
I think I'll try the river."—"Fie!
Don't be so silly! *Go to bed,*
And take a little draught instead."

† All who suffer thus should wear a *broad* flannel band doubled over the waist. The warmth hinders congestion. Avoid also getting wet feet.

‡ See *First Lessons on Health.*

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HULL.

From Photo by W. J. Wellsted & Son, 19 Paragon Street, Hull.

OCTOBER.

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

WAS it only Frank's fancy, or did Marion look graver than usual? She greeted him with her usual gentle friendliness, laying her hand in his and looking straight into his face.

"Isn't it nice now that the sun has come out?" she said.

"Very nice," said Frank heartily, meaning what he said. It did seem to him that the sun was shining very brightly just at present.

"It's wonderful what the sunshine does," Marion went on. "I was feeling rather sad as I came along, and all of a sudden out came the sun, and seemed to make everything easier to bear in a moment."

"Yes," said Frank, feeling a wild and unreasonable desire to sweep out of her path the smallest matter of trouble at once.

"There—there wasn't much for you to bear, was there?"

He had turned, and was walking by her side.

"No," said Marion, "not much. Only my father has been troubled because Captain Rogers has suddenly deserted him. You know, Frank, that would grieve a doctor, when he knew that he was doing all that could be done to cure a person."

"Naturally," said Frank, feeling very uncomfortable. To begin with, he knew very well that Dr. Harland had been doing all possible harm to poor Rogers. And now he felt guilty because he was the chosen supplanter of Marion's father. He felt also that his "naturally" implied a lie

"Dr. Harland must not mind," he said hurriedly. "We doctors must always expect to have to put up with that kind of thing."

"So I tell him," said Marion, turning her bright face on Frank, as he walked beside her. "Of course I know I am not a very good comforter, from never having had any trouble myself. But still I hope when troubles do come I shall feel the same. If we believe, as we say we do, that all things work together for good, why, what *can* it matter what the 'all things' are?"

It seemed to the young doctor at that moment as if nothing could matter to him—nothing,—except one thing, one bright, delicious, half-confessed hope, that lit up all life as he looked forward, just as the sudden gleam of sunshine had lighted up the wintry fields.

"*Don't* you think that is right?" asked Marion, once more turning her face upon him.

"I think you are right, as you always are,' said Frank.

Marion did not blush, nor did she smile.

"Do you know, Frank," she said quietly, "I do not like the way you treat me now very much. Why change your manner so because we are grown up? We have grown up as brother and sister, why may we not be the same?"

Frank would have liked to tell her that he would prefer very different relations between them. But he only said,—

"I suppose it must be different when people are grown up."

"Why?" asked Marion. "Because some girls have a foolish way of viewing every man they meet as a possible lover. Please consider that I view you as an *im*possible lover, and that I am now what I have always been, your friend Marion—who longs to see you succeed and prosper."

She spoke with a simple gentleness which went straight to Frank's heart, and made him long there and then to throw himself at her feet.

"I must try to amend," he said; "and to prosper too, since you wish it."

"There, he is at it again," said Marion, in a tone half playful, half vexed. "Do you know, Frank, it is no wonder girls often become just butterflies, when men will persist in treating them in this way, and feeding them on sweet—rubbish."

"No, no," said Frank eagerly, "it is the busy working bees that we feed on barley-sugar. But you have grown very philosophical, it seems. Where do all these deep thoughts come from, I wonder?"

"I did not know they were deep. I don't think they are," said Marion. "But I have a great deal of time for thinking when I sit working, often for long hours."

"Yes; and what do you think of then?" asked Frank. He would so much have liked to ask if she ever thought of him!

"I think of many things," said Marion. "I think of all the things I want to do, of all the things, sometimes, that I would do if I were a man."

"The things we men do *not* do, I am afraid?" said Frank.

"Ah, *you* have no cause to speak so," said Marion, her whole face kindling. "You who go out to fight against disease and misery, and to do such a great work in the world. We women are busied about so many trifles—of course they have to be done, but still just now and again we cannot help envying you your fuller and larger life."

Frank sighed.

"Did I make you sad?" asked Marion. "That was the very last thing I meant to do. I believe you thought I was grumbling at my lot—mine! imagine it!" She laughed such a happy laugh that the very sound of it was cheering. "Of course I know," she went on more gravely, "that the real happiness is to use one's ten talents,—or five, or only one,—to the greatest profit. And I never can forget that the reward of the faithful worker in the Bible is—more work."

They had reached a cottage, and she stopped. "I am going in here," she said. One hand had all along been hidden in the folds of her cloak. Frank felt sure that some comforting little present for the poor folk within was concealed in it. She gave him the other, and smiled into his troubled face.

"Good-bye, Dr. Frank. Do not mind the clouds, the sun is sure to shine out again."

She knew he had cause to feel troubled, then?

The sun was still shining, but less brightly, it seemed to Dr. Frank, as he walked away with Marion's words ringing in his ears, or rather in the depths of his heart.

"If we know that all things work together for good, how can it matter what the *all things* are?"

CHAPTER VI.

DECEMBER—and Frank Smith sat alone in his own room, the little room which had been set apart for the reception of his patients, formerly the family parlour. The family occupied the kitchen now, till evening, and Rosa took delight in making it as cosy and as like a sitting-room as possible.

Dr. Frank sat at a table littered with books and papers. A strong odour of drugs filled the room, and the phials which he had just been filling with medicines stood before him in a row. His face was very pale and careworn, there were deep lines in it that seemed to have no business in so young a countenance. He lay back in his chair, with hands clasped behind his head, his eyes fixed on a little old print of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes that hung on the wall. The picture had been a favourite one of his in childhood, and now, as often happens with old and familiar things, it suddenly seemed to take quite a new meaning, one that suited his present case. "We have toiled all night, and caught nothing:" the deep discouragement of the words exactly represented his own feeling.

Toiling—so gladly—recking not of weariness, caring little for comfort (there was no fire now in his grate, though it was freezing very hard; he had been obliged to thaw some of his drugs in the kitchen before compounding the medicines). Toiling thus, and toiling for the good of others, yet toiling almost in vain! The world was as full of need as that sea was full of fish, yet the willing worker must work in vain. Was it so indeed! True, there were some walking about who owed their health to him; there were others now in whom he trusted to be able to fight disease and conquer. But on the whole he was being worsted in the struggle, and the deepest grief of all lay in the increasing poverty of the family. That costly education of his had brought their funds so low, and now—

There were voices in the next room. His mother had visitors, he supposed. He could generally hear merely the buzz of conversation through the walls, but to-day he could hear a word here and there, because the voice—a man's voice—was raised to a loud, apparently an angry pitch. A woman's voice—his mother's—seemed to be answering deprecatingly, entreatingly. Frank sprang to his feet, and was half-way to the door, when the outer door of the house shut with a loud bang, and at the same moment his mother entered the room.

"Who was that, mother?" asked Dr. Frank. "Who was daring to speak to you in that tone? Wasn't it Thomson the carpenter?"

"He came about the shelves, dear," said Mrs. Smith gently. "You know the man, he is so rough and loud-voiced, not rude really. I know very well he does not mean to be rude, it is just his noisy way."

"Mother, you try to cheat me. He wanted to be paid for putting up the shelves for my bottles, wasn't that it?"

"Well, he said he had a heavy bill himself to meet," confessed the mother. "But never mind, dear, Mrs. Gearon is going to pay what she owes on Saturday, and then we can meet Thomson's bill. She is so grateful to you for saving her child, dear Frank."

Frank had walked to the window, and stood moodily looking out. The sunshine was brilliant, the trees were covered this morning with hoar-frost which the sun was turning into silver and diamonds, the keen air was delicious, the whole world beautiful.

"And Frank, dear, all the young people are going down to skate on Mr. Avey's pond; the girls are taking chairs for sledges. Rosa wants you to go with her and Marion Harland. It would do you so much good, dear boy."

"I've patients to see."

"That won't take you long," said his mother.

"No, it won't take me long," said Frank, the wave of bitterness surging up in his heart again at her words. He could go with the skaters, if he pleased, with Marion Harland. What should have been a great treat was a source of great pain, alas! He stooped and kissed his mother. "Tell Rosa I shall be back by twelve. If she will pack up some bread-and-cheese, we can have a good long time." He gathered together his bottles (he left them himself when possible, to save paying an errand-boy), put on coat and hat, and started forth. In the garden he met the old grandfather.

"Frank, my boy, I want to consult you about something," he said. "You know the grass-plot and the arbour, and all that mass of flowering shrubs at the bottom of the garden?"

"I should think so. Don't we love the little refuge!" said Frank. "The cosiest, homeliest spot on the face of the earth for us."

"H'm," said the old man. "Well, I've been planning work to occupy me till spring, and bring us in money, or food that's worth money. I calculate that if I cut down all those trees, and strip up the roots, and dig up the whole grass-plot, we can get five to six sacks of potatoes there. It's virgin soil, it will grow splendid roots."

"Oh, grandfather! what will mother do in the hot afternoons? And Rosa, and all of us?"

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," said the old man gruffly. "Still, if you'd prefer that your mother and sister should sit hungry there; or perhaps the smell of the flowers will feed them?"

"Do as you like, grandfather," said Frank. "I'll help you in the evenings." He tramped away with a sad, set face. The brilliant sunshine seemed a mere mockery to his discouraged spirit.

For all that, he was young, and he could not help feeling braced and invigorated and presently even cheered by the mere physical influence of the bright weather. When we are young, Nature gives us these merciful reactions. Nothing in the circumstances has changed, perhaps, but the sky brightens, our courage rises, the whole burden of life seems lighter. The prospect now of an afternoon's skating with Marion seemed delicious.

A man was coming to meet him across the fields. He was walking fast, he quickened his pace to a run as he caught sight of Dr. Frank.

"Ah, sir, I have found you! that is lucky. For the love of God, come quickly!"

"What is the matter?" said Frank, walking on fast. A doctor does not run, even to the most pressing case, as a rule; he dares not arrive breathless and hurried.

"You may be too late. I am afraid you will," cried the man. "I am Farmer Wills' next-door neighbour. He is very much worse, and an hour ago he lost consciousness. They thought he had fainted, and tried to revive him, but they could not; so I came for you. It is very odd that a wound in the hand should bring such consequences. Last night his throat became bad. I was sitting up with him, and feeding him, as you wished. All of a sudden he became unable to swallow, and presently his whole neck grew stiff, so that he could not move it."

"If that is so," said Frank, turning his head to look at the man, but not slackening his pace at all, "lockjaw has set in. Let us hope you are mistaken. Even, then, if I had been there in time, perhaps"—

His companion was short and stout, and panted as he tried to keep up with the doctor's long strides.

"Well, sir," he gasped, "there is one thing I think I ought to tell you. As I understand, they have been keeping it a secret"—

"There should be no secrets from the doctor," said Frank.

"Well, they did not tell you, did they, sir, about the cow? Wills had one that died, he had a shrewd guess as to the reason. He's a close man is Wills, and he didn't like the loss. He thought to save some of it by taking the meat to some of the villages round. So he and Johnson the butcher cut it up quietly in the dusk. It seems a splinter of bone ran under Wills' nail while they were at work. The finger got inflamed, but he kept that quiet till the pain was so bad that he had to send for you. They haven't told you about the cow, I reckon, sir?"

"No," said Frank, intensely vexed.

"The butcher got a bit of a scratch too, and his arm is all swollen up," his informant continued. Such a little scratch it was, too—you wouldn't believe!"

"Let us hope you are mistaken," said Frank; but the man shook his head, and they soon reached the house. Entering it, Frank found the whole household dissolved in tears, wife and children, maids and all. His questions obtained no answers, and he made his way to the farmer's bedside, only to find that life had fled.

Having satisfied himself of this, he turned to the survivors. But they gave him only reproachful looks and angry words. What was the use of a doctor? they wanted to know. And as to the sick cow, it might have died of dangerous disease; but if so, how was it that the butcher was going about quite happily, feeling no ill effects, beyond a rather swelled arm? He sent for no doctor, not he; he had more sense.

Thus the farmer's widow; at all times a loud-voiced and rough-mannered woman, and the rest took their tone from her. It was in vain that Frank explained that, in the first place, he had not been fairly treated in being thus kept ignorant of an important fact; and secondly, that if lockjaw supervened in such cases, that was no fault of the doctor. The torrent of lamentations and reproaches was not to be stemmed by him; there was nothing more that he could do, and with a heavy heart he left the house.

He had gone some distance when another thought crossed his mind. Johnson the butcher—if what he had heard was true, this man must also be in gravest danger. Frank stood still, hesitated, took a few steps, stood still again, then made up his mind, and tramped off to Miller's Roothing Street to find Johnson. On the way he passed the butcher's shop. Johnson was at the Crown, he was told; but he noticed that before the butcher's door a quantity of chaff lay scattered. That was the simple but forcible way in which the people of Miller's Roothing were accustomed to make public the fact that a man had been beating his wife.

In the Crown he found Johnson, with one arm swelled to an enormous size. He was drinking with a number of rough carters, and was already more than "half-seas over.' Not only did he reject Frank's proffered advice, but added a stern, violent, and disgusting abuse, mingled with threats, in which some of the others joined, of making the whole neighbourhood ring with the story of the doctor's clumsiness. Frank was fairly compelled to retreat, and hastened from the house, pursued by drunken shouts.

This was indeed a blow. Just now, when his prospects were already so gloomy, when his reputation was trembling in the balance of

public opinion, and any featherweight seemed enough finally to ruin it! "Oh, mother! Oh, Rosa!" said Frank to himself, as he hurried along, down to the street again. He slipped into his home as quietly as possible, and gained his own room; but, to his vexation, his mother and sister were both there, busied about some dusting. At the sight of his face, both stood as if scared, and the mother with difficulty gasped out an eager question as to what could ail him.

"Nothing, it is nothing at all," said Frank, with that futile effort which we are so apt to make when the signs of distress are only too legible on our faces.

"Don't distress yourself, mother dear," he confessed, when pressed further. "It is nothing so very dreadful after all. Only, mother, perhaps I had better tell you, for the tongues of the gossips will soon bring the story, and bring it all wrong. You heard me say that Farmer Wills got a splinter of bone under his nail, and was suffering very much. Well, he has died

from lockjaw, and some people have been saying that I am to blame. They will talk about it in the village, and the gossip will be sure to reach you. Be sure you do not let it disturb you; in a few days the whole thing will be forgotten, and the report will not hurt me, at least not seriously."

But the effort which the young doctor was too evidently making to encourage his mother not to heed the gossip, had a quite contrary effect. The poor woman was terribly alarmed and grieved, she clung to the back of a chair to steady herself. Rosa's eyes were full of tears; she looked at her brother, and tried to steady her voice to speak.

"So all the world has turned against us," said the old grandfather, who had entered unnoticed. "Frank, my boy, you came of an unlucky stock; misfortune will dog you as it has dogged me, there's no escaping it."

"What shall I say to comfort you?" said poor Frank. "Grandfather, do believe that the matter, vexing as it is, is one which will blow over."

"Blow over!" said the old man. "Perhaps it may, when it has swamped us all. It's that unlucky doctoring; haven't I always said so? But you would have it, and you women have backed him up, it has never been of any use for *me* to speak."

The tears in Rosa's eyes seemed to dry up suddenly; they flashed angrily as she looked at the old man, whose fretful outburst seemed to her a cruel fashion of striking at her brother when he was already down in the depths of discouragement.

"Better days will come for us, grandfather," said Frank; "we must have patience."

"Patience, indeed," grumbled the old man; "we have had enough already, I should think! But you need not try to deceive us, my boy; I can see well enough that you are more worried and distressed than any of us."

"I am afraid that is true enough," said Frank sadly. "It is because, although I believe I have done all that medical science could do for Farmer Wills, and that no one could have foreseen this fatal lockjaw, still I cannot help being anxious, doubting and wondering whether there is anything more that I ought to have done. I want to look up the great authorities; will you give me a quiet half-hour? After that, I shall feel able to bear and to hear all that has to be borne and heard."

"Do, my darling," said his mother; "we shall leave you in peace." She longed to comfort him, but could find no more to say, and with a sad heart she followed the grandfather and Rosa from the room.

"It's all over now," declared the old man, as they reached their own living-room. "A name that is only half-made, like Frank's, will not be able to stand against this kind of thing. Let us face the truth, it will be much wiser, and in the end happier—if it's any use for us to talk of happiness."

To this dismal speech, not even Rosa could, for a moment, find reply; a pause followed, which was interrupted by a knock at the door. Marion Harland, ready dressed for the promised ice expedition, appeared on the threshold, rosy and smiling.

"Why, Rosa! oh, but I see! I know how it is! Isn't it wonderful what wings gossip has? So you have already heard of the little vexation?"

"Marion! *you* have already heard!" cried Rosa.

"Well, yes, you know what a village is. That is one of the advantages, a bit of gossip spreads quickly, is talked over at once, and as quickly forgotten, because some new thing has spread. It isn't like towns, where you do not hear a thing for a week, and then it comes with such a shock, and with such additions. Though I must own that last is true of our gossip here. I daresay the shower of abuse which I have been told Dr. Frank met with, resolves itself really into one rude remark."

Mrs. Smith shook her head and sighed.

"But what have you done with him? Where is he?" asked Marion. And when the mother and sister sorrowfully confessed that Frank had shut himself into his room, she scolded them both.

Nothing could be worse than to allow a grieved spirit to brood in solitude.

So the mother and sister went in, and Frank was coaxed and persuaded and almost driven out upon the ice.

"I am half jealous," declared Mrs. Smith, as Marion bade her farewell. "You can cheer him when I cannot, Marion."

Rosa heard, and darted a reproachful glance at her mother, who became conscious that she had said something wrong, though, poor woman, she could not imagine what it was. But no trouble came into Marion's clear eyes, no flush to her cheek; she was innocent of any guile.

She did not know that behind Miss Martin's white blinds the village gossip-gatherer was looking out as the three went blithely by. It was well that she did not hear the remark Miss Martin made to her cousin.

"There, I told you so. She has fetched Dr. Frank out now. You depend upon it, Maria, there's always something at the bottom of those great affections of girls for each other. Isn't it a wonder now her father never seems to see what is going on? It's my belief he never will till the young fellow has taken his practice and his daughter too."

If you wanted to set a word upon wheels and send it travelling in the neighbourhood of Miller's Roothing, the best plan was to tell it to Miss Martin. Then you might be sure that the tale would fly up the street and down the street, and return to you again so changed in its wanderings, and, as they say of sons who have

wandered far, so grown out of all knowledge, that you would hardly know it again.

"She has fetched Dr. Frank out," said Miss Martin now. What she said the next time she saw Dr. Harland, after the events recorded in our last chapter, was,—

"I understand that Dr. Frank went up and offered his services to Captain Rogers.

No one would have been more surprised than Miss Martin, if she had been told she was a person of great importance.

"Why, what can I do for or against anybody, a poor plain old maid like me," she would have said. But the fact was that with that sharp weapon, her tongue, she accomplished a very great and serious amount of work—on the side of the adversary.

All the young people of the neighbourhood seemed to be gathered upon the miller's pond. Some were skating, some were sliding; the ladies were for the most part being pushed about on chairs and impromptu sledges by the men, since skating was scarcely yet admitted among the things which it was seemly for young women to do. Squire Thorpe's niece, who came from Canada, excited great surprise, with a mixture of praise and blame, by her graceful evolutions. Supported by her example, Marion Harland had ventured to put on skates, and, being both strong and fearless, she had in a wonderfully short time attained very considerable proficiency. To-day she allowed Frank Smith to assist her, and the two skated round and round the pond, and finally up a little reach where none of the others had come, skating being generally a sociable pastime. At the head of this little reach, Frank stopped. He had been flying along, striving to drive away the tumult of troublesome thoughts by rapid motion, and he only now seemed suddenly to discover that his companion was quite breathless.

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES I., A.D. 1625–1648—THE LONG PARLIAMENT—EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

BEFORE the end of the year A.D. 1640, Charles was again compelled to summon a Parliament. This was his fifth and last. It was, perhaps, the most remarkable Parliament which ever met in England. "It rose to the greatest majesty and power; it sank to the lowest depth of shame,—at one time sovereign of its sovereign, and at another the servant of its servants." Charles opened it in person, and closed his speech with the words: "It shall not be my fault if this be not a happy and good Parliament." But fair words could not heal the breach which long misrule had made between him and his people. The members took their seats stern and determined in spirit. One of their first acts was to set free the victims of the Star Chamber, Prynne, Bastwick, and Baston, who were welcomed into fresh air and liberty with shouts of enthusiasm.

On the morning of 11th November, John Pym stood up in the House of Commons, and impeached Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, of high treason. Followed by three hundred members, he went up to the House of Lords with the impeachment. Strafford, infirm, and weary from a long journey, had but just taken his seat among the Peers, when Pym entered. He at once rose, and hurried to the House of Commons. "With speed," wrote an eye-witness, "he comes to the House; he calls rudely at the door, and with a proud, gloomy look makes towards his place at the Bar. But at once many bid him void the House, so he is forced in confusion to go to the door till he is called." He was only recalled to hear his committal to the Tower. He offered to speak, but was commanded to be gone without a word.

In the Tower, then, where Sir John Eliot had pined three years, the Earl of Strafford waited three months for his trial. Meanwhile his great adversary, John Pym, prepared to substantiate the impeachment.

John Pym and Thomas Wentworth had a few years ago walked together in company as

friends. But when the "Grand Apostate" left the party of the Patriots, "Never," said Pym, "shall we leave you while you have a head on your shoulders."

John Pym was a Somersetshire squire, who had been in Parliament since A.D. 1614, and had had the honour of imprisonment for opposing monopolies under James. In 1620 he was one of twelve men sent to this monarch with a petition. "Set chairs! set chairs—chairs!" cried the shrewd old king in his broad Scotch accent, "here be t'wall (twelve) kings coming." "King Pym," in fact, he came to be popularly called, when his strength of will, experience, and judgment made him a pillar of strength to the national party.

On 22nd March, 1641, Strafford was brought up from the Tower by water, six barges following, with a hundred soldiers on guard. The king and queen were present in the House. The trial lasted several weeks. Day by day men saw his proud form erect; his dark gloomy eye and sallow face giving no sign of fear. He defended himself very ably, and it is generally allowed that, however guilty *in fact* of treason to his country, there was not *technical* proof legally to convict him. But, notwithstanding this, on Friday, 9th May, he was condemned, and the sentence sent up to Charles for his signature.

No power on earth should have induced Charles to sign that death-warrant. He should rather have resigned his crown, for Strafford had been as faithful to him as he had been faithless to Parliament. But Charles, after a vain petition in his favour, gave way, and set his name to the sentence. Well might Strafford exclaim, "Put not your trust in princes." On 12th May "the great bad man" was beheaded on Tower Hill. He marched with proud composure through the crowds; craved the blessing of the imprisoned Archbishop Laud, and died with courage. In the evening the joy of the people at his death was shown by bonfires. Strafford's name has the sad pre-eminence of his having been the most hated of all English statesmen, from the days of Egbert to those of Victoria.

A year and a half later, Archbishop Laud followed his friend to death by a sentence which can still less be justified than that of Strafford.

The Parliament now carried everything before it. On 10th January, A.D. 1641, a Bill was passed securing the meeting of Parliament every three years. On the 5th of July the Courts of High Commission and of the Star Chamber were abolished. Ship-money was abolished. A resolution was passed to help the Scots. Commissioners were sent throughout the country to do away with all the new ornaments and ritual which Laud had been at such pains to introduce. And yet the members were not satisfied. They knew that when abuses are removed, people soon forget how burdensome they were. They saw that popular feeling was not unlikely to soften towards the king, now that he was rid of the obnoxious Strafford. At the same time they knew that the king hated them, and regarded all concessions made to them as no more binding than promises forced from a man by a highwayman, with a knife at his throat. Therefore they determined to secure their position, and to hand down to all time the story of past grievances, and of their efforts to obtain their removal accordingly. The Grand Remonstrance was drawn up. It was a simple recital of all the oppressive measures of Charles and his Ministers, from the commencement of his reign. Some who had voted against Strafford now fell away from the popular party; amongst these were Lord Falkland and Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon. "The king was down," they thought, "why trample him in the dust?" There was a great struggle in the House. It sat day after day, well into the evenings, and the Bill in favour of the Remonstrance was only passed by a majority of eleven, on the midnight of 22nd November, A.D. 1641, after fourteen hours' sitting. A still fiercer debate followed as to whether the document should be printed, but this was also passed. The Grand Remonstrance remains, recording the high-water mark of monarchical oppression in England for all ages.

A few weeks only had passed before Charles sought a great revenge for the death of Strafford, and the galling publication of the Remonstrance. The Parliament had impeached Buckingham early in his reign, and had slain Strafford. He determined to impeach no less than five members of Parliament for treason. Their names were Pym, Hampden, Hollis, Strode, and Hazlerig. He charged them with complicity with the rebellious Scots, and with alienating the affections of the people from their sovereign. On the 3rd day of January, 1672, he despatched the Sergeant-at-Arms, mace in hand, to the House of Commons, demanding the surrender of the

accused five members. The assembly sent back a humble message, that the accused should be ready to answer any legal charges in such manner as befitted the privileges of the House.

Charles, disappointed of the immediate surrender of the five, hesitated what to do. Henrietta Maria did not hesitate. She urged him vehemently to go to the House in person, and seize the accused. Doubting in his heart the safety of the step, believing as he always did her wisdom to be superior to his, he set forth to go to Westminster. The House of Commons was sitting. A painful and anxious debate was being held what steps to take. How could they surrender these men? If they were guilty, their guilt was shared by the majority of the members. Besides, was it not a great breach of their privileges to impeach them in this fashion without the sanction of the House? While they thus deliberated, some one entered the House hurriedly, and whispered words to one of the members, which he instantly reported to the Speaker, Mr. Lenthall. The Speaker quickly rose, and told the House that the king had already left Whitehall, and was on his way hither, accompanied by a large troop of armed men. The five members were instantly charged to depart, which they unwillingly did, young Lord Strode being actually dragged out of the House by a friend, while he protested that he was innocent of treason, and was ready to seal his innocency on the spot with his blood. Scarcely were the five got out of the way ere Charles entered, his officers and soldiers keeping the door of the House. As he entered, all the members rose. He glanced towards the seat of Pym, and, seeing it empty, went on towards the Speaker's chair, whence he spoke demanding the surrender of the members. "I must have them," he said, "wherever I find them." He looked round and asked for Pym, for Hollis, but there followed a general silence. No one answered him. "Well, well," he said, "'tis no matter. I think my eyes can see as well as another's;" and then he looked round a pretty while to see if he could espy any one of them. Then up spoke Lenthall, the Speaker, and said, "I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in this place but as the House do please, and I humbly beg your Majesty to pardon that I cannot give answer but this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me." Another long pause of dreadful silence, and Charles again spoke. "Well, since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither."

Then, with overclouded countenance and rising anger, he left the House, cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" being shouted after him by many members as he passed forth.

Returning crestfallen to the Queen, she angrily upbraided him for his cowardice in not laying hold of other members in lieu of the defaulters. So little did she know of the temper of England, or of the terrible danger of bloodshed, which only the escape of the members had averted, within the walls of Westminster itself!

From that day forward, Charles and his Parliament were virtually at war.

E. A. W

Autumn.

H! with what glory comes and goes the year!
The birds of spring—those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times—enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
And when the silvery habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and, with
A sober gladness, the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
In mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountains, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales
The gentle wind—a sweet and passionate wooer—
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,—
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves; the purple finch,
That on wild-cherry and red cedar feeds,—
A winter bird,—comes with his plaintive whistle,
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings;
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

LONGFELLOW.

Autumn Ingathering.

The old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits.

The Church Congress.

CHURCHMEN of every school of thought look forward to one event of the year with the greatest interest, viz. the meeting of the Church Congress. The Congress is a body with no permanent habitation. It has been described—and with some amount of truth—as an ecclesiastical caravan going about from place to place. This year it is visiting Hull, and as the sessions are being held simultaneously with the publication of this magazine, it may be interesting to make a few remarks respecting Church Congresses in general, and the Hull meeting in particular.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH CONGRESS?

This question may well be dealt with, for there may not be many of my readers who have a clear idea of what the functions of a Church Congress really are. It is a very different body from the Convocation, for while the assemblies at Westminster and York pass resolutions on questions affecting the welfare of the Church, the Church Congress merely discusses such matters and expresses no formal opinion at all upon them. It may be spoken of as a very mild sort of debating society, but not infrequently the papers and addresses of the appointed speakers leave but little time for general discussion. It has been and may again be asked, What is the use of such a gathering? The Bishop of Manchester, in his presidential address in 1888, gave a powerful answer to this question, and showed that, even as a mere deliberative body, it was most useful in forming a righteous public opinion. Any large question—one that concerns the essentials of our faith or the dearest interests of our life—could, he held, be better discussed at a Church Congress than anywhere else. Two such topics he propounded for the consideration of the Manchester meeting, viz. Old Testament Criticism, and the Increase of Poverty and the Growth of Wealth side by side. But there is one other side to the question. No one can attend a Church Congress without noticing how thoroughly the clergy, and not a few of the laity, really enjoy the meetings. To many it is in the nature of a holiday outing, and the change and association cannot but be productive of good.

To sketch briefly the organization of a Church Congress, it may be said that the invitation to visit any town is usually given by the leading clergy of the place, acting, of course, with the consent of the Bishop (although I believe Bishop Philpott, late of Worcester, was the only prelate who declined to sanction them with his presence), and is sometimes backed up by the Mayor. In the early days of Church Congresses—they began in 1861—the invitations were numerous, and it was for the Permanent Committee to decide which to accept; but for the last two or three years I believe it has been a question of Hobson's choice. The invitation accepted, the local authorities then set to work in real earnest to make the meeting a success. A guarantee fund is started, committees are appointed, and the outside world hears little until the approach of the autumn. Then the newspapers generally tell us the result of the labours of the committees. A programme is issued giving full particulars of the opening services; the various meetings, with the titles of the subjects to be discussed, and the names of the selected speakers. Then the applications for tickets begin to pour in. A full member's ticket—that is—one admitting to all meetings, costs six shillings, and as a rule about 2000 of these are sold; although at Manchester—a large town, and very easy of access—the number reached 6000. The advent of such a large number of visitors to a town taxes the hotel

accommodation to the uttermost, but every one is good-natured, and a little inconvenience is not minded. The local clergy and other influential townspeople, as a rule, display unbounded hospitality, and not a few members of the Congress are hospitably entertained the whole week as guests.

The Congress is held during the first week of October, opening on the Tuesday morning with special services at different churches. After lunch the inaugural meeting is held, and the President—the Bishop of the Diocese—delivers his address from the chair. The Congress Hall is then a sight to behold. As a rule, it is packed to overflowing. The proceedings open with the singing of the grand old hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," and the recital of the Apostles' Creed. I shall never forget the impression made upon me the first time I took part in these engagements. To hear some 2000 adult voices singing in unison Mr. Stone's beautiful hymn, and then to hear them unite in an open profession of faith, was thrilling in the extreme. After the President's address, the representatives split up into two parties, some remaining in the Congress Hall, others going off to the Sectional Hall. Meetings are held in the two halls simultaneously, morning, afternoon, and evening, until the Friday, when the members separate, returning to their homes refreshed, strengthened, and encouraged for their work by what they have heard at the Church Congress.

THIS YEAR'S PRESIDENT.

The President of the Hull Congress is His Grace the Archbishop of York, who occupies the chair by reason of his being the chief pastor of the Diocese in which the meeting is held. It may safely be said that there is no more popular man in the whole of Yorkshire than "t' owd Arch.," as Dr. Thomson is familiarly termed by the working men of Sheffield and other towns. He is one of the most genial prelates on the bench, and many stories are told—many of them, no doubt, apocryphal—of the inconvenience in which his unconventionality has involved him. One of them, however, may be mentioned here, as it is believed to be perfectly accurate. His Grace is a great angler, and on one occasion he was staying at a hotel near which there was some good fishing, and, being divested of his episcopal habit, the hotel-keeper openly expressed a doubt whether his visitor was an Archbishop, as he had represented himself to be. His Grace, however, took it in good part, and thought no more about it. On leaving, he gave the proprietor a cheque in payment of his bill. Glancing at the signature to the cheque, "W. Ebor," the hotel-keeper drew himself up, and, with a look of triumph on his face, exclaimed to His Grace, "Ah, I said you were no Archbishop; you are only plain Mr. W. Ebor!" The good man was, of course, ignorant of the fact that "Ebor" is an abbreviation for Eboracum, the Latin name for York. The Archbishop of York has a fine commanding presence, and no one, to see and hear him, could for one moment believe that he has entered upon his seventy-second year. He has had a very distinguished career. He graduated at Queen's College, Oxford, in 1840. He became in turn Scholar and Fellow of his College, Select Preacher to the University, Bampton Lecturer, and Provost of Queen's. He held the living of All Saints', Langham Place, for a short time, and afterwards became Preacher of Lincoln's Inn. In 1861 he was consecrated to the Bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol, but his tenure of the See was short. He was translated to the Northern Primacy in 1863, and has presided over the Province and Diocese of York ever since. He is one of the most practised of Congress speakers. He has attended almost every meeting held in his Province, and has already filled the presidential chair twice—viz. at York in 1866, and Sheffield in 1878. His address this year will be anticipated with considerable interest, as it is believed he will express himself with some distinctness on the ritual controversies of the day.

A FORECAST.

The *Home Visitor* has to go to press much too soon for any report of the proceedings at Hull to be included in the present number, but with the programme before us, it is not difficult to forecast the line of treatment that at least some of the subjects will receive at the hands of the different speakers.

At first it may be remarked that the Archbishop may be distinctly congratulated on having secured the promised attendance of so many eminent Churchmen at the gathering.

Immediately after the President's address, the Congress will take up the discussion of the Relations of Church and State. Bishop Barry, who is now working assiduously in the slums of South London, has had experience of a non-

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, 330 Regent Street, London.

State Church as well as of an Established body; and in opening the discussion he will doubtless endeavour to reassure the Churchmen that disestablishment need not necessarily be the disaster that some of us anticipate. Mr. J. G. Talbot, who may be said to have succeeded the late Mr. Beresford-Hope as the representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury in the House of Commons, will follow Dr. Barry, and it may safely be predicted that he will protest against any interference with the present relations of Church and State. The Rev. T. Moore, the principal lecturer of the Church Defence Institution, will, no doubt, argue in the same direction. But perhaps the ablest speaker on this subject will be Mr. L. T. Dibdin, a young barrister with a rising practice at the Chancery Bar, and Chancellor of the Dioceses of Rochester and Exeter. The evening meeting, called to consider the Labour Question, will be addressed by Prebendary Harry Jones, a well-known Congress *habitue*, who always takes a liberal view of things; the Rev. C. W. Stubbs of Liverpool, who poses as a friend of labour; and Mr. Ben Tillett, of London Dock Strike fame.

The session on Wednesday will open with a discussion on Home Reunion. Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, who will introduce the topic, is a strong advocate of the Reform movements on the Continent, and he warmly supported Bishop Barry's Home Reunion proposals in the Lambeth Conference of 1888. Principal Moule of Cambridge, who follows, is a very spiritually-minded man, and frequently fraternizes with Nonconformists at Keswick and other Holiness Conventions. Canon Venables, late of Great Yarmouth, and Earl Nelson will probably hold the brief for the Home Reunion Society, with which they are closely connected, and they will be supported, presumably, on similar lines by Canon Curteis of Lichfield. Dr. P. V. Smith will view the question in another way, but will doubtless arrive at the same result. He is a warm friend of Evangelical work, and was most anxious that the newly-formed Protestant Churchman's Alliance should give practical effect to its reunion sympathies by admitting Nonconformists to membership, but his proposals were rejected. The afternoon meeting promises to be of great interest. The subject will be "Foreign Missions, with special reference to Africa." Bishop Smythies, coming straight from the wilds of Central Africa, will read the first paper; and he will be followed by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who, it is hoped, will be able to assure Churchmen that the Government will respect missionary interests in the interior. The Rev. W. Allan, who will speak for West Africa,—whence he has lately returned from a tour of inspection,—is a prominent member of the Committee of the Church Society, and a well-known South London clergyman. Sir John H. Kennaway, the President of the Church Missionary Society, promised to attend, but it is probable he may be prevented, and in that case his place will be supplied by Mr. Eugene Stock, the Editorial Secretary of the Society. Commander Cameron and the Rev. H. M. Joseph, of the S. P. G., may each be trusted to make useful and entertaining addresses. In the evening, the somewhat hackneyed subject of Betting and Gambling will be discussed. The Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn, who will set the ball rolling, is Vicar of Kensington, but he has not attended the Congresses of recent years. Major Seton Churchill, who will follow him, is, on the other hand, a regular attendant and frequent speaker at these meetings. He was for some time editor of the *Rock*, and has done much useful work amongst young men. Dean Hole of Rochester is always at home at a Congress, and his trenchant remarks at Manchester on gambling are still remembered. Dean Lefroy of Norwich is also a fervent speaker, and has seen much of the evil results of betting and gambling in young men.

The discussions on Thursday will, no doubt, bring out some sharp differences of opinion. In the evening the revered Bishop of Liverpool will read a paper on "Brotherhoods." It is an open secret that his lordship is dead against such communities in any shape or form, and he strongly condemns the Convocation scheme on the ground that it is a revival of monasticism. On the other hand, Archdeacon Farrar, who, I believe, actually drew up the report of Convocation, will be present at Hull to defend his scheme. Canon Money, who is the moving spirit of the Protestant Churchmen's Alliance in the south, will support the Bishop of Liverpool; but the Rev. W. H. Hutchings, from his connection with the Clewer House of Mercy, may be expected to advocate a scheme far in advance even of the proposals of Convocation. Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode fathered Archdeacon Farrar's scheme in the House of Laymen, of which he is Vice-Chairman, but Lord Norton successfully defeated it on the question of vows. Both these gentlemen will air their views at Hull. In the afternoon there will be another exciting debate, the subject being "The Due Limits of Ritual." The Bishop of Guildford, who will start it, is Prolocutor of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation, and Assistant to the Bishop of Winchester. He will, it is expected, advocate the scheme of "Churchmen in Council," which declares that the "due limits" should be prescribed by Convocation; and in this he will be supported by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, who first launched the proposal as a panacea for present difficulties, and perhaps by the Dean of Peterborough; but Dr. Perowne has a little plan of his own, which no one has yet quite been able to understand, although it is believed it would provide for a maximum and minimum of ritual. Lord Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, will plead the cause of the extremists; while Archdeacon Straton, the Vicar of Wakefield, who has done much good work for the Protestant Church's Alliance, and Canon Bardsley, the respected Vicar of Bradford, will doubtless contend that the "limits of ritual" have already been fixed by the Privy Council. The day will close with the usual Working-Men's Meeting, when members of the Congress will be excluded.

The programme for Friday is comparatively dull, the "Ethics of Commerce" being down for discussion. Dr. Farrar will again take part in the meeting, and he will be followed by Canon Fremantle, whose broad sympathies are well known; Mr. Sydney Sedge, M.P., Solicitor to the London School Board; Mr. Stephen Bourne, a prominent member of the Statistical Society, and others.

Thus far the Congress Hall. Sectional meetings will be held simultaneously in the public rooms, and several distinguished speakers will attend them. On Tuesday the Bishops of Edinburgh and Wakefield will speak on Systematic Instruction in Religion, and they will be followed by the new preacher at the Foundling, the Rev. Augustus R. Buckland, who will deal with the same subject from the literary standpoint. The Rev. Arthur Robins will urge the claims of his new league, for the Houses of the Poor, and the Bishop of Bedford will narrate some of his East London experiences. On Wednesday, amongst the new speakers, will be the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Dr. Wace (Principal of King's College), the Rev. H. W. Webb Peploe, the eminent Evangelical pastor at Kensington, whose experiences at the Keswick Convention will qualify him to speak on "Faith as a Principle of Action;" and in the afternoon, when Women's Work will be discussed, several ladies, including Mrs. Sumner, the wife of the Bishop of Guildford, and Miss Mason will speak. In the evening the Bishop of Durham and Judge Hughes ("Tom Brown") will discuss Socialism. The subject of "Inspiration" will on Thursday be spoken to by the Dean of Peterborough, one of our most learned divines and an Old Testament Reviser, Canon Tristram of Durham, and the Rev. C. H. Waller, Principal of the London College of Divinity. In the afternoon the new Dean of Manchester will be the principal speaker on the Responsibility of Employers for the Spiritual Welfare of their Employees; and in the evening the Rev. J. R. Diggle, the Chairman of the London School Board, who has lately given up his position as a clergyman, in the hope that he may secure a seat in Parliament, will give his views on Free Education. The last meeting, on Friday, will be held to consider the Condition of Country Parishes. Amongst the speakers will be the Rev. Herbert James, who, in May last, preached the Annual Sermon before the Church Missionary Society. Such, then, are some of the principal features of the Hull Church Congress, and there is every reason to believe that the meeting will be thoroughly successful.

H. C. H.

The Two Harvests.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

ST. MARK IV. 26–29.

AS in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *life manifests itself gradually.*

There is a true proverb which says, "Nature does nothing at a bound." The ripe ear of wheat does not appear at once, as soon as the seed bursts forth into life. The plant goes through many stages before it arrives at perfection,—"First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." But in all these stages, one great thing is true about it—even at its weakest, it is a living plant.

The work of grace, in like manner, goes on in the heart by degrees. The children of God are not born perfect in faith, or hope, or knowledge, or experience. Their beginning is generally a "day of small things." They see in part their own sinfulness, and Christ's fulness, and the beauty of holiness. But for all that, the weakest child in God's family is a true child of God. With all his weakness and infirmity, he is alive. The seed of grace has really come up in his heart, though at present it be only in the blade. He is "alive from the dead." And the wise man says, "A living dog is better than a dead lion" (Eccles. ix. 4).

Let us mark this truth also, for it is full of consolation. Let us not despise grace, because it is weak, or think people are not converted, because they are not yet as strong in the faith as St. Paul. Let us remember that grace, like everything else, must have a beginning. The mightiest oak was once an acorn. The strongest man was once a babe. Better a thousand times have grace in the blade than no grace at all.

Again, as in the growth of corn, so in the work of grace, *there is no harvest till the seed is ripe.*

No farmer thinks of cutting his wheat when it is green. He waits till the sun and rain, and heat and cold, have done their appointed work, and the golden ears hang down. Then, and not till then, he puts in the sickle, and gathers the wheat into his barn.

God deals with His work of grace exactly in the same way. He never removes His people from this world till they are ripe and ready. He never takes them away till their work is done. They never die at the wrong time, however mysterious their deaths appear sometimes to man. Josiah and James the brother of John were both cut off in the midst of usefulness. Our own King Edward the Sixth was not allowed to reach man's estate. But we shall see in the resurrection morning that there was a needs-be. All was done well about their deaths, as well as about their births. The great Husbandman never cuts His corn till it is ripe.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. IX. THE HORSE.

1. In connection with what country do we first read of the horse in Scripture? Show that Arabia, though now famous for her steeds, was not so in Bible times.
2. The horse in Scripture is the war-horse. There is only one passage that alludes to it as used in any peaceful work of husbandry. Give the passage, and explain it.
3. The patriarchs were rich in cattle, in camels and asses, but possessed no horses. Why?
4. Explain why it was that the Canaanites, though driven out of the hill country, yet retained the plains. Where did Joshua first engage with a force of cavalry? Give the results.
5. What reasons do you assign for the prohibition in Deut. xvii. 16? Who was the first great transgressor? How did he disregard it? What was the cost of a horse in his days?
6. Why did Israel and Judah look to Egypt for help against the Assyrians and Chaldeans? What sin did they commit? How did God reprove them?
7. How does Habakkuk describe the formidable character of the Chaldean cavalry? Give Ezekiel's description of the appearance, dress, and accoutrements of the horsemen. What prophet alludes to the rich trappings of ancient chariots?
8. "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" What caused this sudden fear? How was it allayed?
9. Explain: "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"
   "Their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint. Shall horses run upon a rock?"
   "The snorting of his horses was heard from Dan. He took away the horses . . . given to the sun."
10. How does Zechariah describe the horse when he wishes to convey the idea of perfect peace?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. IV.

1. Stork, swallow, turtle, quail, crane.
2. Jer. viii. 7. To know the will of God, and to obey. Especially to hear His call to repentance. Even the birds when they go away come back again. Shall we be less wise?
3. (*a*) The turtle, Song of Sol. ii. 12. (*b*) The swallow, Ps. lxxxiv. 3. (*c*) The stork, Ps. civ. 17.
4. God's covenant with Abram, Gen. xv. 9.
5. Jer. viii. 7. This refers to the great height at which the stork flies.
   Isa. xxxviii. 14. There is a transposition of words here. It should be "like a swallow or a crane." The swallow is probably the swift. Hezekiah refers to some features in his illness, or peculiar sounds he made, perhaps with his teeth, that reminded him of the sounds made by those birds.
   Cant. i. 15. To have dove's eyes is to have pure, truthful, soft, loving eyes.
   Nahum ii. 7. Doves, when about to utter their plaintive moan, inflate the throat, and throw it forward until the neck rests upon the bosom. Thus they tabor on their breasts. To beat the breast is a token of grief, see Luke xxiii. 48.
   Ps. cii. 6. A most expressive image of loneliness and melancholy. The pelican is a sombre, austere-looking bird, frequenting solitudes.
6. The quail. See Numb. xi. 32.
7. The note of the turtle is sad and plaintive. To mourn as a dove betokens grief. Isa. xxxviii. 14, lix. 11 Ezek. vii. 16; Nahum ii. 7.
8. To the Church, Song of Sol. iv. 1, v. 2, vi. 9, etc. To Christ, v. 12. The word dove is also applied to the Church in Ps. lxxiv. 19.
9. The Holy Ghost. The dove is an emblem of purity, meekness, gentleness, and faithful love. The Holy Ghost descended upon Jesus in the form of a dove.
10. The dove. Noah. "In her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off." Gen. viii. 11.

Martyrs for Christ in Abyssinia.

ABYSSINIA is a wide, rocky country, bordered on the east by the Red Sea. Its name means "the land of mixed races of people." Perhaps readers may remember that in 1868 Sir Robert Napier made a successful expedition to Abyssinia, to rescue some sixty Englishmen whom the king had shut up as prisoners in the fortress of Magdala. The fortress was stormed, and the captives set free. Latterly, the country has been much troubled by the Arab false prophet, or Madhi. The following story is remarkable. It is related by Mr. Flad, a missionary to the Jews. At the last May meeting of the Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews, he said,—

"We have martyrs of old; but when I was,

at the beginning of this year, at the frontier of Abyssinia, and had sixteen days' conference with eight of our native converts and missionary agents, I learnt that even among these Abyssinian Falasha converts we have martyrs of the new age. You all know that the followers of the Madhi (the Mohammedan false prophet) burned down all the churches, destroyed their villages and their towns, and all the people had to run away before them, and our converts also had to take flight. But thirty families were caught by them, and the dervishes spoke to them, and persuaded them to become Mohammedans; and they could have saved their lives if they had done so, but *not one of these thirty families denied the Lord Jesus Christ.* They died willingly and faithfully, gave their life for the gospel's sake and the Saviour's sake. A story, touching my heart very deeply, was told me of one of the converts, a man of about fifty-three years of age. He had to see first his wife killed by the dervishes, and, after her, five of his children; and he told them, 'Oh, it's only a short suffering, and you will get the crown of everlasting life.' And after his wife and children had shed their blood, he was in the most cruel way killed by the Mohammedans. He said, 'No, you may cut me in pieces; I won't deny Him who has died for me.'"

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER IV.

SELF-EDUCATION.

HOW gradual are the operations of Nature! Who can tell the exact moment when dawn passes into day? Who can fix the instant when the bud becomes the rose? So gently passes girlhood into womanhood; we can scarcely draw a dividing line, and say up to a certain year these are girls, and these others, a day, a year older, are women! There are no harsh, abrupt breaks in the works of God. Even when some new dispensation takes the place of an old one, we find the one has led softly up to the other!

But the girl becomes the woman! What should mark the transition?

There should be a deepening sense of responsibility. The girl is preparing for her place in life: the young woman enters upon it. The artist may picture the girl with a merry smile at play. He would depict the young woman's face with a tender shade of thought on her features

> Upon her brow a wakening sense is writ
> Of this great world and her own place in it

She should be serious, aye, serious, but not sad, as the duties and cares of life begin to bear upon her. She might indeed be sad, but that she may ask her heavenly Father to direct her way and be the guide of her youth! Whether her birth has placed her amongst princesses or peasants, she needs alike to face life with serious thought and humble prayer. It is such a mistake to suppose that to be grave is to be gloomy, to be earnest is to be melancholy! No, let her pass on into her sphere of duty, whether it be amongst the rich or with the poor, not giddily, not thoughtlessly, but with quiet, serious thought. You have your assigned part to play in the world. You are responsible now for your own actions. You can no longer throw the blame of what happens to you on others. Wholly, or in part, your career now lies in your own hands. You are a woman! Will you be a good, hard-working, noble woman, serving God and your neighbour, patient in trouble, persevering in difficulties, patient in trials? Do not let yourself drift into becoming a poor aimless, shiftless sort of creature! Determine to make the very most of yourself in every possible way. Keep your mind as fresh and active and well-nourished as you can. Keep your soul, God helping you, in ever warm and close fellowship with your Saviour, who says, "Abide in Me, and I in you. Without Me ye can do nothing."

To accomplish this, take up seriously the thought of self-education, Educate your mind. Educate your character. How many, instead of keeping up all they have learnt at school, begin a *course of forgetting* as soon as they cease to attend it! They take no pains to keep hold of what they have taken great pains to learn! A few years pass, and if they are asked whether they know French, or music, or German, or perhaps astronomy or mathematics, "Oh," they reply, "I *used* to know it a little, but I have forgotten it now!" Or, perhaps, if they are momentarily vexed when any one is surprised at their ignorance, they say, "I was never taught it at school," and so lay all the blame of their deficiencies on teachers dead in their graves, or, at any rate, unable to answer for themselves. But let us ask such young women, how about the time since you left school? Might you not have kept up this or that study? Could you not study some new subject by yourself?

It is not only the young lady in high life who is guilty of this casting to the winds what she has been taught in girlhood, or of leaving her mind uncultivated. You young women, who have passed through our Parish and Board Schools, are not you rather to blame here too? Whatever may have been the faults or deficiencies of your schools in detail, on the whole they were good. You made a good beginning in several interesting branches of study. Do you *go on* with them? What about geography? What about history? What about the elements of natural science? The nation expects her daughters to turn to account the knowledge gained in the schools which the nation supports! Do you think your life is too full of work for you to study? You have no spirit left to read more than a sensational novel when the day's task is done! There may be *some* truth in this, but still, if you will only try it, you will find that good books of history, of travels, or of biography, are much more interesting than tales full of unnatural scenes, murders and suicides. Such novels are like brandy-drinking; they make the mind feverish, and exhaust its powers. Choose, if your leisure is but small, *one* branch of study, whichever you like best, and try to read some book regularly and steadily through. One half hour a day of thoughtful reading will strengthen your mind, and you will be astonished at the end of a year to find how much you have learnt. You can get good elementary books on any subject at the depots of the National Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, or of the Tract Society. For those whose taste leans to science, there are whole worlds of delight in books on botany or geology. I know you cannot study *much*, but if you will only believe me that you can study *a little*, and that study is delightful, you will find out by and by that you can do much more than you think. I can tell you this from fact.

I know of a young woman who was in service where not many servants were kept. Before this she had helped her mother in carrying on the work of a large farm, and in the care of a large family. A few attendances at an evening class, conducted by a clergyman's daughter, showed her how many interesting things there were to be known, and awakened in her a desire for further instruction, which she carried with her into her situation. There, after finishing her day's work most thoroughly and well, she would read for about an hour in the evening, her favourite books being those of history. The events recorded, whether in the history of her

own country, of the early Christian Church, or of the Jewish nation as recorded in the Bible, were to her as real and a great deal more interesting than the affairs of her next-door neighbours. After some years in service, gaining the esteem of all around her, she married a worthy youth, in a good position of life, and is now bringing up her children to be as useful and intelligent as herself.

What this young woman did, why should not you?

These are days of intellectual culture! Do not be left behind in the race! Your country does not insist on children going to school as a sort of ordeal to go through! It benevolently desires to usher you into the wide domain of study, that when you leave school you may be able to choose some of its paths and go on in them by yourselves.*

Whatever your talents may be, cultivate them as far as you can. Many a man and woman has made good progress in study by the daily careful use of small times of leisure. Try this, and you will find that, just as there is pleasure to the body in gymnastics, in the free play of muscles and stretching of the limbs, so there is delight to the *mind* in exercise, in action, in work, a delight infinitely better and more healthful than that of lazily lolling over foolish story-books. A good high-class tale may indeed be instructive, but it will not do to live upon *fiction!*

But it is not the mind alone that the young woman should educate. She should aim at forming her *character* likewise. "I cannot help it! It is my way, it is my nature." Such are the excuses frequently made by women for their faults. They would be valid excuses if Materialism were true; if we were nothing but flesh and blood, without power to resist our own inclinations; if there were no such thing as prayer. We read a tale, perhaps, in which the heroine yields to temptations. If we criticise this, and think it unwise to make a bad woman an object of pitying admiration, we are told, "Oh, but this is so like life. The tale is so true to nature." Be it so; but it is the calling of a Christian woman to live a life *above that of fallen nature.* Christians believe that there is a God. They believe in the Holy Ghost. They believe that in answer to prayer God will send His grace and enable us to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil. This high belief is the saving of us. We are not to be like dumb cattle, driven by our passions. We are to conquer and to rule ourselves. If we are naturally proud, we are to learn of Christ to be meek. If we are naturally lazy, we are to learn to be industrious. If by nature the ready lie or sleek evasion of truth comes to our lips, we are to learn to put away lying, and speak truth to one another as children of the God of Truth. If we are prone to sensual pleasures, we are to learn to keep the body in subjection, and to regard our members as the members of Christ, so that whether we eat or drink, we are bound to glorify God in all things.

The young woman should learn self-knowledge by daily experience. It is not, indeed, wise to sit and self-question and anatomize ourselves. This is morbid and futile. *True self-knowledge comes from a right use of experience.* What is a right use? It is to watch against daily temptation, to own our faults daily to God, and guard against each recurrence of temptation to them. Five minutes spent on your knees, quietly recalling the events of the day as in the sight of God, and asking His forgiveness and help for the future, will do you more good than hours of dreamy self-contemplation.

Whatever your character is by nature, take it in hand. Strengthen the weak points. Cultivate the virtues in which you find yourself wanting. It will be slow work, but it may be one of steady progress. Again and again you will be surprised to find out in yourself some hidden fault, like a snake in the grass, which you never suspected. This is very humbling, but it is safer to find it out than to go on till it suddenly lands you in misery. Oh, if only we were all more watchful, remembering how our blessed Lord repeated the command again and again, "Watch, watch, watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation," then there would not be so many falls, so many break-downs in character, so many broken hearts amongst those who were once bright, eager, and hopeful; but, alas! too self-confident young women. E. A. W.

* As a little beginning, I suggest the following books for your reading:—Mrs. Markham's *Histories of England and France,* publisher J. Murray; *Sun, Moon, and Stars,* by Agnes Giberne; *Short Biographies,* 1s. 6d. a vol., Religious Tract Society; *Short Studies from Nature,* Cassell, 2s. 6d.; any of Wood's works on Natural History, Christian Knowledge Society; and the *Thousand and One Gems of Poetry.*

Faith, Prayer, and Effort.

A TALE FOR THE BOYS.

"BOYS, be kind to poor father, and bring him with you; I'll be waiting."

These were the last words of a dying Christian mother to her two sons, John and Charles Todd. At the time they had promised their beloved mother, they thought it would be easy to be kind to their weak, drunken father, but they found it very hard.

"I feel sometimes as if I would like to run away and leave father to his fate," complained Charlie one night, after dragging his father home through the pelting storm.

"I have felt so too," John confessed slowly; "but it wouldn't be right, Charlie; and you know we promised mother to be kind to him, and to try to bring him with us there."

"'Bring him with us there'! Where, John?"

"Up to heaven, of course, where mother is."

"Are you walking toward heaven, old fellow?" Charlie asked, looking earnestly into his brother's face.

"Yes, to be sure. I believe in my Saviour, and am trying to serve Him. Isn't that the right way, Charlie?"

"Don't know any better way. And what of your brother? Am I walking that way?"

"Yes, I'm sure you are; and—Charlie, give us your hand—let's determine, with God's help, to save father."

"Ay, we will," answered Charlie fervently.

And so the days went by, with struggles and prayers and work on the boys' part, and with weakness and idleness and wickedness on the father's part.

Poor drunken father! He did not even know his own boys. Not the slightest idea of their longings and capabilities entered his stupefied mind. That they wanted a wider range, that they desired an education, he never imagined. They had lived on the beach since they were little boys of five and seven years; now that they were boys of thirteen and fifteen, he supposed they could do just as they had done for years past, reaching out for nothing higher or nobler. But, happily, the boys felt differently. It does seem strange, looking with human eyes, that the boys kept brave and pure among the rough surroundings of their home, but then let us not forget that a mother's prayers had been offered in their behalf since their birth; and surely God answers a mother's cry?

"Old Todd," as the neighbourhood designated Hiram Todd, worked a little when he desired money for drink, but he never worked to earn any for anything else. The boys earned all the provisions needed, and the clothing for themselves. They did their own housework, which, of course, was not much, but it showed the character of those who did it. The old cottage was a poor affair, but it was clean, and from the little stone-floored kitchen there frequently arose the smell of savoury food cooked by boyish hands. No matter at what time of night the tipsy father reeled home, supper was always ready for him. Sometimes he ate it, more frequently he did not even look at it; but it was invariably at hand as a reminder of the boys' loving-kindness.

One night, as the drunken father lay sleeping heavily, the boys lay awake talking about him.

"His clothes are not fit to be seen," said Charlie. "Oh, John, I'm 'most ready to give him up in despair."

"No, his clothes ain't fit to be seen, that's a fact; they're filthy, and so ragged! But, Charlie, as for that matter, father isn't fit to be seen; he's bleareyed and haggard and grimy;" and John sighed heavily.

"I'm so tired of it all!" moaned Charlie.

"Cry if you want to, Charlie boy; 'twon't hurt you," John said soothingly, rubbing his hand tenderly over his brother's hair. "But, Charlie, don't you remember what mother said? Mother's got her crown on now; but don't you s'pose she got tired of it all? Don't you, Charlie?"

"Of course she did, poor mother?" and Charlie sobbed more slowly.

"Sob on, boy; 'twill clear the sky. And while you're sobbing I want to tell you that it's our work to make father clean. As for his clothes, we must buy them some way."

"How can we, John?"

"I can't see but one way, Charlie: we've got to take the money we've earned collecting driftwood."

"Oh, John!" was the wail from the younger brother's lips; "we've been so long earning it!"

"I know it's hard. Oh, how hard it is!" and even John's firm lip quivered. "We need the books so much! But, Charlie,"—and John's voice trembled,—"books ain't of much account compared to father's soul."

"No, they are not; but, John, you don't know that the suit will save father's soul."

"Only God knows about that." John spoke solemnly. "But it's right to have father look decent if we can. Shall we go without the books and buy the clothes?"

"We will," answered Charlie, speaking bravely; "that will be being kind to father, any way, and it will be trying to bring him to mother."

When morning dawned, the father still slept, but the boys slipped away to a shop at a quarter of a mile from the beach, from whence they returned with a man's second-hand suit—a neat, well-made grey cloth suit.

The boys prepared their breakfast as usual, leaving a covered dish in the oven for their father; they then went out to find work. John owned a small boat, with which he earned many an honest sixpence carrying passengers along the shore. Charlie busied himself gathering driftwood.

During the day the weather changed suddenly.

The gale shrieked as it whirled along the shore, and the driving rain came down in fury. Signboards along the beach groaned dismally. The broad line of surf rolled threateningly, and all nature seemed moaning and writhing in anguish.

There was a cabin on the beach where liquor was sold. Hiram Todd had a special liking for that cabin, and it was there his boys found him that wild night.

"Come home, father, now, while you can," begged Charlie; but the only answer he received was a dogged "Lemme be, will you?"

A moment later a sailor entered the cabin. His clothes were dripping and torn with his battling for life, for he told the fearful story of a wreck. He wore no hat, and the cabin lights revealed a face cut and bleeding, with eyes full of terror. He sank down exhausted, as he cried,—

"Is there no one here who will try to save the poor drowning creatures?"

No; there were none among those poor drunkards around the bar, who had strength or courage or love enough in their seared hearts to care to save any one—not even themselves. But yes; waiting for their father there, were two boys who would like to save the whole world if they could. They left the cabin with quick steps, and, in spite of the darkness and the storm, made their way to the bluff. Above the fury of the elements they heard the sharp crackling of breaking timbers as they struck the rocks below; then their hearts almost stood still in horror as they heard from below piteous wails for help. They could not distinguish any human being, however, for the surf rolled angrily.

John crawled to the edge of the bluff, laid himself flat, and peered over.

"Oh, Charlie, it's terrible! There are two boys down there, clinging to a bit of the wreck which is beating against the rocks," he said pityingly.

"What can we do?" asked Charlie, longing to aid.

"Charlie," said John earnestly, "you couldn't row the boat along the shore in this storm, could you?"

"I don't believe I could; I ain't used to rowin g in storms, you know."

"Well, I am; and, Charlie, I'm going for my boat and some rope, and you climb down the bluff. Be careful, boy; don't slip. Get the boys on the ledge, and I'll soon be there."

Down the rugged, dangerous bluff Charlie slowly made his way. One slip, and without a doubt all of this life would be over for Charlie; but he did not slip. He was praying for aid as he descended, and God heard the brave young boy. He reached a ledge of rock forty feet below, where he was able to turn and look around. The boys were very quiet; were they already past all human help? Charlie glanced down in fear and trembling. No, they were not dead; they were watching him with anxious faces. They were weary and exhausted, but hopeful that help was coming. Charlie stripped off jacket and scarf—a long woollen affair—and tied them together. He then threw the improvised rope towards the boys, who reached out weak hands, but failed to grasp it.

Charlie grew desperate.

"You *must* grasp it," he shouted; "it's your only hope."

The lads gathered courage then, and the older boy succeeded in catching the end of the scarf, which he tied around the younger one's waist.

Charlie crept down still lower, to a ledge over which the waves broke threateningly.

"Let go the spar and find your footing, and I'll pull you up to me," he called.

It was a hard thing to do, but at last Charlie pulled the boy nearer, to where he could put an arm about him, and half led, half dragged him up on the ledge. Then the older boy was secured, and after that there was nothing to do but to wait for Charlie's brother. What if John's boat should be destroyed? Then they would all be lost, for they never could climb that steep cliff.

Charlie felt worried over the rescued boys; they seemed to have lost all strength since they were taken out of the water, and were wailing for "father."

"Where is your father, boys?" he asked.

"Don't know," the younger boy said pitifully; "he drifted past us somewhere. Oh, father!"

But John's boat came safely, and with the brothers' united strength the shipwrecked boys were put within, and then all started on their perilous journey. They had just passed the ledge when they heard a cry. Searching the little cove from which the sound came, they found a man clinging desperately to the rocks. He proved to be the father of the rescued boys; and when he found waiting for him a boat which contained his two sons, he managed to swim to it.

When the beach was reached, it was dotted with people, who, upon hearing of the wreck, had come from all directions. Kind hands were ready to assist the boys in getting the rescued man and his two sons to the hotel a little way back from the beach. He proved to be a strong and noble man, full of love and earnestness. He begged the father to allow him to take those noble boys. But no; Hiram Todd would not. Suddenly his eyes were opened; he knew of their sacrifice in giving up their books for him, of their courage in endangering their lives to save others, and of their love and patience with him, their drunken father. He was proud of them now; they were *his* boys, and his boys should not be ashamed of him.

And could this be? Yes; miracles of healing may in these days be wrought by God, and one was wrought on Hiram Todd in answer to prayer and the efforts of his sons. Lost as he seemed, even he was not beyond the reach of God's grace. He was restored to soberness and brought to Christ.

Through the assistance of the gentleman whom they had saved from the wreck, the boys gained the education for which they longed, and now are respected and useful men.

Faith, prayer, and effort secured rich blessings for the Todds.

E. G.

CHARLES I. LEAVING CARISBROOKE CASTLE.—*Page* 255.

NOVEMBER.

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

MARION only laughed gaily, however, when he apologized, humbly, and with real vexation at his own carelessness in having forgotten to care for her, even for a moment. But she would like to rest, she said, and Frank hastily pulled off his own overcoat and made a dry seat for her on the bank.

"Are you not glad you came?" said Marion, looking up in his face, with a smile.

He tried to smile in return, but the effort was too great.

"It is pleasant for the time," he said bitterly. "But I think I am like the people who used to be tortured in old times. When they were let alone for a few moments they went to sleep, and then woke up to suffer again."

Marion turned her head and looked at him with troubled eyes. Then again her face brightened, and she said, "Oh, but that is not so. You are suffering, yes, I know you are, and it must be hard for you to bear. Poor Frank, how much sympathy people ought to give you! you are always giving it out to everybody. The doctor heals everybody, but who is to heal him?"

"Why, you, you!" said Frank's eyes, fastened on her face.

"No, Dr. Frank," Marion went on, with a little smile, "you have not made a right diagnosis this time; or rather you do not understand how our poor weakly souls are trained to strength. How did you cure Lily Rogers? Not by letting her lie on the sofa and avoid all fatigue. No, by making her meet it. Oh, Frank! I have read somewhere that God sharpens His best tools on the grindstone of sorrow. Suppose the tool rebels—refuses to be fitted for the highest honour, the most glorious work?"

Frank was silent. The cheery sound of the skates ringing over the ice, and the hum of talk and laughter filled the air. The western sun shone still in a cloudless sky. Even in winter there is hope; this is the same sun that gilds the summer cornfields. A tumultuous crowd of thoughts filled his heart, eager and passionate words rushed to his lips.

"Oh, Marion, Marion, what a happy man he would be who had you always beside him!"

He was looking away, that was why he did not see the brilliant colour that suddenly flooded her face. Over the ice at that moment came the sharp ringing sound of skates worked by a vigorous pair of feet, and a cheery voice cried,—

"Miss Harland! Miss Harland! Mrs. Avey has brought down coffee and cakes, and she wants you to have some. Will you come at once?"

"Certainly, Captain Rogers."

Frank looked round now and saw the pink glow still upon her face. He started as if he had been stung

"Why, what has happened to Dr. Frank?"

asked good-natured Mrs. Avey presently. "He is walking away as fast as he can go, with his skates in his hand."

"A patient, probably," suggested the miller.

"I hope so, I am sure," said his wife.

The next morning, while Dr. Frank was busied in compounding his medicines, a knock came to the door.

"Johnson the butcher, sir," said the lad who entered, "he's very ill, sir, which he doesn't think as he'll recover. And I was to say—if you please, sir, he'd take it uncommon kind if you'd come. Blacksmith 'e said you wouldn't," added the boy, twisting his hat in his hand, and looking askance at the doctor.

"Of course I will," said Dr. Frank. "You go on, my boy; I'll start five minutes after you."

The boy stood irresolute a moment, and then went. "He's awful bad," he observed over his shoulder. Frank lost no time, and before five minutes were over he was walking at the top of his speed. Oh, for the fast-trotting horse with which he had just seen Dr. Harland drive away! How many precious moments he must needs lose daily in reaching the sick!

The butcher lay upon his bed in an ill-kept and stuffy room. The poor bullied wife stood by his bed, watching his sufferings with eyes from which tears were streaming. She loved him, then, this brutal husband!

One glance was sufficient to convince Dr. Frank that no hope remained. The blood-poisoning had been hastened by the drinking bout of yesterday; the man had evidently but little time to live.

"You've come," he said, fixing eyes already dim on Dr. Frank. "Well, sir, I take it kind. I didn't think as you'd forgive me any more 'n I think now that God A'mighty will. I've been a bad lot, I have; maybe I treated you bad, sir, but I've treated—Him—a good deal worse." He spoke hoarsely and with effort, pausing between the words. The poor wife lifted her tear-stained face, and looked beseechingly at the young doctor.

"He wouldn't see parson," she said. "Said he'd been too bad."

Frank lifted up a prayerful thought to God. He was accustomed to care for the bodies of men, but here was a sick soul needing help, and no one else to give it. Who was he that he should speak for God? himself but an ignorant lad, and just now tempted often to despair. Words came to him, he knew not how.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is *lost*," he said. "Johnson, it was for you, for *you* that He bore the cross; that He died and was buried. He lives now to plead for *you*. Oh, turn to Him now, now, before the darkness of death closes over you!"

"I don't know how," gasped the dying man. "I did once. *She* knows—you know." His eyes were full of entreaty. "Say a—prayer."

And Frank, kneeling by the bed, prayed aloud the old prayer which has comforted so many thousand souls in their last hour:

"O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon *him*."

And following with his lips the words of that prayer, Johnson the butcher died. A report went about that in this case also Dr. Frank Smith had proved himself incapable. It was energetically contradicted by Mrs. Johnson, and many versions of the story were discussed in Miss Martin's parlour and elsewhere. But this time Dr. Frank did not fret himself because of evil-doers, all bitter thoughts were swallowed up in the hope that the sinner's repentant cry had not come in vain to the ear of Him who is able to save *even to the uttermost* all that call upon Him.

CHAPTER VII.

By Christmas time a rumour had begun to grow in Miller's Roothing. It began first in Miss Martin's house. "I understand," she said,—she could not say "they say," for no one had hitherto said anything. "I understand" is a very convenient form of expression for promoting gossip. "I understand," said Miss Martin, "that there will be a bit of news soon—a match, in short."

This little bit of gossip was set rolling like a snowball, that grows as it goes on. In a week's time there would have been scarcely any one in Miller's Roothing, except perhaps Frank himself, who would not have known as a positive fact that he was about to marry Miss Rogers. But this snowball's growth was suddenly stopped by an unexpected alarm, in which every soul in the village felt a personal interest.

The vicar of Miller's Roothing was an old man, but hale and hearty. He was beloved by every man, woman, and child in the village, and the secret of his popularity can be told in one word—it was Love.

He loved them all so dearly, they could not fail to know it, because all their concerns, great and small, were of interest to him. That is a sure sign of love,—we are not deeply concerned in other people's little cares and interests, joys and sorrows, unless we love them. It was merely a small worry of daily life, of the kind that meets us every day, that which troubled the bride and bridegroom of Cana when they found their wine not enough for their friends. But it was not too small or too commonplace a trouble for the sympathy of the Lord of heaven and earth, who had come to teach the cold world what love is.

The people of Miller's Roothing loved Mr. de Soyres, because they felt his kind and tender sympathy warming their hearts like very sunshine. Not only their spiritual difficulties, their struggles and trials and temptations, were of interest to him, but every little detail of their everyday life. If a man's fruit-tree bore a good crop, there was double joy in the thought that "parson" would be glad to hear it; if his son misbehaved himself, his own grief was much increased by the feeling that this kindest of friends would be little less sorrowful than himself. For the last six months, however, the vicar had been invalided, having broken down suddenly and so seriously, that his family had come and carried him off almost by force to the south of France—"to banishment," he said. With early spring he returned —too soon, said some wise people. Within a week the villagers were filled with keen anxiety on his behalf.

A violent bleeding from the nose had suddenly seized him, and for three hours all Dr. Harland's efforts had been entirely in vain. The most casual observer could not have helped being struck, on entering the village, by the excitement which evidently prevailed in it. Women not usually given to gossip were standing at their house-doors, watching the Vicarage gate, and every one who came out from that gate was eagerly questioned by a dozen voices at once. Many already had quite made up their minds to the worst, and seemed to take a dismal pleasure in foretelling the loss which the parish would suffer in the death of its beloved pastor. But indeed these doleful anticipations were only too well founded.

Up-stairs in the pretty dimity-hung bedroom of the Vicarage, a frightened silence was reigning. The vicar was propped in an arm-chair, supported by his married daughter, fetched in haste from a neighbouring parish. His old housekeeper was sobbing by the fire; the church clerk, Mr. Avey the miller, Mr. South the principal shopkeeper, and one or two others, were standing in the room with scared faces. Captain Rogers was leaning his back against the mantelpiece, and looking straight at Dr. Harland, who stood with arms folded, but with flushed face and nervously biting his lip, in front of the patient, who lay with half-closed eyes and every sign of fast-failing strength.

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" sobbed the old housekeeper suddenly; "why didn't they send for Miriam Wells? She'd 'a' stopped it with a puffball and a cobweb and the key of the big church door."

No one answered this outburst. Dr. Harland stood watching the patient, for whom he had already owned that he could do no more. His hope was now that the vicar would faint from exhaustion, and that with the swoon the flow of blood would cease. The men in the corner were whispering together; Captain Rogers went over and joined them. There was silence, and then the miller came forward.

"Dr. Harland, sir," he said, very courteously and respectfully, "this is a very valuable life. Would it not be a comfort to you, sir, as well as, I may say, a satisfaction to us all, if you were to think of taking another opinion?"

Dr. Harland turned round. He did not look at the miller, but at Captain Rogers, as he answered,—

"It would afford me great satisfaction, Mr. Avey. May I request that a messenger be sent at once for Dr. Macnamara?"

"Macnamara!" repeated several voices,—"Macnamara! why, he lives five miles off!"

"It will not take a man with a good horse long to fetch him. Though, if he does come, I can only tell you it is no use. He can but fold his arms on his chest like me, and tell you all has been done that can be done."

"Dr. Harland," said Captain Rogers, in a deep, grave voice, very unlike his usual jovial tones "Dr. Frank Smith lives close by."

"Young Smith?" said Dr. Harland, in a tone which he vainly tried to make one of complete indifference. "Fetch him by all means, if you like, but I don't quite know what you expect him to do. Do you suppose he will ever have seen a difficult case of this kind?"

"Possibly not," replied Captain Rogers coolly.

"We all know that you have little faith in your young colleague, sir; but he has more than once shown himself able to deal with cases which his elders had given up."

Dr. Harland laughed—a bitter laugh, with little mirth in it.

"Since *you* have confidence in Dr. Smith, Captain Rogers, pray call him in. I shall be happy to meet him in consultation."

"I'll go and fetch him myself," cried the sailor, and was out of the house and across the street, returning with Frank Smith in a wonderfully short space of time.

Having greeted Dr. Harland, and examined the patient, Dr. Frank proposed that he and his colleague should retire together, as is usual, for the purpose of consultation. Dr. Harland assented, but growled out, "For form's sake—oh yes—certainly;" and when the two were alone together, he drew himself up, fixed his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and looked straight out of the window, without offering the smallest remark. Dr. Frank waited for a few moments, then he said,—

'I presume, Dr. Harland, you have tried all the customary remedies?"

"Tried!" growled Dr. Harland. "At my age, young man, after fifty years of medical practice, one does not *try* remedies."

"I beg your pardon," said Frank. "That was not at all what I meant to suggest. I was requesting merely to know what remedies you had up till now made use of."

Dr. Harland was silent a moment, then he said, "Come, come, my dear boy, this is really quite too ridiculous. Nobody is present to see or to hear you, so these professional airs are quite thrown away. It is useless for us to discuss methods when the thing is certain and settled."

"I have been called in in consultation," said Frank, with quiet dignity; "you will, I am sure, desire that I should do my duty. The patient is evidently in great danger. I have little chance of suggesting anything if all the remedies have been tried. It is my duty simply to ask, is this so?"

"Oh, you shall hear them all, since you ask point-blank," said Dr. Harland, and he ran over the various means which had proved useless. There was one, however, which he did not mention, a newer remedy, the best, in modern opinion. With his colleague's consent, said Frank courteously, he would like to see it tried.

"Oh yes, I know it, of course," said the old doctor, still grumpily. "In my long experience I have seen scores, hundreds of these new devices tried, puffed, forgotten. Of course, if you think it well to disturb a dying man"—

Dr. Frank hastened out of the house and fetched what he required. He came back, and went straight to the sick man's room, where he handed the packet to Dr. Harland. But he, losing all self-control, turned away with an angry gesture.

"Try your own messes. I'll have nothing to do with them," he said. "I beg you to understand, madam," he said, turning to the vicar's daughter, "that Dr. Smith alone is responsible for the quack remedy he is about to employ."

Poor Frank! The stillness in the room was terrible. An awful hush of expectation fell upon it as he came to the sick man's side. Life and death were fighting now — which would triumph?

Yet a few moments of breathless suspense, and then Dr. Frank stepped back. His own face was little less pale than that of his patient.

"The bleeding has ceased," he said.

At that an irrepressible tumult of joy broke out in the sick-room, and communicated itself to the street, where it ran up and down in a few moments, an electric current of joy, that in a few short moments had changed the expression on every face in a way that was almost miraculous. In the quiet chamber above, Dr. Frank was trying, not very successfully, to convince the vicar's friends that Dr. Harland had at least an equal claim upon their gratitude. His efforts, however, did not avail to stem the tide of thanks and congratulations that flowed in upon him, but only brought more credit upon him, and more discredit upon the ungenerous behaviour of the older man. Perceiving this, Frank declared that perfect quiet was absolutely essential to the patient's complete recovery, and begged that all would go home and leave the vicar in his daughter's charge. Dr. Harland had been standing apart; every word of praise and thanks addressed to his young colleague was, as it were, a reproach to himself. He left the room without a word, and went out into the street. Here the gossips crowded about him, eagerly demanding news. He pushed the nearest roughly away, answering in his gruffest tone,—

"What are you making all this fuss about? The vicar is perfectly well. Did you never hear of a person's nose bleeding before?" and so reached his house and banged the door as he entered.

Here at least he might expect to find a haven of refuge. But his coming seemed only to cause embarrassment. His daughter was standing in the hall with Mrs. Burns and her little Mary Jane. The child no longer looked sickly and miserable; her face was round and rosy, and her eyes bright; she laughed and clapped her hands as Marion threw a ball to her, and the

FRANK SAT DOWN IN HIS CHAIR AND BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS.

mother watched, with a beaming smile on the face that used to look so anxiously at her sick darling.

But the smile gave place to a look of anxiety, almost of fear, as she perceived Dr. Harland; the child also looked scared, and clung to its mother, and even Marion seemed very much embarrassed.

Dr. Harland's temper was naturally not soothed by this greeting. "Marion," he said roughly, "there is no occasion for you to entertain Dr. Smith's patients in my house;" and he turned on his heel and entered his study.

"I'd better be going, Miss Marion," suggested the mother, and Marion could not but be glad of her departure. She went then into the study, and found her father pacing vehemently up and down, like some caged animal whose rage increases at every turn. He looked at her sternly, but did not pause.

"Marion," he said, "understand this at once. From henceforth you and the Smith family will meet as strangers."

"Father dearest," said Marion, "do tell me what has happened!"

"That is of no consequence," returned the doctor. "What *does* concern you is that I have given you an order, and I intend that it shall be obeyed."

"Yes, papa," said Marion, and was leaving the room. In his present frame of mind he would be better let alone, she thought. But the angry man needed somebody upon whom he could vent his rage, and before she could reach the door, he strode across and set his back against it.

"I want to know how it is," he began, "that in my house people side with my enemies. I am to be insulted and injured to any extent, it seems, but the people who do it are still to be my daughter's intimate friends. It is a pretty state of things, I must say. I cannot come home, it appears, without finding my house occupied by persons who have treated me with open insolence. The accepted ideas of filial duty seem to have changed a good deal since I was young."

"Papa dear, I am very sorry if I have done anything to displease you," said Marion. "It is true that Mrs. Burns came to show me her little girl, she is so pleased to see the child mending"—

"In consequence of changing my treatment, I suppose?"

"It is nice spring weather now for her"—began Marion, but she stopped. A horrible doubt of her father's ability was for the very first time presenting itself to her mind. She was too truthful to invent excuses, so she held her tongue, although she would have given much to be able to say something soothing to the vexed spirit.

"Once for all," thundered Dr. Harland, more irritated by this silence than by any answer she could have made, "you will in future treat those people" (when we are very angry we like a demonstrative pronoun—*that man* is a favourite way of alluding to the enemy) "as strangers—no, more than that, you will remember that they are your father's enemies, who hate him and injure him in every possible way. You hear?"

Marion grew very pale. She needed all her courage to say quietly, "Papa, I could not treat people so unless I knew there was cause."

"Cause!" roared Dr. Harland, then he laughed bitterly. "Oh, if that is all you want, there is cause enough—though, perhaps, you will not take my word for it. You were not present to-day when I was obliged to swallow the most humiliating insults, when ingratitude from some and deliberate spite from others filled up the bitter cup I had to drink. Oh yes, your lady friends over the way are not so very guileless, my poor child; they back up all that my late colleague's son does to ruin my reputation and make my life intolerable."

"You mean Frank Smith, papa?" said Marion in her candid way. "Some one must have been telling you very spiteful lies about him. I know—I am sure—he has always treated you with the utmost respect and deference. Is it not so?"

She asked in the tone of one who expects and desires a direct answer, but to give a truthful reply would not have supported Dr. Harland's case. So he answered,—

"Oh yes, I daresay. I hardly know why I should take the trouble, but still I *will* just tell you what has passed to-day. Understand that the vicar was suffering from a hæmorrhage which all the customary remedies were unable to cure, but which nature would presently have stopped. A bundle of ignorant people had lost their heads; there was no styptic that could stop the flow of their lamentations. Well, I stood there perfectly calm, waiting nature's good time, when that foolish Captain Rogers must needs declare that the one man worth calling a doctor in the neighbourhood was young Smith, and, while the others stood dazed and wringing their hands, he must needs dash off and return with his protégé. I need not trouble you with technicalities; the young man behaved to me in a very objectionable way, and it did so happen that, while he was applying some mess which he pretends was a cure, the result I had been expecting came, the hæmorrhage ceased, and he called out that he and he alone

had saved this precious life. There was an absurd scene—mock-heroics, tears, benedictions. I left them and came quietly away, but not before I had, as I said, been most grossly insulted."

"Dear father, I am so grieved," said Marion. "But I think just now you are naturally tired and vexed. When you feel less worried, you will be able to remember that all doctors have to endure this kind of thing. You know what a fuss there was about Dr. Frank Smith and Farmer Wills, and he had not an old, long-established name like yours to support him, had he?"

Dr. Harland jumped up from the chair into which he had thrown himself. "Always excuses for my enemies! They are to be all that is good, no matter what they do or say, and how much they injure your father, Marion. I would not have believed that a trifling schoolgirl affection would have made you so silly. You evidently prefer that bread-and-butter miss, that wishy-washy schoolgirl, to your poor old father. Well, well, so be it; however, you have spoken to her for the last time—you understand that! You will probably not have many more chances, for Miss Martin, who is generally well informed, tells me they will probably soon leave the place. And, by the way—why, of course, that explains it all! what a fool I was not to think of it—the young Smith is going shortly to marry Captain Rogers' sister."

Dr. Harland paused in his walk and looked thoughtfully at his daughter as he followed up the new ideas that had presented themselves to his mind. As he looked, his trained eye could not help observing the change that came over her face. The colour faded suddenly from her cheeks, then from her lips, her eyes became fixed in a mere stare. She seemed about to faint, but with an effort of will she recalled herself. The colour rushed back, flooding cheeks and brow in a painful flush, her hands shook so that she took hold of the back of the chair before her. Dr. Harland saw and understood, and his former anger was as nothing compared with the frantic fury which now took possession of his whole soul. He came round the table and seized his daughter by the shoulder, his fingers gripping like an iron vice.

"Miserable girl!" he said, in a low, half-choked voice, "you have played the play to the bitter end, have you?—You have forgotten yourself so far as to fall in love with your father's—what am I saying? your *own* bitterest enemy! Under the pretence of friendship for his sister, you have had assignations with him—together you have plotted my misery. Well, madam, I am glad you are punished, glad he despises you and casts you off. You shall go to church, you shall, if I have to carry you in my arms, and see his wedding; and after that—well, after that I shall consider what further to do with you."

Marion was white as a sheet now. But she lifted her eyes and looked the furious man straight in the face.

"Papa, I think one day you will be sorry you said that. It is not true"—

"What! I am a liar, am I?" shouted the doctor. He let go her shoulder and lifted his hand to strike her, but Marion looked still straight up in his face, and the hand dropped to his side.

"If you have anything to say in your own defence, you may say it," he said, sitting down like a judge before her, and still trembling with rage in every limb.

"Papa dear, I have never been to you anything but a good and loving daughter," began Marion; but the doctor brought down his fist heavily on the table.

"Spare me that kind of thing, and answer me simply Yes or No. Is there anything between you and Frank Smith?"

Marion paused. What was it he had said on the ice? That the man would be happy who should have her for his companion. That was all—a mere empty compliment from the lips of many men,—of most men, perhaps; but, as she thought, not mere words as spoken by Frank Smith.

"Don't trouble yourself to invent a lie," sneered the doctor.

"I have never told you a lie, papa," said the girl, and now her voice trembled a little. "Frank Smith has never told me he loves me. But—I think he does."

It cost all her courage still to look straight in her father's face. But, had she known it, she looked at that moment so like her dead mother, that the angry, unhappy man felt himself carried back in spirit to a scene twenty years old, when another young girl, so like this girl, had looked frankly if shyly in his face, and owned trembling that she loved him. A mist rose in his eyes; he asked more gently,—

"And you, Marion?"

Marion was silent for some minutes; at last she said,—

"I do not think I can quite answer that, papa. Is it such a very different sort of love that girls have—*then?* In books it seems as if it altogether—I don't know how to say it—swallowed up every other affection. I don't love any one in the world so much as you, but I have always been fond—and you have liked me to be fond—of my old playfellow."

There was a tone of appeal in her voice which touched the old doctor more than he cared to allow. So he sprang from his seat, giving this tenderer feeling no time to work.

"H'm," he said. "Well, Marion, I am your father, and I have a right to give you orders and to expect them obeyed. Henceforth you and the whole Smith family meet as total strangers. If you see the son or the daughter or the mother, you walk straight past them without the smallest greeting. This is my command, and I expect absolute and implicit obedience. You hear?"

"Yes. But oh, might I not just write a note to Rosa and tell her it is to be so? Please, *please* allow me to do only that, and then I will obey you in everything," pleaded Marion.

"*If*—and *then*," growled the doctor. "No conditions, if you please. You say you love me—show it—obey my orders. That you *must* do; but if it is true that you have any affection for me, you will do it cheerfully, and show me no sullen faces. Go!"

He pointed to the door. Marion would have kissed him first, but he turned away and pretended to find a book in the shelves.

"Go; I want a little peace," he said; and Marion went. She crept up-stairs to her own little room. There, over the fireplace, hung her mother's portrait. She looked at it long and earnestly. Oh, if she had but a mother now! All her courage seemed to forsake her; she sat down by her little bed and laid her head upon it, finding a welcome relief to her strained nerves in what girls call "a good cry."

Frank Smith, meantime, had also gone home, making his way through the congratulations of the villagers. His own great joy and thankfulness brought with it a heavy shadow of sadness, in the knowledge of the great breach which his success had made between himself and Dr. Harland. If even success was thus embittered, how could he rejoice in the good he was able to accomplish? And Marion— "My God! my God!" prayed Frank Smith, as he crossed the road to his own house, "lay not upon me more than I am able to bear!"

His mother met him at the door with weeping eyes.

"Don't cry, mother," began Frank, but she caught his arm and drew him into his own little room.

"It's come at last, Frank," she said. "There's a man in possession in the kitchen."

Indeed, the whole house was full of an odour of bad tobacco—the fact could not long have been kept a secret. Johnson the butcher's brother, a hard and grasping man, succeeding to his brother's business and his brother's debts, and disregarding the entreaties of his brother's widow, had come down upon poor Mrs. Smith with the severe demand, "Pay me that thou owest." She had pleaded for time, but in vain; now there was an execution in the house. There were other creditors, too.

Frank sat down on his chair and buried his face in his hands. He could stay here no longer—ruin complete and absolute stared them in the face. Dr. Harland—Marion's father, too—was now completely alienated—and anywhere else—how long would it take to build up a practice? Must these three helpless ones starve meantime? Hospital appointments in those days were few and far between.

"If we had only some kind friend who would tide us over the temporary difficulty," said Mrs. Smith, "we could sell the house and garden, and live in lodgings till your practice improves."

"Mother," said Frank, looking at her with stony eyes, "it will never improve. God is hard upon me; He will not let me prosper."

"Oh, my son—my darling!" moaned the widow, "don't say that."

"It is true, mother," Frank went on, in the same hard voice. "I suppose it is that I was wilful. Grandfather did not want me to be a doctor; I followed the device and desire of my own heart, and God is angry with me. Yet I thought He would know how much I wanted to do good."

"Frank, Frank!" moaned the mother, longing to give comfort, but finding no words.

"Listen, mother," he went on. "Captain Rogers owes me money; I have never sent him a bill—I would not till he should ask for it. But sooner than that you should suffer this miserable humiliation, I will go to him now, I will bring back the money; it will be enough for Johnson."

The Shortness of Life.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, LL.D.

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short."—1 Cor. vii. 29.

EVERY piece that is performed upon the stage is of a fixed length. It may consist of one or more acts, may be simple or complicated in its construction, but it must be finished within a certain time. The whole history of a lifetime, the rise or fall of individuals, birth, marriage, and death, —the forming, maturing, and execution of plans,—all must be crowded within the narrow space of one or two hours. On the stage is represented, within the compass of a few minutes, what in actual life it takes years to fulfil; so that the time of the drama is indeed short. In like manner the drama of human life is of a fixed determinate length, known only to God. It may consist of one or more acts, it may be busy or idle, important or useless, crowded with scenes and events, or tame and monotonous, but it has a prescribed length beyond which it cannot extend. The apostle says that the time allowed for acting it is short,—short in every case, not merely in the case of the child that dies in infancy, but even in the case of the old man who totters to the grave under the load of years. "The days of my years," says the Psalmist, "are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is *soon* cut off, and we fly away." When Pharaoh asked of Jacob, "How old art thou?" he replied, "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years: few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." The time is short, be it determined by a long or a short life; just as the hour is equally short when measured by a minute hand several feet in length on the enormous dial of a cathedral clock, and by a minute hand not an inch in length on the face of a pocket watch. The time occupied by the drama is short compared with the whole of ordinary life; how much shorter, then, is the whole of ordinary life when compared with that eternal life in which it is acted for threescore years and ten! We fall asleep for a moment in a chair, and during that brief interval of unconsciousness, we dream of a long succession of events extending over many years, with a most vivid feeling of their reality. We have lived a lifetime in a moment. Like that momentary dream is our whole waking life.

There is indeed a period when time seems long, and stretches away in boundless perspective before us. The summer days of childhood seemed as long as twenty days are now. Just as a flash of electric light falling upon a wheel painted of many colours, and revolving so rapidly that it presents a uniform grey surface, shows it to us motionless, and all its spokes standing out distinct from one another in their separate colours,—so under the beautiful subtle morning light, life seems to pause, and show all

its joyous rainbow hues so clearly, that in latest old age they are perfectly remembered when the events of yesterday are forgotten. But as we grow up the magic light of childhood vanishes, and life is seen revolving more and more rapidly in its grey, monotonous round. We have a larger space of time behind to compare with the shorter space before us. We descend the hill far more quickly than we ascended. It is with life just as it is with the progress of the year. In spring the days are long, and there seems plenty of time for all that nature has to do, so that she lingers lovingly over her tasks ; but as the year advances, and spring deepens into summer, and matures into autumn, the days creep in, and nature hastens in her operations, and crowds her beauties upon the scene as if there were no time to lose ; and in winter the short day fades, and the sun sinks ere the work is half done. So in childhood there seems ample time for all that has to be done and enjoyed in it. The child is living in a sense in eternity, and therefore makes a playfellow of time. But as life advances to its close, the days and years contract, and in old age nothing is more painfully felt than the brevity of time compared with the extent of the tasks which it brings.

To many perhaps the time seems long instead of short. The hours drag on leaden-footed, and they have much to do to spend them fast enough. The world wearies them, as the play at the theatre wearies out those who have lost their interest in it. By an early-begun and long-continued course of pleasure, they have so thoroughly exhausted the world's sources of enjoyment, that it has no new sensation to give them, no new hope to promise. Possession has satiated them, and their life is consumed by a dreadful ennui—that torment of unoccupied powers and vague desires. There are those also who have outlived all their old friends and associations, who dwell in the dreary solitude which bereavement and the decays of nature have produced. The days for them have come in which they say, "I have no pleasure in them ;" and their time of waiting seems very long and weary. It is true indeed that to the victims of the world's vanity, to those who are wearied in the greatness of their ways, to those who are laid aside from active duty by old age or affliction—the time is long: nevertheless, as a whole, life is short when we consider how much of it is spent in the unconsciousness of infancy and the incapacity of childhood, how much is spent in mere preparation for life, how much is spent in sleep, in illness, and weariness, and in the second childhood and infancy of old age. Subtract these periods of inaction from the whole sum of existence, and but a very small portion of available time remains. If we take away the night at the beginning and the night at the end, the day of life has but twelve hours in which to work.

The time is long enough to marry and be given in marriage, to buy and sell, to weep and rejoice, and to use the world. It is long enough to act out in it all that an earthly life requires, be it long or short. But no one who has realized the preciousness of his soul and the greatness of his salvation, ever felt that the time was too long. When we consider what each human being has to do and to be, of the tremendous consequences that depend upon each flitting breath we draw, and each winged moment that flits over our head, we feel that the time for the rehearsal of our state and work for eternity here is indeed short, and we are urged to begin the work immediately, to give all diligence in making our calling and election sure. But though the time is short and uncertain, none can complain that it is too short and uncertain for the great and solemn life-work that has to be done ; none can say of God that He is a hard task-master, reaping where He had not sowed, and gathering where He had not strawed. He says, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" giving us full time for the duty to which He calls us Man is immortal till his work is done. No external power can shorten the allotted day, can bring on the darkness of that night in which no man can work, a moment ere the twelfth hour has expired. Be our life short or long, it affords us sufficient time to work out in it the whole of the life-drama which God has sketched out for us ; to complete the whole of the circle of duty and experience, within which we have to move. Enoch did his work as fully as Methuselah, though he did not live half his days ; and St. Paul fulfilled his destiny in half the time that Moses took to complete his. Life is long enough for what it is intended ; but it is not long enough for trifling, for half-heartedness, for procrastination. Each page of life is so valuable, that it must be written within and without and all over. It cannot afford a margin of idleness or wastefulness.

November.

HOPE on, hope ever! though to-day be dark,
The sweet sun-burst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow!
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thoughts or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart, thou dost not beat in vain,
For God is over all, and heaven above thee.
Hope on, hope ever!

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest night,
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning;
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide flushed with light
Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all Earth's family love one another.
Hope on, hope ever!

Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER XI.

CHARLES I., A.D. 1625–1648—CIVIL WAR—DEATH OF CHARLES.

WHO began the war? Each party was anxious to throw the blame of this on the other, but in fact war was inevitable, and in such circumstances only an accident will often determine who shall strike the first blow. In February A.D. 1642, Henrietta Maria had hurried over to France, carrying the crown jewels with her. In a short time she sent Charles a large sum which she had raised on their security. Soon afterwards Charles left London, and moved towards the north of England. The Mayor of Hull, Sir John Hotham, refused to admit him. On the 12th of July Parliament ordered an army to be raised, and appointed the Earl of Essex its commander. On the 22nd of August, Charles unfurled his standard at Nottingham.

Now England, which had so long lain in peace, and had been like a well-tilled and beautiful garden, smiling and fruitful, was for four years desolated by civil war. Troops marched and countermarched across her green fields, along her quiet country roads and lanes, where only farmers' carts and heavy-laden harvest waggons had been wont to pass; and worse than all were the "disorderly rabble of rotten-hearted, nauseous neutrals," who soon infested the country, pillaging from all parties alike.

Now the time was come when every man had to choose his side. The choice was not easy. Parliament and national rights on the one side, the monarchy and the Church on the other. Not that the lines were then thus clearly defined, for Charles had promised the people their rights, and the Parliament still professed loyalty to the king, if he would rule according to his promises. Many instinctively felt that, much as they owed to the Parliament, it was now sending them in too heavy a bill for their gains. On the other hand, many, despairing of ever enjoying liberty under the rule of Charles, thought war against him was a painful necessity. "So amongst all who judged for themselves, soon fathers had to fight against sons, brothers against brothers, intimate friends and neighbours against each other."

Success at first lay with the king, and the first important battle, that of Edgehill, was won by his troops, under command of Prince Rupert. The beginning of A.D. 1643 found him master of the north and west of England. But now "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream!" Amongst the Parliamentary officers was a young man belonging to an old Yorkshire family, the Fairfaxes. Fathers, brothers, cousins, all fought on the same side, and the most prominent of them was the one known as "Fiery young Tom." The war went raging up and down Yorkshire, across the moors, through the valleys and picturesque glens. "Fiery young Tom" won a hard fight at Tadcaster; took Bradford, took Leeds, but lost it again; won a great battle at Wakefield, but was badly beaten at Advalter Moor, being forced to fly and fall back on Hull, while his wife was taken prisoner, and his little five-year-old daughter Moll had to ride for her life on horseback, behind her nurse.

But defeat makes all men of talent better generals. In A.D. 1644 "Fiery Tom" won the battle of Nantwich; took Lathom House, which had been gallantly defended by the Countess of Derby, won a victory at Selby, and besieged York. Here, however, Prince Rupert interrupted his career, and the siege was raised. But soon followed the greatest battle of the war, that of Marston Moor. It began in the evening—

"The summer evening, long as winter's day."

The two armies faced each other in silence. The hush was broken by Fairfax's men singing psalms, as they advanced steadily through the cornfields to the attack. Cromwell was there, and old Skipton, and on the other side Prince Rupert. At first there was varying success, but by the time the moon was high, the contest was won, and victory was with the Parliament. Four thousand one hundred and fifty bodies lay dead in the moonlight. Fairfax rode about calling to the soldiers to spare the ignorant peasants. "Colours enough were won to have

made surplices for all the cathedrals of England, had they been white."

In December A.D. 1644 the Parliament appointed Fairfax commander-in-chief, and at his special request allowed Oliver Cromwell to remain with him. His army swept on with the sure advance of an incoming tide. On June 14, A.D. 1645, he was opposed by Charles in person at Naseby in Northamptonshire. The king had an army of 11,000 men. He rode beside them in complete armour, sword in hand. "Are you ready to fight for me?" he asked the men. "All! all!" they shouted in reply; and well they fought, but victory was not theirs! The king was forced to fly, and never drew rein till he reached Ashby de la Zouche, twenty-eight miles away.

On this day Charles lost not only the battle, he lost also the small remainder of trust that his people had in him. For his letters fell into the hands of the enemy, and they revealed that he was plotting to bring Irish Papists over to fight the English. The horror this caused was not surprising, considering a dreadful event that had happened on October 23, A.D. 1641. The Irish army which Strafford had trained, destining them to win victory for the king, suddenly fell upon the unsuspecting Protestants, and murdered from 40,000 to 200,000 of them, men, women, and children.

Charles now wandered about from place to place like a hunted deer, but still he would not give in, and Fairfax still advanced, till he had swept on even to Truro and the Land's End. Then, wheeling back, he advanced against Oxford, "the capital of the Cavaliers," and took the town.

But still Charles would not give in. He drew fresh hopes from the division which had arisen between the Scotch Presbyterians and the English Independents. The Parliament, too, had become divided against itself, and Charles long hoped, by playing one party against another, to obtain his crown once more.

Again and again attempts were made to treat with him, but "he could not be straightforward for a single day, nor even in a single sheet of paper." He told his wife that he purposely made promises in words capable of two meanings.

At last, fairly driven to bay, he gave himself up to the Scots, and by them was handed over to the Parliament. After some weeks' confinement in Hampton Court, Hurst Castle in Hampshire, and at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, he was brought before a court of justice, selected by the House of Commons, for trial. Many changes had happened since the last fatal day that he entered Westminster Hall. Hampden had died from wounds in battle. Pym, dying in old age, had been buried with honour at Westminster Abbey. Of the other three of the five members impeached by Charles, not one was now in the House.

Charles refused to acknowledge the legality of the Court by defending himself before it. He asked to be tried before Lords and Commons combined. There was no precedent for the trial of a monarch; deposition or murder were the old ways of getting rid of unpopular kings.

Bradshaw conducted the trial with coarse severity. On the seventh day, as Charles was brought in, a soldier, touched with pity, chanced to say, "God bless you!" Charles thanked him, but an officer struck him with a cane. "Methinks," said Charles, "the punishment exceedeth the offence." Bradshaw now upbraided him with his refusal to plead against the charges brought against him by the people. "No, *not by half* the people!" cried a female voice, supposed to be that of Lady Fairfax. The trial went on. A citizen kept repeating to those near him, "Have we hearts of stone? Are we men?" and then, rising, he said in a trembling voice, "My lord, I am not satisfied to consent to this sentence." One is thankful for this trembling protest. But Bradshaw continued his bitter speech, and then told the clerk to say what punishment was due to "a traitor, a tyrant, a murderer, and public enemy to the people of England." "Ha, murderer!" Charles is said to have exclaimed, with a startled voice, on hearing that awful word applied to him. He had never forgiven himself for the execution of Strafford, and doubtless this word awakened a fresh pang of self-reproach in his heart. The clerk rose, and read the sentence of death, that "Charles Stuart should be put to death by severing his head from his body."

His children were brought to bid him farewell. He took the Princess Elizabeth in his arms, and prayed for a blessing on her and the others, and gave her two seals set with diamonds, "and there was a great weeping."

On a night of January 1749, he slept soundly more than four hours. Awaking early in the morning, he rose and dressed himself, putting on two shirts, lest the cold weather should make him tremble. "Death," said he, "is not terrible to me, and bless my God I am

prepared." Bishop Juxon remained an hour with him in prayer. When summoned, he walked erect and rapidly across the Park to Whitehall. The spectators, men, women, soldiers, were all silent as the grave, save when some prayer or blessing escaped a sympathizing lip. He entered Whitehall, passed through the long gallery, stepped out into the open air, on the raised scaffold, and for one moment lifted eyes and hands to heaven in prayer. He then spoke to the people, saying he died for their liberties, knelt to pray, laid his head on the low block, and in a moment all was over.

The head and body were carried to Windsor, and there privately buried.

No one can read the account of the close of his life without compassion. But his career is a sad example of conscientious devotion to bad objects. He laboured to promote royal tyranny in the State and priestly tyranny in the Church. We may admire his firmness in refusing to plant Presbyterianism in England, but we cannot forget that to him and Laud must be laid the guilt of causing the Church to be identified in the eyes of the people with oppression and injustice. By a strange partial paralysis of conscience, he never reproached himself for his many untruths, while on the other hand he blamed himself for the least concession made to the demands of his people.

Our Parish Mission.

BY THE RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

I HOPE I need not remind you that the object of a mission is not so much to tell people new things, as to induce them to feel old things more deeply. To awaken the careless, and set them thinking about their souls—to enlighten those who do not understand the gospel—to lead on those who are really inquiring the way to heaven—to build up, strengthen, and encourage true Christians, and quicken them to more activity in Christ's cause—these are the simple objects which a wise missioner sets before himself.

The benefits of a mission do not consist in temporary excitement, and running about after strange preachers. A mission which produces no other results than these is worse than useless, and does positive harm. (*a*) It is when men and women show a new sense of the value of their souls, and the immense importance of being saved and prepared to meet God;—(*b*) it is when repentance towards God, faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, and practical holiness of life are seen to increase in a congregation;—(*c*) it is when Bibles are more read, private prayer is made a real business, Sunday is better kept, and the Lord's table better attended; it is *then*, *and only then*, that a mission does real solid good. I pray that there may be fruits like these after the mission in your parish.

If you really desire to help the mission, I commend the following hints to your serious attention:—

1. Pray much for its success before it begins. Remember that in this, as in every work for souls, success does not depend on man, but on God. The coming missioners cannot reach hearts and convert people, however well they may preach; but the Holy Ghost can. Pray that He may come down with power, and make use of this mission.

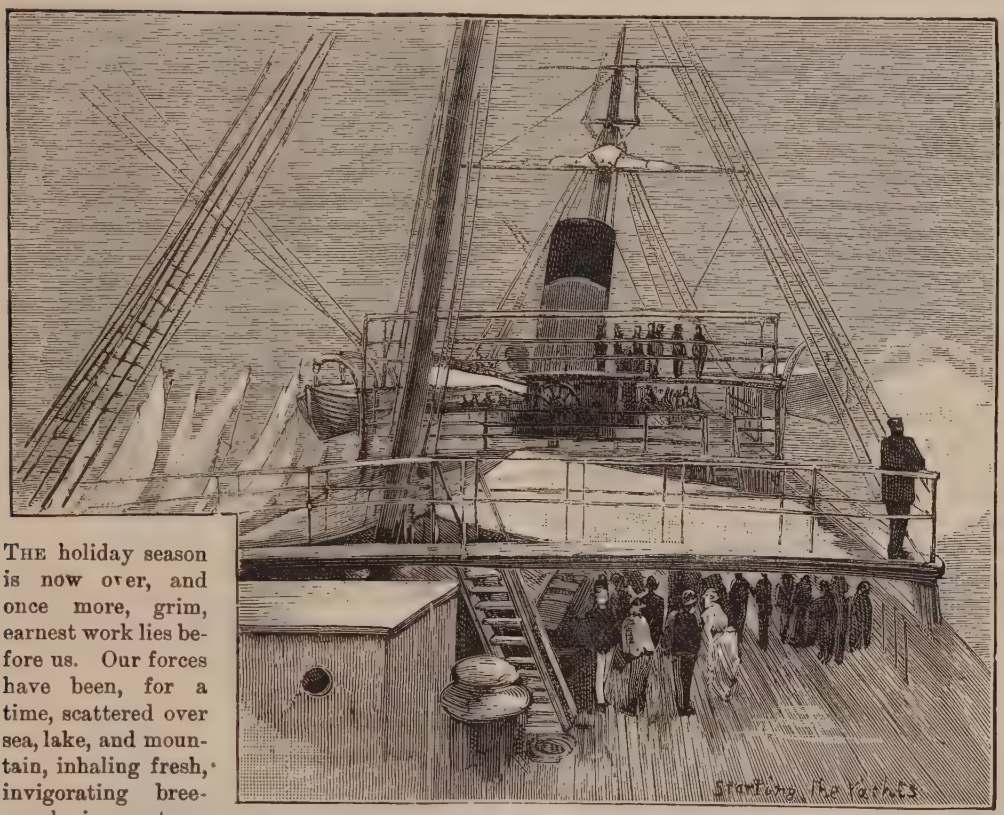
2. Join in all the mission services as far as you are able, and give every facility to your servants or work-people for attending them, as well as yourself. Think of others. Desire a blessing for the souls of all around you, as well as for your own.

3. If you hear the mission derided or despised, ask those who speak lightly of it to come and hear for themselves. Remind them that it is neither fair nor sensible to judge men and things unheard. Advise them, as Gamaliel advised the Jews (Acts v. 39), to beware, "lest they fight against God."

4. After the mission is over, pray daily and continually for God's blessing upon it. Water the seed sown. Remember carefully any good advice which may have struck you. Keep up any good practice you may have begun in the time of the mission. Beware of going back and relapsing into old spiritual sleepiness. Take up some useful work for Christ, and do not leave it off. Exercise is one secret of good health. Beware of shortening your Bible-reading and your private prayers. Beware of looking back. Remember Lot's wife! Think of these things.

After the Holidays.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.



THE holiday season is now over, and once more, grim, earnest work lies before us. Our forces have been, for a time, scattered over sea, lake, and mountain, inhaling fresh, invigorating breezes; laying up stores of health, to be drawn upon during the cold, wintry days that lie before. The cares, worries, and rushings to and fro of city and town life have been laid aside, only to give place to those of hotel, steamer, and *diligence*, the latter of which, as experience teaches, is a sad misnomer. However, we have had a holiday, feel all the better for it; and now knapsack and knickerbockers must be placed on one side, and the noble art of "bread and cheese winning" be resumed. With the bread and cheese question comes another, one of vast social and religious importance—recreation. "All work and no play makes John Bull a dull boy."

To the young man the question of recreation is a serious one. Surrounded as he is by many temptations, there is always the fear that *amusement* will be the only end gained. Such questions, then, as "What shall I do? What branch of study shall I take up? How shall I spend my evenings?" are of the highest importance, and deserve the gravest consideration. When, too, the decision has been made, there is often a great difficulty in making a start; hence our offer of a few pungent remarks on "Getting under Way."

"I don't think I shall begin *work in earnest* to-day," said a young man of our acquaintance; "I will smoke a pipe, have a look round, and begin in earnest *to-morrow*. A fellow can't settle down all at once." This happened on a Monday morning. On Saturday in the same week he was still putting off. "Going to begin in earnest on Monday."

Great determination is required to say, "I

will begin *to-day, now, at once;*" but to those who can say it, and to those only, will it be given to conquer. We remember standing on the deck of a steamer in the well-known harbour of Valetta, Malta, and being much impressed with the power wielded in a cool determination. The decks were swarmed from end to end with a motley crowd of hucksters, tricksters, and Maltese costermongers, of the wine, cigar, lace, and other merchant type, vending their wares and gesticulating in the wildest manner. The ship presented more the appearance of a market than of a vessel about to sail. In the midst of all the uproar and hubbub, the captain, a rugged old man of the sea, mounted the pilot's bridge, and gave a few orders in a cold, commanding voice. In less time than it takes to write it, the anchor was up, a few revolutions of the propeller, and the ship slowly moved from her moorings, whilst Huckster, Trickster, and Co. slipped down the side, swearing, threatening, jostling each other in their break-neck hurry, yet all on one purpose intent, namely, that of getting off the ship. In a few minutes the decks were cleared; we had crossed the bar, and were in the open sea. By which far-drawn similitude it is intended to convey what a mighty factor is determination in 'Getting under Way.'

The hardy salt sweeps away the swarthy rabble in his own cold way, apparently without an effort. May not the young stripling sweep away his difficulties in like manner? Let him but show a bold determination—a calm, heroic, Christ-like spirit, and "blocks in the path" will disappear like "snaw-wreaths in thaw."

An eminent modern writer has said, "Truly a *thinking* man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have. Every time such an one announces himself, I doubt not there runs a shudder through the nether empire, and new emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him." Be *thinking* men! Whatever branch of study you take up, go at it with a will.

Above all, *do* something; if it is only the cobbling of a pair of shoes, do it, *do it well*, and from the foundation of something *done* a fabric of noble acts may rise. The work we do to-day is the foundation of the work we shall do to-morrow. *Begin!* begin in *earnest*, and all the "emissaries of the nether empire" will fail to keep you from "Getting under Way."

"O thou sculptor, painter, poet,
Take this lesson to thy heart,
That is best which lieth nearest,
Shape from *that* thy work of art.'

Incidents in Missionary Life.

RESULTS OF A BAPTISM IN THE SANTAL DISTRICT, NORTH INDIA.

AFTER the service was over, the missionary writes, Surja said to me, "Now, I want to clear out all the *deotas* (demons and household gods) from my house and village." The two elder sons, at their father's bidding, then brought a ladder, and took down from the roof inside the house two huge bundles of bark, each as large as a man, in the centre of which were some carved sticks. These had been kept in the house more than twelve years, and were covered with soot and cobwebs. They are supposed to be the deities who bring riches and health. After this were produced some mysterious-looking baskets and pots, one of which contained something wrapped up in a rag. The youngest son opened this with great glee, and showed me a small quartz stone covered with vermilion. This was supposed to be the charm of the house. Surja then brought fire, and set light to all these abominations in the presence of his brothers and the villagers.

Whilst these were burning, Surja went to the centre of the village where the guardian deities of the place were supposed to reside, and began pulling down the tall bamboo flag that marked the spot. The villagers opposed him with all their might. The Sordar (headman of the district) said, "Our father fixed this bamboo here." But Surja said, "No; I planted it on this very spot about two years ago—my father has been dead more than twelve years." So down came the bamboo, and shared the fate of the household gods. Then Surja said, "I have one more abomination to get rid of." He then led the way to a grove outside the village, and began taking up the large stones. The heathen appealed to me to stop him in his iconoclasm. At last a compromise was made. Surja said, "I will show you that I will have no more to do with them." He then took up the two sacred stones and threw them on one side, saying that if they liked they could put them back again, but that he had had his way. The heathen afterwards carefully replaced them. All this was done without a word from me. I stood

by in utter amazement, thanking God for the wonderful things that were happening. I thought to myself, "We have seen strange things to-day."

CAMP LIFE OF OUR MISSIONARIES.

At last the happy moment arrives when the bullocks are harnessed. A short drive along the Lahore Road, and a shorter one still across the fields, brought us to Said Mahmud. The entrance to the village does not boast of any peculiarity, but is like that of all the other hundreds of villages for miles round—namely, an open space of brown dust, flanked by an *evergreen* pond, and a background of mud huts—all this enveloped in a dim haze of smoke, for it was evening when we arrived, and in each house the last meal of the day was being cooked. Two little ragged boys who were standing by, told us where our encampment was. We followed their direction, and found our tents pitched by another pond, in which two buffaloes were joyfully swimming.

MODE OF TRAVELLING IN SOUTH INDIA.

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER V.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS may be described as pleasurable occupations for hours of leisure. We hear much said about them now. In olden days, men and women worked so hard, that they craved nothing but to lie down and sleep when their toil was over. Thank God, those hard times are gone by never to return. Hours of labour which used in some employments to be reckoned as fourteen, fifteen, or sixteen, are now very generally limited to ten or less. A working man or woman has now some time and life left in him or her to enjoy leisure when it comes. A great question then arises, "How shall we use our leisure? What are to be the pleasures of our unoccupied hours?"

Can we find anything in the Word of God to throw light on this subject?

The word "Amusement" seems to be a

comparatively new one in our language. It does not occur once in the Bible. The idea, however, is represented there by the word "Pleasures." Here at the outset we get a useful lesson. It appears to be taken for granted in the Scriptures that men and women should have pleasures to enjoy, but when they are mentioned it is chiefly with a warning against excess in them. We come across such words as these: "He that *loveth* pleasure shall be a poor man" (Prov. xxi. 17). "Therefore hear now this, thou that *art given to pleasures*, that dwellest carelessly" (Isa. xlvii. 8). "And that which fell among thorns are they which, when they have heard, go forth and *are choked* with cares and riches and *pleasures* of this life" (Luke viii. 14). "She that *liveth in pleasures* is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. v. 6). "*Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God*" (2 Tim. iii. 4). "*Serving* divers lusts and *pleasures*" (Titus iii. 3). In all these passages an over-indulgence in pleasures is pointed at. To love pleasure, to be given to it, or entirely taken up with it, is wrong. Such excess in pleasures chokes the good seed, prevents lessons of godliness and of everlasting life from producing good effects in the heart. To live in pleasure, to make it the one occupation of life, is *death*, rather than life! To love pleasure more than God, sounds awful indeed, and yet may be a true picture of not a few! To *serve* pleasures is to become such a slave to our love of them, to be so under the power of a craving after them, that for their sakes duties are neglected, and heaven itself is forgotten!

Such warning words are in season in these days. To hear some persons talk, one might suppose that pleasures would convert souls, and amusements win a sinner from hell to heaven. Alas! it is not so easy to transform men and women as all this! A few recreations, however innocent, the cultivation of tastes, however refined, *will not alter characters*, although they may be useful enough in other ways.

Let us, then, beware of excess in pleasure. We may easily test for ourselves what amount of it is good for us. Do our amusements refresh us, and make us, therefore, more fit for our work next day, or do they leave us tired, jaded, and irritable? Do they encroach upon God's holy day, given us not only as a day of rest, but as an opportunity of raising our thoughts and affections from earthly things? Do they interfere with our duties to our employers or our relations? These are useful questions, and if we put them honestly to ourselves, they will help us from falling into the danger of becoming "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God."

Amusements are of two kinds, public and private. The latter are far the more important. We ought not to be dependent upon public entertainments for our pleasures. *Occasionally* these may form an agreeable variety, but the crowds, excitement, and often late hours attendant upon them take off from their value. For amusements ought not to *exhaust* us, but to *recreate* us, that is, to set us up again with fresh life!

We ought always to have some pleasant occupation ready to take up at home whenever an hour of leisure comes. Idling is not invigorating; listless dawdling about is unworthy of a sensible person!

1. Unless needlework happens to be the young woman's occupation during the day, she may turn to it with pleasure of an evening. There will, indeed, often be some little matter of mending or making for herself to claim her attention. But, besides this, there are now many kinds of fancy-work, which may exercise her taste and ingenuity, either in knitting, crochet, or embroidery. Those who take in *Our Own Gazette*, a publication of the Young Women's Christian Association, will find in it many useful hints as to needlework. Princesses and their attendant ladies of old spent many hours in working beautiful tapestry. But there is now a far richer variety in materials for work, and in the colours of the silks and wools to be used.

2. Knick-knacking, or the use of "Next-to-Nothings" may be suggested as amusing. It is to keep all sorts of odds and ends, bits of cardboard, pictures on advertisements, or on packets of paper, etc, and exercise our skill in turning them to account. Many a scrap-book has thus been filled, many a doll dressed, many a quaint or useful little article turned out, which may come in handily as a birthday present to a child, or perhaps as a gift to some charitable bazaar.

3. If your occupation has not been *brain-work*, then you may turn with delight in your leisure hour to *study*. Your brain is fresh; there will be real pleasure in exercising it. Read then something *worth* reading. Also, make a point of keeping a *note-book*, in which to jot down

any important fact, or to copy any passages which strike you as beautiful.* You will find this a charming and ever-increasingly interesting occupation, and one which will rapidly add to your knowledge. Add in small letters the *date* of each entry you make. Your note-book will then become a valuable memento to you of the past.

4. The care of flowers is another delightful employment. Even a little window-garden will require some minutes' attention daily. You must water the plants *regularly*, dust the leaves, cut off any that are withered or dry. To make cuttings and watch their growth is most interesting.

5. No amusement is so refreshing as a country walk. It introduces us to the book of pleasures which our heavenly Father has kindly opened before us. As in providing for our necessities, so in furnishing us with pleasures, God has marvellously fitted them for us all alike. The air which we breathe is free to all; His great salvation is equally so. So also is the pleasure-book of nature which He has given us. The infant, even, can admire the "twinkle, twinkle" of the little star. The astronomer studies its movements with intense delight. The little child plays with the flowers. The scientific man finds inexhaustible pleasure in observing them. Why should not you find pleasure here also? Without becoming a great botanist, you may yet gain a considerable knowledge of flowers, grasses, mosses, ferns, by a little pleasant study, and happy diligence in observing them. Make a little martyr of a plant now and then, examine all its parts. Buy a sixpenny magnifying glass, it will be a great assistance to you. Look at some of those small books upon nature which I have recommended. The same remarks would apply to the common objects of the sea-shore, when you have an opportunity of noticing them. Here, too, I would recommend you to make another use of your invaluable note-book. Try to observe some fact in nature *every day*, such as the *first* time you see a leaf come out in spring, or a blossom on the garden wall. Note the birds that pass, and distinguish them one from another, and the times when they appear.

6. If you have a turn for music, try to learn to sing by *note*. Get a tonic sol-fa lesson-book for a few pence, and you are almost sure to be able to find some one who can explain it, and teach you the system. Then it will be a delight to you to pick out tunes for yourself.

7. Drawing is another charming occupation. Copy flowers, or enliven your note-book with a picture copied from some book of travel. Sometimes you may outline one on thin paper, placed over the picture, if you are unequal to copying it.

As to public amusements, when *possible* choose daylight ones! Heated rooms and crowds are always exhausting. Above all, avoid the so-called common music-halls and dancing saloons, where you would meet men of whose character you know nothing, and which are often frequented by the lowest and most disreputable persons. Early-closing concerts, temperance singing, and glee choirs may form a refreshing occasional variety. If you have the opportunity to join any well-conducted choir, attend as regularly as your employers can spare you to do so. But should attendance involve a lonely walk at late hours, the pleasure will not be worth the risk run to obtain it.

In London you should visit the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Kensington Museum. Do not be satisfied to run hastily through them. *Visit them again and again.* Take your note-book with you, and at each visit make an entry of *two or three* things that most interest you. You will find both your interest and your knowledge marvellously increased by following this simple plan.

It is a pity that the museums which exist in provincial towns are so little visited!

Excursions to the seaside are of course very tempting. It is doubtful, however, whether they are not sometimes too fatiguing. Better go shorter distances, and be less hurried. Of course a Sunday excursion is out of the question for a Christian young woman.

After all, amusements must occupy but a

* Since writing the above, the following remarks have been read in the *Associates' Journal and Advertiser of the Girls' Friendly Society*:—"When the girls join the Library, they buy a penny notebook, and in it jot down the title, author, publisher, and price of all the books they take out, and a little account of the work itself. The very feeling that they will have to put down something about the book helps them to attend while reading. It helps them also to fix thoughts lastingly in their memories. . . . One girl in three months has reviewed no less than twenty-two books, and many of them have caught the point or leading idea of a story very well."

small fraction of our lives. *Live in earnest.* Take a pleasure in work. Hard workers will be the most easily amused in leisure hours. To those who live for pleasure, pleasures soon grow stale and wearisome. To those who live for duty, any innocent variety comes with unfailing freshness of delight.

E. A. W.

Marjorie's Motto.

"OH dear!" sighed Bertie, as she stood by the window, watching the great raindrops that trickled slowly down the outside of the glass. "How I wish it wouldn't rain!"

Marjorie, curled up in the depths of an easy-chair, was so absorbed in the interesting book she was reading, that the ceaseless patter of the rain fell unheeded on her ears, and even her little sister's complaint was disregarded.

"I do think you might stop reading and come and 'muse me, sister," said Bertie, trying to draw the book out of her sister's hands as she spoke.

"Do go away and stop bothering me!" exclaimed Marjorie, rather crossly, it must be confessed, pushing her little sister away. "Why don't you go and play with your dolls?"

"'Tisn't any fun to play all by myself," answered Bertie, tears filling her blue eyes. "I think you might come and play with me a little while—I do so! I'm so lonesome, and I can't go out and play

in the garden 'cause it's raining so hard, and mamma has a headache, and there isn't anybody to play with me. Oh dear!" and the tears began to fall fast as she recounted her troubles.

Marjorie hesitated for a moment. Should she put aside her book and amuse her little sister?

It seemed too great a sacrifice of her own inclinations. She was so interested in the story she was reading, that it would require a great effort to lay it aside unfinished. Just then her eyes fell on the illuminated text which had been her last birthday present, and which she had determined to take for her motto: "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

Here was a golden opportunity to follow its teachings; so, making a vigorous effort to overcome the promptings of self, Marjorie hastily closed her book and sprang up, exclaiming cheerily, "This will never do, Bertie. We mustn't have teardrops indoors as well as raindrops outside. Let's see if we can't find some sunshine somewhere. What can we do to have a nice time that won't disturb mamma? I have an idea. Run and ask Nancy to give you a big white bowl and a piece of soap, and I'll see if I can't manufacture some sunshine for you."

Bertie skipped away, her tears chased away by smiles at the prospect of having sister Marjorie as a

playmate, and soon returned with a bowl and some soap, wondering not a little what Marjorie meant to do with them. She soon guessed when she saw her sister produce a pipe, and presently she was laughing with delight as the bowl began to overflow with beautiful iridescent bubbles.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Bertie. "Let me blow some, sister!"

"Yes, you shall blow some in just a moment," answered Marjorie. "I will put the bowl down here where you can reach it easily, and then you can make all the pretty bubbles you want to. Now, isn't that fun?" she added, as she placed her on a little stool and put the bowl within easy reach.

It would have been hard to find a happier little girl than Bertie was for the rest of the afternoon, and Marjorie was nearly as happy. She returned to her book again, looking up now and then to smile at Bertie's delight over some particularly large bubble, or to gently check her at times lest she should waken her mother. She enjoyed her story all the more for the little self-denial she had exercised; and when at last her mother awoke, refreshed by her sleep, Marjorie felt more than repaid for her sacrifice as she said,—

"Thank you so much for amusing Bertie so nicely, dear. I heard her fretting, and was just about to give up all hope of a nap when you began to play with her. I had such a good rest after that!"

"She's such a nice sister!" added Bertie, giving her a loving hug; and Marjorie was doubly happy that she had not forgotten her motto.

Moral Slavery.

JAMES II., on his deathbed, thus addressed his son: "There is no slavery like sin, and no liberty like God's service." Was not the dethroned monarch right? What think ye of the fetters of bad habit? What think ye of the chains of indulged lust? The drunkard who cannot resist the craving for the wine—know you a more thorough captive? The covetous man, who toils day and night for wealth, what is he but a slave? The sensual man, the ambitious man, the worldly man—those who, in spite of the remonstrances of conscience, cannot break away from enthralment—what are they, if not the subjects of a tyranny than which there is none sterner and none more degrading?—*Canon Melvill.*

The Quiet Life.

TO AN INVALID.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"—Job xxxiv. 29.

THE wild wind heaveth with perpetual motion
The dark and fearful sea;
But far from all the storms and wrecks of ocean
Is haven rest for thee.

The battle rages, and, like distant thunder,
Its sounds fall on thine ear;
But in safe sanctum thou canst watch and wonder
At fortune, fate, and fear.

The motley multitude, the busy highway thronging,
Fill earth with Babel din;
But leave the joys to solitude belonging
Of the God-life within.

Blest is the quiet life, although Affliction
Its minister may be;
The hand of God can bring but Love's restriction,
And Faith that hand can see.

God's characters are made by tribulation,
Like gold in furnace-fire,
As well as by the world's hard, stern probation,
Like sculptures of desire.

JAMES SILVESTER.

Only One.

WHO knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together?
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.

Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother?
Who's pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother?
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another?
Who knows of patience sought?
Only one—the mother.

Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.

Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

Home Journal.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. X. Behemoth, Leviathan and the Unicorn.

1. Is the word Behemoth found anywhere else in the Bible beside the well-known passage in the book of Job? Why has the word been left untranslated?
2. What animal does it probably mean? Give your reasons, and say what other animals have been supposed to be meant.
3. Explain: "He eateth grass as an ox."
   "He that made him can make His sword to approach unto him."
   "He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."
4. In how many places does the word Leviathan occur? (*a*) Does it always refer to the same animal? (*b*) What animal is probably meant in Job xli.?
5. In Scripture language kings and tyrants are alluded to under the image of some strong and fierce animal. What kings are probably meant by the word Leviathan in Ps. lxxiv. 14, and Isa. xxvii. 1?
6. Explain Psalm civ. 25, 26.
7. There is no such animal as the unicorn. It is altogether a fabulous thing. Why, then, do we find the word in Scripture, and what passage do you think caused it to be supposed a one-horned animal was meant?
8. Give the text which seems to prove clearly the word translated unicorn was a two-horned animal?
9. Describe the unicorn according to what is said of it in the Bible. What animal is probably meant, and what other animals have been supposed?
10. How do you account for the fact that, though often spoken of before, yet it is only once referred to after the days of David? Also
    Explain: "My horn shalt Thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn." "Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

No. V. The Ass.

1. (*a*) Abraham's journey to Mount Moriah. Balaam's journey. The triumphal journey of Jesus over the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem, as Zion's king. (*b*) Deut. xxii. 10; Isaiah xxx. 24. (*c*) Genesis xlix. 14; Isaiah xxx. 6.
2. In Egypt.
3. Job xxxix. 5–8.
4. Achsah—to be married to Othniel, and to make a request from her father, Judges i. 14. Abigail—to turn away the wrath of David, 1 Sam. xxv. 18–33. The Shunammite—to bring Elisha to her dead son, 2 Kings iv. 24.
5. Exodus xxiii. 12.
6. Exodus xxiii. 4, 5.
7. "The lion had not eaten the carcase, nor torn the ass," 1 Kings xiii. 28.
8. "Over the asses was Jehdeiah, the Meronothite," 1 Chron. xxvii. 30.
9. (1) The food of the wild ass consists of the saltest plants of the desert, and the bitter milky tribes of herbs—it prefers salt water to fresh.
   (2) This refers to the desolations caused by Sennacherib, perhaps also those caused by Nebuchadnezzar.
   (3) Expressive of great plenty. To ear, an old English word for to cultivate, or till. Grain shall be so abundant that even the ass shall be fed with it, prepared for her as it is usually for men.
   (4) "The wild ass will rush to the top of some mountain height, stand on the edge of the precipice, 'snuff up the wind' for a moment, and then gallop off as fast as it came."
   (5) An image of peace, security, and prosperity under the sway of Judah, also of the spiritual peace, etc., under Messiah.
   (6) The white ass was held in great favour—the princes and nobles of Israel rode on them. Some suppose merchants are here alluded to—the roads were safe—travelling was without danger—acknowledgment and praise should be rendered to God.
10. Isaiah i. 3.

Evidence of the Truth of the Bible.

"It would be difficult to find a more curious confirmation of a minor historical detail than that which M. Naville's report gives to the fifth chapter of Exodus. He tells us the bricks are of three qualities; the best being properly mixed with straw; the next, in the absence of straw, being made with reeds (rendered "stubble" in the Bible); and the worst consisting only of mud when the supply of reeds was exhausted."

DECEMBER.

Doctor Frank.

BY MRS. E. M. FIELD, AUTHOR OF "ETHNE," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

FRANK rose and took his hat. His mother threw her arms about him and kissed him with many bitter tears, but he felt as if his heart had turned to ice, and for the first time in all his life he received her caresses without returning them.

Captain Rogers came out to meet the young doctor. His round face was all one smile; he shook Dr. Frank's hand as if he would shake it off.

"My dear fellow! my dear old boy! upon my word I must call you so! I'm delighted! I'm rejoiced! I'm charmed! I'm proud, in fact, for I've always believed in you and cracked you up; now you've justified all my praises and more. Why, yes, bless my soul! a great many more if I'd had the sense to sound them."

Frank's answer to this hearty outburst, however, was so embarrassed, that the little man turned and looked at him critically.

"Why, bless my soul!" he said; "is anything wrong? If so, we'll pipe all hands and have it set to rights. Now, then, out with it."

At this moment his sister turned the corner of the house and met them. She smiled brightly on seeing Dr. Frank, and held out her hand.

"Lily dear," said her brother, "go into your own berth and get some wine and cake ready. We will be in directly, and you shall show Dr. Frank all the kit you've made for Polly—or Maria, is it?—I forget, her hands are always full of them."

"Thank you, Captain Rogers," said Frank, when the young lady had left them, and now his task seemed suddenly to grow very painful and oppressive indeed. "I—the fact is, I came to speak to you on a subject which—rather intimately—concerns myself," he stammered.

Captain Rogers paused in his walk and dealt his companion a sounding slap on the back.

"I knew it!" he cried; "I knew it! Do you think I haven't all this time been watching the course you were steering? Wouldn't interfere, not I!—sure to tangle your friend's tackle if you put a hand to it! My dear fellow, nothing could please me better than to see you take her in tow for life!"

Now this was very embarrassing. Not only had Frank not the faintest notion of what the sailor might mean, but his own explanation seemed to have become still harder to make.

"I am afraid there is some mistake, some misunderstanding," he said sadly. "I am really in great anxiety, Captain Rogers, about—about money, and"—

"My dear friend," said the sailor earnestly, "believe me, we are not in the least mercenary people. I am afraid I am much in your debt, by the way; you must let me give you a cheque before you leave the house, though no money will ever pay the debt I owe you. We must

leave it to affection to settle the rest—*brotherly* affection, eh, Doctor Frank?"

"You are most kind, I am sure," said Frank, pondering the meaning of the last remark, when Captain Rogers saved him any further effort.

"Ah, my dear fellow," he said, "the fact is that love is a wonderful sharpener of the wits. Now the truth is that I myself, if you'll pardon my being personal for a moment, am aspiring to the hand of a young lady, and from the way in which her father lately received some informal hints on my part, I have reason to—to—hope, in fact."

"I shall hope too—to congratulate you," said Frank, smiling, for the lover's tone was one of proud satisfaction.

"Well, no, it's early days yet. I have still to learn what she herself will say. My dear boy, I really must take you into my full confidence. You may know, you may have seen"—

A horrible suspicion was creeping over Frank.

"She's lovely, isn't she?" said Captain Rogers.

"Do you mean Miss Harland?" asked Frank, with a great effort.

"Of course! To be sure! Whom else should I mean? So if you can presently, as you say, and as I hope, congratulate me, let us be spliced the same day. I'm sure Lily will be agreeable, sure of *that*."

Frank fairly groaned aloud. It seemed to him as if all things in creation were combining and conspiring to make this world perfectly intolerable to him. He sat down on a garden seat and hid his face in his hands.

"Good heavens!" cried Captain Rogers, "what is the matter? I've tangled the tackle this time, and no mistake. Here, Frank, old fellow, you know I'm your friend—out with all, no matter what it is!"

"It was the goodness of man that first gave me back faith in the goodness of God," said Frank Smith long afterwards, when he spoke of that day. But at the moment it seemed as if he could not ease his own sorrow without laying sorrow upon some one else. For the sailor's jovial face clouded sadly when he learned that Frank's heart was set, not upon his sister, but upon the object of his own affections.

"Dr. Harland will never let me have her," said Frank; "it is no use to hope. I shall go away from here, and you shall have the field to yourself, my kind friend;" but Rogers grew indignant, and wanted to know if he meant to insult him by supposing he would care for a hand with no heart in it. There was a long consultation between the two, at the end of which it was agreed that Frank Smith should go to London and begin to practise there, and if possible obtain an appointment, while his kind friend should lend a sufficient sum to establish Mrs. Smith in a little school, in which Rosa could assist. She should want for nothing, he would undertake all, said the sailor, with a warm grasp of Frank's hand. His heart would have felt almost light as he rose at last to go, but that Captain Rogers' own face was not as cheerful as usual.

"Ask her," said poor Frank. "I am no rival to fear. I promise you this, Captain Rogers, I will not say one single syllable to hint what I feel for her. I *must* say good-bye—I will say no more. And indeed I don't suppose she has ever thought of me as anything but Rosa's friend and an old playmate."

"I'll try my chance," said the sailor. "But I don't know—something tells me I'm a fool. Do you really suppose, now, taking it seriously, that *I* should stand any chance with any girl against *you?*"

To such a comprehensive question Frank found it a little difficult to answer in any reasonable fashion.

"You are so humble that I don't know how to be humbler still," he said. "But seriously, my friend, think what you have to offer to a wife, and what I should have to offer. Beggary, or at best an uphill fight of many years. No, no; win Marion Harland, and with all my heart I will wish you joy—I will indeed."

It was quite late in the afternoon when Frank started to walk back. He was hastening, for the long conference with his friend had led to a delay which he regretted. And he carried with him the means of deliverance from the odious presence of "the man in possession." But he stopped for a moment as he turned into the long field path, and gazed steadily to the end of it. No, he could not be mistaken. It was she indeed who was coming towards him, —the lady of his love, the being who alone had power to make his heart suddenly begin to beat so wildly as it was beating now.

He thought, as he flew rather than walked towards her, of what he would say, and of what she would be likely to say also. He would tell her he was going, and she—would she look grieved? Would she utter some more of those

words of comfort and strength which seemed to make her a very angel of consolation?

She was looking on the ground as she came nearer. He watched to see how soon she would catch sight of him and look up, first merely to see who was coming, then with the smile waking in her eyes. Ah, she does look up! she sees him. She does not smile nor flush with pleasure, but grows very pale instead, and for a few steps walks on uncertainly, almost tottering. "Ah," thought Frank, "her father has been storming at her;" and he clenched his fist angrily and walked the faster.

But when they met, what strange change had come over Marion? Fixing her eyes steadily on the ground, pressing her lips firmly together, she walked past Frank and Frank's outstretched hand, and went straight on up the path.

For a moment he stood as one transfixed, then, as she moved further and further from him, he cried out with a loud and bitter cry, "Marion! Marion!" and sprang after her, catching her gown in his hands like a frightened child. She turned then and looked in his face with an agonized gaze. Was it supplication or reproach? He was not sure, he could not decide. She gently drew her gown from his hands, and passed on, slowly, but without pausing or turning, leaving him standing, utterly stupefied, where she had left him, watching till she was quite lost to sight. It seemed to him in that moment as if nothing in heaven or earth could matter to him any longer. He would have liked to roll upon the ground in his anguish, or to break or destroy something, or to shriek aloud to the winds of heaven. Then the strong excitement passed, and left him feeling exhausted, as if battered and bruised in mind. He went on his way with leaden feet and a heart as heavy, while Marion went on hers. Which of the two was suffering most, who shall say?

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Harland had purposely sent his daughter upon the errand on which she met Frank. He himself went out upon his rounds, and it happened that one petty vexation after another pursued him all day. Worst of all was when a mother, who had just seen her child die, turned upon him with,—

"If only Dr. Smith had a' been here, he might a' been saved."

That was the bitterest thing he could possibly have heard, and he flung out of the house and walked furiously through rain and wind,—he had sent away his carriage,—lashing himself into a frantic state of mind by the picture he drew in his own mind of Frank Smith comfortably seated at home, happy and triumphant, and safe from the pitiless weather; poor Frank, who at the moment was kneeling in his own room, with his face hidden in his hands, saying over and over and over again the only words that just now would come to his mind: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

He thought of the night when he had knelt in this same room less than a year ago, and of the psalm that he had read with joy and comfort:

"Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

"Delight thou in the Lord; and He shall give thee thy heart's desire.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; and put thy trust in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

"But He has not," mourned Frank in his utter desolation, and read on:

"Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon Him; but grieve not thyself at him whose way doth prosper, against the man that doeth after evil counsels.

"Leave off from wrath, and let go displeasure: fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil."

But was it possible to bear such a burden as this and not to fret? It was not God's dispensation, but the cruelty of man that formed the crushing load of sorrow and failure, alas! But like a voice from heaven Marion Harland's words came back to him: "If we know that all things work together for good, what can it matter what the all things are?"

Could that be true? Even if Marion turned away from him, could *that* be one of the things that work for good? Impossible, surely! And yet to the Christian it must be so. On his knees, while the pale moon travelled all her journey across the sky, while the bitter wind of early morning blew, and the stars faded before the slow, reluctant winter dawn, Frank Smith fought a battle upon which no earthly eyes looked, but before the great cloud of wit-

nesses. And—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory—he conquered, God helping him.

There were two days to be spent in Miller's Roothing,—days of intense mental suffering,—which Frank, however, endured with a strange sense of exaltation and triumph in the midst of anguish. He saw Marion Harland no more; her face never, often as he watched the house, appeared at the window. She must know that he was going, for the village was gossiping itself hoarse over the new event. Rosa, in spite of her mother's wishes and of Frank's entreaty, determined to make one effort to see her friend, and went across, only to be told that Miss Harland was out, which she knew to be untrue. She was consoled in a small degree by noticing that the little maid blushed hotly as she told the lie; evidently her master's order had been given, and must needs be obeyed, though sorely against her conscience.

There were patients to be parted from; Frank went one more round, and bitter were some of the lamentations which greeted him. He was at times so sorely tempted even now to stay, that he was obliged to fortify his mind by the reflection that it would be for the happiness of all concerned, and, above all, for that of Marion Harland, that he should go. There were arrangements to make for his family, those also were despatched; and on the morning of the third day, Dr. Frank had packed his slender baggage, and sent it across to the inn to be despatched by the London coach. He himself intended to walk; it would save a little money, and rapid motion was at this moment the one thing that could give him pleasure.

Rosa came in when the rest of the family were already gathered at breakfast. Poor girl, her face bore traces of the long hours of wakefulness that had ended at last in a short morning sleep.

"Frank," she said, "I have just heard that Dr. Harland is very ill indeed. He has not been well for the last three days; they say he got a chill in going up to Beacon Hall, the night the boy died."

"I am very sorry," said Frank, and his tone was one of real regret.

"The maid's eyes were red with crying; they have been up all night. Dr. Parfitt from Hampton is there. How I wish he would send for you, Frank!"

"I fear it is no use to wish that, Rosa," said Frank sadly.

"Could you not stay one more day?" suggested Rosa timidly. She looked at her mother, who looked at Frank, but he only shook his head.

"I daresay Parfitt will cure him. But I shall be anxious for news. You won't forget, will you, mother, his past kindness to us?"

"I try not, Frank. Though, in view of what has happened lately, I cannot say that it is very easy to think kindly of Dr. Harland."

"Poor Marion!" said Rosa; but the grandfather said in his querulous tones,—

"Pity a stuck-up minx like that, who forgets her oldest friends when they are in trouble! What fools girls are, to be sure!"

So the last meal together ended in silence, and Frank began quietly to prepare for his departure. That did not take long, and he came down-stairs with a very pale face, but with an attempt at a smile, and spoke cheerful words to his mother, whose face looked piteously old and worn, and to Rosa, who had kept up bravely hitherto, trying to feel indignant rather than sad, but who now broke down and shed bitter tears. The old grandfather grasped his hand, and wished him "better luck this time" in a tone which implied his firm conviction that, wheresoever in this world any good fortune might happen to be, none of his family could ever hope to meet with it. Frank answered as cheerfully as he could, kissed his mother and sister, and was leaving the house, when on the doorstep he met the vicar. He had said farewell to the old man the day before, and therefore a visit now was something of a surprise.

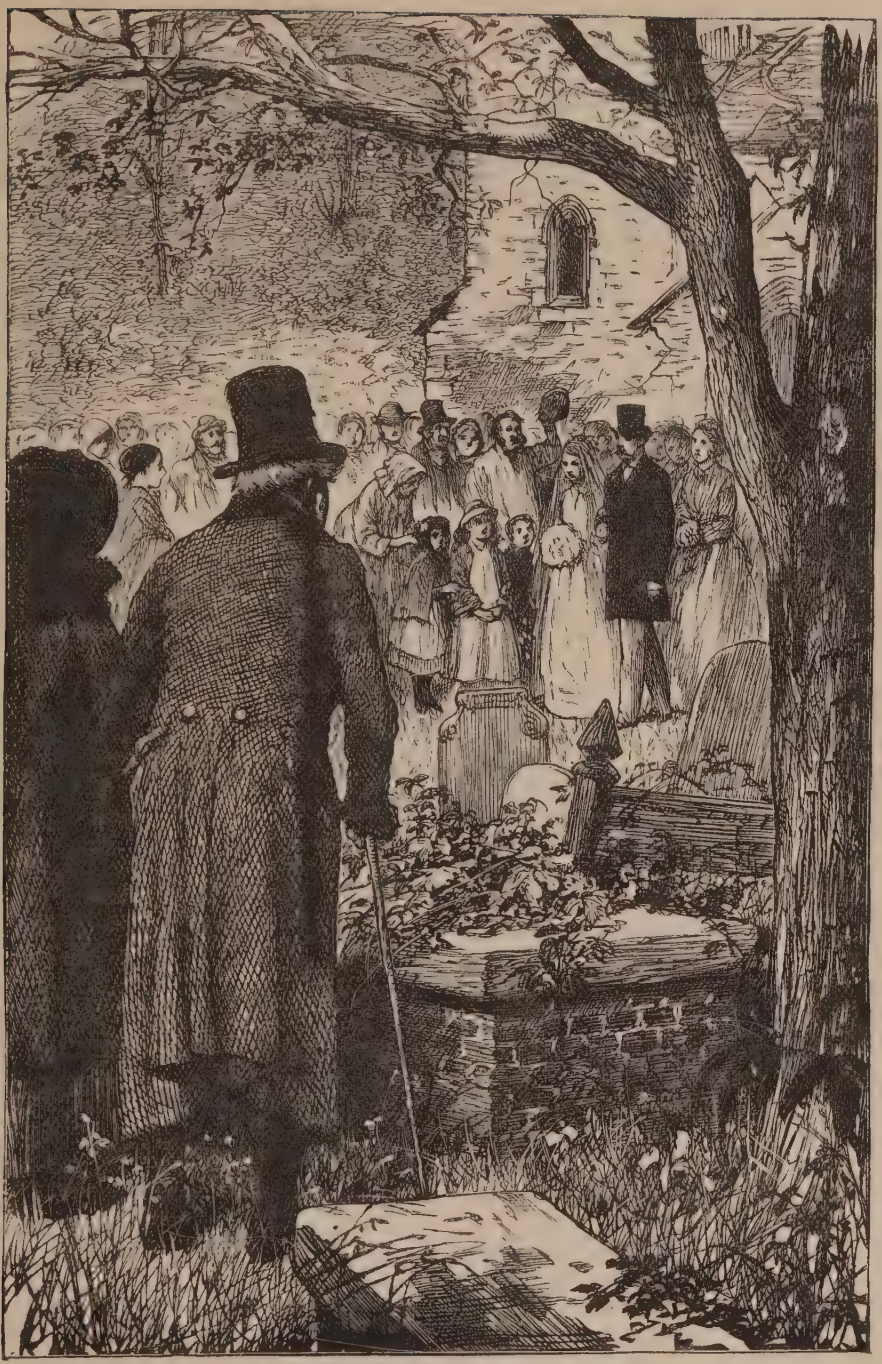
"I wanted a few words with you," said the vicar, glancing at Mrs. Smith. She led the way to Frank's just deserted room, and left the two men together.

"Frank," said the vicar, "tell me one thing, truly and honestly, as far as you can. Are you conscious of having done anything to aggrieve or injure your father's old friend, Dr. Harland, in any way?'

The question was solemnly put, and the old clergyman seemed to await the answer with real anxiety. Frank was silent a moment, then he said,—

"Truthfully, sir, as before God, I have never wilfully spoken any word or done any act that could injure Dr. Harland."

"That is well," said the vicar; "if also in your heart you have no unkind thought of the



DR. FRANK'S WEDDING.

man who lies dangerously ill, dying, perhaps, while you are starting upon your journey. If he should ask presently, I can tell him that you forgive all that he may have done to offend you, and that you harbour no anger in your heart?"

Frank was silent again. At last he said, in a low tone,—

"Mr. de Soyres, he has wrecked my life!"

"Yes, Frank, he has injured you grievously. He has sinned greatly against you, yet not so much, I think, as you have sinned against One who had not only done nothing to hurt you, but had loaded you with benefits. *He* forgives *you*, Frank!"

There was a long pause.

"I cannot," said Frank at last, in a low, choked voice. "He has done me all the harm he can. Is he sorry, Mr. de Soyres?"

"He has not said so. He has, in fact, rejected all our entreaties to be allowed to send for you."

"Then why on earth do you come to ask me to forgive him?" asked Dr. Frank, greatly surprised.

"Because," answered the vicar solemnly, "he who hates his brother is a murderer, and no murderer has eternal life. Yes, Frank; you who are thinking, like one of old, that you do well to be angry with the sin of another, you yourself are breaking His one and only commandment of love, which is the fulfilling of the whole law."

"I wish Dr. Harland no ill," said Frank slowly, "indeed I do not. I would do him a kindness if it were in my power. But I cannot help feeling that he has wrecked and shattered all my hopes in life, and my heart is crushed and broken—by him."

"Yes," said Mr. de Soyres. "So that to-night, when you say your evening prayer, you will ask God Almighty, the Father in Heaven, to forgive you *as* you forgive His other child—Dr. Harland."

How strangely different things sound when put in different ways! How utterly different was this view of the whole matter from that which Frank Smith had been taking! Yet he could not doubt which was most likely to be the way in which his Father and Saviour, who was his enemy's Father and Saviour too, would view it.

He looked up in the old vicar's worn face, which yet was so beautiful with a shining of inward peace gained by the learning of such lessons as this which he was now teaching to his young friend.

"May God forgive me as I will forgive him, God helping me to do it," he said.

Tears rose in the old man's eyes, his voice trembled a little as he said,—

"Then go your way, my boy, and do not fear. Whatever your sorrow may be, never forget that the cross was heavier. But after it came joy which no tongue can utter, and so will it be with your lighter affliction. Even in this world you will begin to find it so. No, do not shake your head; one day, and perhaps very soon, you will remember my words and own that they were true. God bless you, now and always."

So Frank went, walking quickly away along the straight Roman road to London, in the brilliant, hopeful spring sunshine. It was spring again, he thought to himself, full of promise, of which only a little would be fulfilled, and that so imperfectly. He wondered how the weary old earth could find courage again to send out her profusion of buds, knowing, from the experience of many thousand summers, how many would be blighted, wasted, destroyed,—how she could rear her young birds for the cruel kite, her delicate, wonderfully-made insects for the spider,—how— But here again was a wrong way of putting things. Rather let the spring sunshine remind him of the eternal promise of God, of divine renewal after human failure, of the land of unfading flowers and fulfilled promises.

Dr. Frank walked past the first milestone without knowing it; at the second he paused. Young and strong as he was, a strange feeling of physical weariness overcame him, the truth being that the strong emotions of the past days, coming after a long period of hard work, constant self-denial in creature-comforts, and wearing anxiety, told now upon him. Above all, he had not been able to sleep for some nights past. Whenever he fell into a restless doze, he seemed to see the figure of Marion Harland coming towards him, meeting, and passing by without a greeting. He would start up then, as if to catch her dress, and wake to the reality of his sorrow. Beside this milestone was a fallen tree; Frank sat down upon it to rest. As he did so, a sound came to his ear that made him start violently, and then hold his breath to listen more intently. Yes, it came again,—there was no mistaking the

sound,—the bell of Miller's Roothing church was tolling for a departed soul.

Frank trembled from head to foot. Could it be so, indeed? Was all his misery to end thus, by the death of his persecutor? With a strong revulsion of feeling, he thought of the days when he, a little curly-headed boy, used to climb on the doctor's knee to hear his great watch tick, and run after him for the sugar-plums generally to be found in his pocket. A great regret came over him, tears filled his eyes as he sat staring at the grass at his feet, and listening to that low, booming bell. He hardly noticed that wheels were coming up the road at wild speed, and never looked up till a horse was pulled sharply up just in front of him, and an eager voice, the voice most dear to him in all the world, cried out,—

"Frank, Frank, I have found you! Come at once!—my father has asked for you."

"But—the bell?" asked Frank, rising like one half-dazed.

"Tolling, do you mean? Oh, that is for the little boy who was drowned; he is to be buried to-day. You didn't think it was for—for"—She shuddered.

Frank stood with his hand on the side of the gig. His hesitation seemed to puzzle Marion, but then she said,—

"Oh, I forgot. All my care was for him. Perhaps he has offended you too deeply, and you will let him die? No, no, I *know* that it is not so—you *can* forgive him. Make haste, Frank; come with me and prove I am right."

Frank was by her side before she had finished speaking; he seized the reins and drove back, galloping at full speed, to the amazement of the sleepy hay carters whom they passed like lightning, and never pausing till they drew up at Dr. Harland's door.

Meantime, in Dr. Harland's bedroom a scene had been enacted, such as the doctor himself was well accustomed to witness in other homes: his daughter sitting by the bedside, pale with long hours of night-watching, and now scarcely moving her eyes from his face; the little maid, with eyes red and swelled, sobbing as she brought anything required into the room; Surgeon Parfitt, black-coated and professional, speaking with slow deliberation now and again, or standing, like Dr. Harland himself on another occasion of which we have heard, with his arms folded across his chest, waiting.

"Waiting for death," said the patient to himself, lying with closed eyes because he hated to see the all-too-familiar surroundings of a sick-bed. He was suffering severely at times, for his illness was pleurisy, and Dr. Parfitt had treated him as he would have treated others, by bleeding. The patient had in truth lost so much blood that he began to feel too weak and faint even to speak. With every breath he drew, it seemed as if a knife were run into his side, and he was in a high fever, which was aggravated by the condition of his mind, inwardly raging because he felt that he would die, and that Frank Smith would be able to work his wicked will unchecked, and would thrive and prosper as the only doctor in the place. For some hours Dr. Harland had scarcely uttered a word; those who stood by thought that he slept. But he did not; his fury was burning his very life away, raging in brain and heart, driving out every other thought, even that of Marion's future. He would not mind dying, he told himself over and over again, but for that one thing—that one, that one!

His extreme exhaustion was evident to the vicar, who entered the room again after his interview with Frank Smith, and who now addressed himself to Dr. Harland as to a dying man, and exhorted him to prepare himself for death, speaking openly of Frank Smith, and of the patient's feeling towards him.

But here he had a harder task than with Frank. The old doctor, even in the presence of death, hardened his heart. It is so sometimes with the dying, as though at the last dread hour all the forces of evil gathered themselves together in almost irresistible might. Neither Marion's tears nor the admonitions of the clergyman were of any use. At last, Dr. Harland half raised himself, and cried, in a loud, hoarse voice,—

"Very well; it shall be so. Send for young Smith; I will have him fetched this moment. Parfitt, I ask you as a favour; consult with him—do to me all he desires. I shall die, and he will have killed me; there is consolation in that!"

Marion, with eager eyes, looked at the vicar.

"Did you say he had gone? I will go myself, I will bring him back," she said, eagerly snatching at even such a consent as this.

"Take my carriage; it is at the door," said Mr. Parfitt. "I shall be very glad, I am sure. Young Smith is very clever. I have never dared to breathe it, but I often wonder if such

diseases as this would not better be conquered by giving the patient strength than by drawing it away," he added in a low tone to Mr. de Soyres, when Marion had left the room.

The surgeon paced up and down the room, and watched from the window; he seemed much relieved when the rapid wheels at last drove up, and Dr. Frank entered. He hastened back to the bedside.

"Dr. Harland," he said, "our colleague Smith has come to see you."

Dr. Harland pretended not to hear, and kept his eyes closely shut. When, however, he was requested to allow Frank to examine his chest, he growled out,—

"That's right. Torture a dying man to the last."

The surgeon looked on with admiring surprise while Frank examined the chest, in the way which to us is an every-day and familiar matter, but which to him was new and wonderful. When Frank, with a face that proclaimed his delight, announced that the pleurisy was almost gone, and that now the patient's extreme exhaustion must be combated, Dr. Harland attempted to laugh.

"There, you see! He wants to make out that I am not ill at all."

"On the contrary, Dr. Harland," said Frank, "you are very ill indeed." He went to the fireplace and rang the bell.

"Is there any beef-tea or strong soup in the house?"

"Oh my!" said the little maid; "is master really going to get better?"

"Answer my question," said Frank, suppressing a smile.

Yes, there was beef-tea made yesterday by Marion. The little maid ran to warm it, while Frank begged the surgeon to make up a medicine in Dr. Harland's surgery.

"*His* prescriptions in *my* surgery! And I am to take beef-tea! Well, I die a martyr," murmured the sick man; but Frank took no notice. The medicine and the food were given; the patient, now too weak to resist, or even to speak, swallowed both. And presently he fell into a deep, sweet sleep, the sleep that at the crisis of an illness brings back the fluttering life.

And so Dr. Harland's life was saved by the man whom he called his enemy, in spite of himself!

What more remains to add? What but that the story that so nearly ended with a dirge, ends in truth with wedding bells. That Dr. Harland's next complaint was,—

"Intolerable fellow! what next? So I am to be the king who makes a victim of the fairy tale hero, but in the end has to give him his daughter and half his kingdom!"

That Captain Rogers, being best man at his friend's wedding, and dancing thereafter with all his might, discovered that he had been wonderfully blind, and that the chief bridesmaid in her white muslin dress was quite as charming as—in fact, said Captain Rogers in a low whisper, more charming in his eyes than—the bride herself; and that the usually calm tenor of the village life is likely to be disturbed by a second clash of wedding bells. Certainly, to gentle, tender-hearted Rosa, happiness—the happiness of others—has been a marvellously beautifying thing, and even Miss Martin can give no spiteful point to the gossip on this subject.

So this chapter in the history of Dr. Frank is turned over, and another begins. The fairy stories have for their ending, "They all lived happy ever after." But the true history of life is that of the *Pilgrim's Progress:* after the Hill Difficulty and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, come the Delectable Mountains, but from these we must go down again to places of trial. Rough follows smooth, sun and shadow come in turn, but to Dr. Frank Smith and his wife all is good alike, for in days of anxiety and of joy alike they remind each other of this lesson learned in much sorrow:—

If we know that all things work together for good, it cannot matter what the *all things* are.

THE END.

TWO NEW SERIAL STORIES—

CHANCE OR CHOICE, by Rev. Edward Newenham Hoare, M.A., Author of "Careless Campion," "Perils of the Deep," etc.; and

THE BABY OF THE BUILDINGS, by Dora L. Woolmer—

Will commence in the *Home Visitor* for January 1891.

Looking Backward.

THESE words, "Looking Backward," have been in everybody's mouth lately, Mr. Bellamy having chosen them for the title of his extraordinary book on Socialism. But I use them to-day in no dreamland sense; I want them to be a reality to every one of us.

It is the last month of the year. Business men will in a day or two be "looking backward" over the past twelve months to see how they stand in the commercial world. Some will find that they have made remarkable progress; others that they have lost much ground, and they will see clearly that unless they alter their plans they will be overwhelmed in ruin.

That which the business man finds profitable will also prove useful to the Christian. In these papers on "Our Church and Parish," it has been sought during the year to look at the practical rather than the theoretical side of the Christian life, although the important matter of personal faith and personal consecration has not been left out of sight. Shall we take a glance—cursory it may be, for want of space, but it need be none the less real—over the past twelve months, and see whether we have progressed or fallen behind (there can be no such thing as standing still) in our Christian life?

To begin [with the most vital point of all, Does December find us living any nearer to Jesus than we were in January last? Is it difficult to tell? I think not. An old man who lived in a very poor house, where he had little opportunity of quiet prayer, used frequently to go into an empty church and pass a long time upon his knees. The clergyman noticed him. "John," he asked him one day, "how is it you say such long prayers? You seem to have a great deal to say to God." "No, sir," he replied, "I have not a great deal to say, but I like to stay a long time on my knees, for I look then at Jesus, and Jesus looks at me; and so there comes from Jesus to me a little thought, and then a little thought goes from me to Jesus, and so we talk together." This little story illustrates what I mean. Do we find more pleasure in "talking" to Jesus than we formerly did? There can be no truer test of the state of our spiritual life than our habits of devotion. If prayer is irksome to us, then we may be quite sure we have wandered far from the Master; if, on the other hand, it is to us our chief delight, then we shall *know* by a blessed experience that we are close by His side. But even then we shall long to be in closer communion with Him, and our prayer will be, "Draw me nearer."

But to pass on to the practical side of the subject, it will be useful to ask ourselves, Are we doing more for Jesus than when the year first began? It is all very well to reply in the language of what I cannot but call a very dangerous hymn,—

> "Doing is a deadly thing,
> Doing ends in death;"

but that is an evasion of the question, for while

we know that by deeds no flesh shall be justified, yet it is equally true that "faith without works is dead." And the Christian whose heart has been touched by Divine love will give expression to his own love by deeds of kindness towards others. Twelve months have passed over our heads; have they been fruitful in good works, or have they been barren, showing, as we look back, "nothing but leaves"? There is so much to be done, and so few to do it, that there is no excuse for idleness. In the sick-room, in the Sunday school, in the houses of our neighbours, in the streets, ay, and in many other places, work has been waiting for us. I trust that the year has been one of progress for us in this respect. If it has, then what a happy retrospect we can take! The sick and suffering soothed, the little ones brought as lambs to the fold, friends and neighbours helped along the heavenly way, the careless and indifferent warned and reasoned with—surely these are results worth an effort! But what is our happiness now compared to what it shall be when we hear the gracious words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." And so in like manner the sorrow and the shame will be great here, if we have to survey a wasted life; but it will be a thousandfold greater when we hear those heart-searching words, "Inasmuch as ye did it *not* . . . ye did it *not* to Me."

LOOKING FORWARD.

But the chief value of "looking backward" is that it enables us to learn a lesson from the past, and thus to order our future aright. The Christian man and woman should always be looking forward, upward, and onward—"looking unto Jesus," as the apostle puts it, "the Author and Finisher of our faith."

We cannot see into the future; that is a closed book. But we can enter upon a new period of life with the full determination that, as long as God spares us, we will live each day better than the previous one. Thus Churchmen, as they take farewell of the Old Year, may well decide upon a more earnest and more steadfast life for the New.

It may seem selfish to put our own needs first; but it must be remembered that, before we can distribute to others, we must first be filled ourselves. Therefore, we may profitably resolve that in the coming year we will be—

1. More prayerful,
2. More diligent in the study of God's Word,
3. More regular in attendance on the many means of grace,
4. More faithful to our Lord,

than we have ever been before. The blessing to our own souls will be great, and we shall be the better fitted for active service.

Active service there must be. This might well take the form of parochial work, unless, indeed, we feel called to a more prominent sphere. The chief thing is, of course, to be just where the Master would place us. The work that our parish clergyman has to offer us may be humdrum, but if we are faithful in that little the reward is certain. God wants *every one* of His children to do something. What will *you* do? Oh, you reply, I will go—

1. *Into the Sunday school.* Good: it's a noble position, and worthy of your best efforts. The Sunday school teacher has a post of great responsibility, as well as one of great opportunity. May God bless you in it! Or you may tell me that you prefer

2. *Visiting the sick.* Here again an important work is before you. It is not every one who can do it; but those who do seek to comfort and relieve the suffering will be amply recompensed. Or again you may choose

3. *The work of an evangelist.* If so, you have a truly responsible mission before you; to warn, exhort, preach, and teach is not always an easy thing, yet he who would be a true servant of the Lord, and a friend of his race, must not hesitate to declare "repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ."

But in any case, resolve to do something. The great want in our parishes to-day is of men and women who will consecrate themselves to the Lord, that they may work for Him quietly and lovingly amongst their fellows. Many parishes have populations so large that it is impossible for the clergy to overtake their needs, and the godly laity must come to their aid. In primitive times *every* Christian was a worker. Let us get back to primitive simplicity, and thus we of the laity may become to our pastors and teachers "helpers in Christ Jesus."

H. C. H.

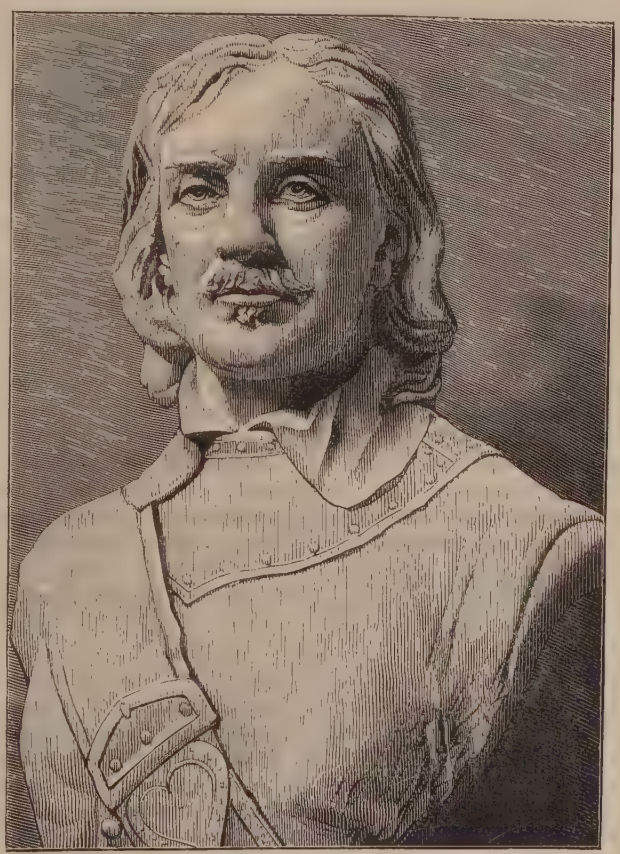
Old England: Pictures from English History.

SECOND SERIES.

CHAPTER XII.

OLIVER CROMWELL, A.D. 1648–1658.

FROM the days of Egbert in the ninth century A.D., to Queen Victoria in our own days, England has always been ruled by persons of royal birth and bearing royal title, except for a few short years in which one man, a simple country gentleman by birth, governed the land. That country gentleman was Oliver Cromwell. He belonged to a junior branch of a family which had already given one great statesman to our country, Thomas Cromwell, minister of Henry VIII., and beheaded by that ungrateful monarch. Oliver was born at Huntingdon on April 23, 1599. On the 23rd of the same month, in A.D. 1610, he entered Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. Thence he went to London to study law. But he soon forsook law for love, and married in August, A.D. 1620, when only twenty-one years old. Upon the death of his father, he returned to Huntingdonshire. Here he might in ordinary times have lived and died unknown, except as a good son to his widowed mother, as a most affectionate husband and father, and as a shrewd magistrate and member of Parliament. But extraordinary times bring to light extraordinary abilities, and such were his. As M.P. first for Huntingdon, and afterwards for Cambridge, he early became interested in the political questions of the day. He voted with his famous cousin, John Hampden, against Ship Money, and shared his horror of Laud's Popish tendencies. A lion erect was the crest of the family, and a suitable one in his case, for he was utterly fearless, and when roused to anger could be excessively fierce. His first speech was made in a very angry mood against the enclosure of some common lands, against the will of the tenants. Though not wealthy, he was free with his purse, and gave £300 towards putting down the rebellion in Ireland. When war was declared between Charles and the Parliament, he at once distinguished himself by forming a military association for the eastern counties in which he dwelt, and they were thus kept free from Royalist invasion throughout



the war. Oliver soon saw that the Parliamentary army was badly disciplined. "We must have *men of religion*," he said, "to cope with Charles's *men of honour*" (meaning men of rank). "A good notion," replied Hampden, "if it could be executed." Oliver carried out his idea, and formed his famous band of "Ironsides." "They are a lovely company!" he wrote. "They are honest, sober, and expect to be used as *men*." "They were never defeated!" he proudly added in later days. In fact, doubtless to his own surprise, he became a great general. The brilliant campaigns of Fairfax were aided by him, and when at last Fairfax retired, broken in health and troubled in mind, the army of Oliver Cromwell went on from victory to victory.

From the battlefield Oliver came to London, and took part in the trial of Charles I. For a short time he had tried to make terms with him, but, becoming convinced of his utter untrustworthiness, he gave up the attempt, and voted for his death. He thought him a traitor to his country, and saw no reason why royalty should save him from a traitor's doom.

After this interlude, he was again sent forth on a military expedition. This time it was to put down the Irish rebellion. He went, believing himself called upon to avenge the massacre of the Protestants a few years before. His campaigns were short and sharp. Whenever his terms were refused, he took summary vengeance. Drogheda was besieged, stormed, and set on fire. It was a fearful scene. "I forbade my men," wrote he, "to spare any that were in arms. I think that night they slew about 3000 men." Wexford was similarly taken. But Oliver held his men in stern discipline off the field, and challenged his adversaries to give an instance of any *one* man massacred or banished *not in arms*, except after due course of justice.

After the death of Charles I., the Scots faced about *against* the English Parliament. They crowned his son, after forcing him to sign their Covenant. They had no more idea of religious freedom than had Laud himself. All men were to be Presbyterians under Charles II. as a Presbyterian king. But to this Oliver would not agree. In his "lovely company" of faithful soldiers were many Independents who would not sign the Presbyterian Covenant. Slowly the idea took root and grew in his mind, that all men should enjoy liberty of conscience in religion, so long as they remained loyal to the government of the land. This became to him a fixed principle. He would not allow Presbyterians any more than Papists to tyrannize over their neighbours.

He was now sent to fight *against* the Scots, his former allies. Successful at first, he was very nigh perishing at Dunbar. "The foe behind, the sea before," his little army were reduced to great straits. But the Scots, neglecting the advantages of their position, attacked him. "They move!" he cried, "they move!" A desperate battle followed, in which he gained a complete victory. Following Charles II. to England, he won a final victory over him at Worcester. This "crowning mercy," as he called it, closed the second Civil War.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PROTECTORATE.

Now began the second and most difficult part of Oliver Cromwell's career. What was the state of things when he entered London as a victorious general? He found the remains of the old Long Parliament still sitting. He found a strong Presbyterian party, unwilling to allow liberty to any one but themselves. He found the Parliamentary leaders more jealous of him than grateful to him. In fact, everything was at sixes and sevens. The results which always follow a revolution had taken place. The old English constitution of centuries had been broken down. People were at their wits' end how to replace it. The members of Parliament felt that there ought to be *some* part of a Government which should be permanent, and that it should not all be taken to pieces every three years. So they proposed that *one-third* of the members of Parliament should not go out at the dissolution. "No! no!" cried Cromwell, "England must have an altogether new Parliament."

But Cromwell too thought that some permanent element must be provided. This, he thought, should be a person. "A Parliament and a Person," this was his plan for the nation, But who was to be the person? Oliver thought the nation should not hesitate to say—*himself!* He had subdued the Welsh, the Irish, the Scots, and the Royalist party in England. Did not these successes mark him out as the one man manifestly fitted in the providence of God to be ruler of the land? Cromwell thought so, and on this belief he acted.

On April 20, A.D. 1653, Oliver Cromwell, clad

in plain clothes and worsted stockings, entered the House of Commons. "This is the time! I must do it!" he muttered to Harrison. He stood up, and with rising vehemence upbraided the members, first in general terms, and then individually, with their unfitness for their position. Seizing the Speaker's mace, he shouted, "What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" Turning to Sir H. Vane, he cried, "Oh, Sir Harry Vane, thou art other than a good one. The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!"

The astonished and disconcerted members were hastily sent about their business. The doors were locked, and Cromwell went home virtually ruler of the land.

As usual after revolutions, the power had thus passed into the hands of the army.

But Oliver did not mean to be a tyrant! He tried to rule constitutionally as far as he could. "It was his wish," as he said, "not to keep the power in military hands, no, not for a day." His first experiment was to gather together 156 men chosen for their high character, but he soon found that goodness and piety alone are not enough to make statesmen. That assembly, to which the names of Barebones' * or the Little Parliament were given, was a failure.

He next sent out a summons for a general election, the first which had taken place for fourteen years. It was a memorable one, for in it members of "the three nations," as they were still called, English, Scotch, and Irish, sat for the first time side by side. It met on September 3, A.D. 1653; Cromwell's "lucky day," the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester.

Oliver hoped great things from this Parliament. "You are met," he said, "on the greatest occasion that I believe England ever saw." "Healing and settling" was the work he charged them to accomplish. To his infinite disappointment, however, they spent their time in debating whether or not they would acknowledge the man who had summoned them!

Greatly annoyed, Oliver dissolved them, and for a short time ruled the country by ten major-generals. But, as soon as order was fairly established, he determined to summon another Parliament. This met on September 17, A.D. 1656. All now went well. They offered him the title of king, but this he declined. Peace was secured at home, and power abroad. His foreign policy was brilliantly successful. The name of England, which had fallen so low, was honoured from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. The Spanish Fleet was destroyed by Blake. The Dutch were vanquished. Oliver became the champion of Protestantism; and when the Duke of Savoy persecuted his Protestant subjects, he not only interfered on their behalf, but compelled Louis XIV., the Magnificent sovereign of France, to join in his efforts on their behalf. The Queen of Sweden prized his friendship, and thought him like her grandfather, the great Gustavus.

But the Protector, as he was styled, had never been of strong constitution. He was taken ill in August, A.D. 1658. On Monday the 30th "there roared and howled all day and night a mighty storm of wind." Oliver was dying. He was overheard praying. It was for England! "Give them," he murmured, "one heart and mutual love, and go on to deliver them and make the name of Christ glorious in the world."

On the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 3, the anniversary of his two greatest victories, Oliver closed the battle of life and entered into his rest.

Some have called him a hypocrite! Whatever were his faults, this he was not. What a man is at all times, in all companies, in public and in private, living and dying, that is his true character, and so judged he was a deeply religious man. If mistaken in some of his religious impressions, he was always most vehemently sincere. His career was an exceptional one. He seized upon government as a brave man may place himself at the helm in a storm. He may have no right there, but the crew will not quarrel with him, if he steers the vessel well and skilfully amidst howling winds and raging billows!

* From the name of one of the members.

Forty Miles an Hour (*Frontispiece*).

RATHER rough riding, we should think, but the youngster on his somewhat cold seat of ice seems to enjoy it very much. Our picture illustrates a method of enjoyment which the children of Poland manage to get out of Jack Frost. A pole is fixed sufficiently firmly into the ice as to permit it being turned round without falling. To this is attached horizontally a long pole. Seated on a block of ice, the rider grasps the longer end of the pole, whilst the shorter end projecting beyond the upright is moved round by his companions, and a tremendous speed is soon got up, much to the enjoyment of the children.

A Christmas Letter to You.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You will not, I hope, think it presumption in one who has been speaking to you through these pages for the past twelve months, to begin a letter to you in this way. Although I do not know you, and you do not know me, I believe we are the best of friends. *You* are often in my thoughts, and I trust that sometimes at least you think and feel kindly towards me. We are approaching one of the most blessed seasons in all the year, and I want to tell you how thoroughly sincerely I wish that it may be a happy one for you—a happy Christmas in the best and truest sense of the word.

We have a great deal to make us glad; loving friends, happy homes, good health, and countless other blessings have been showered upon us, and now we are brought face to face with the greatest of all God's gifts to us, viz. the revelation of Himself in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe it to be impossible for the finite mind to grasp *all* that the Incarnation is to us, but yet we know that it means a very great deal. The more we think about it, the more pregnant with blessing it seems to be. "Unto you is born this day *a Saviour*"—yes, that is the glorious truth of the Incarnation, that God took upon Himself our nature, that He might save us from the power and the guilt of sin. Ah! as we look into that lowly manger bed and see JESUS, we cannot help falling down to worship Him.

A few years ago, a man well on in middle life found himself once again in his native village. It was Christmas Day, yet he was alone. He had not been to the place since his boyhood, and all his old friends seemed to have removed, and he knew not a soul. He had had a wild and chequered career, and had been in many parts of the world. In his childhood days, he had the blessing of a sound religious training. His mother had taught him to praise and to pray, and he was one of the most promising of the young party of carol singers who year after year chanted some sweet Christmas songs in the village. But when he came up to London, he went astray, as many a country lad had done before him. His downfall did not come all at once. It was gradual, but it was nevertheless sure. It began with disregarding those wholesome habits of regular attendance on Divine worship in which his mother had so carefully trained him; this was followed by indulgence in evil pleasures on the Lord's day; and finally he became a thorough man of the world, never giving a thought to religion or to his hereafter. His business took him frequently to foreign parts, and he had no real home. This went on for many years, until, in fact, the time I speak of, when he thought of retiring into private life, and he visited his native village with a view of finding congenial quarters. But he was not pleased with the place; everything seemed so different. His old friends were gone, and his father and mother had long since passed to their rest. He would have returned to town, but that it was Christmas Day, and the convenience for travelling was not good. After breakfast he strolled through the village, just to kill time, as he put it. As he wended his way up the hill, at the top of which stood the little church where he had once worshipped by his mother's side, he ever and anon heard the refrain,—

"O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord."

The words seemed to rivet themselves on his ear, and they recalled in a moment the happiness of his boyhood. What a different life he had lived since that time. Many Christmas Days had passed over his head, yet never a thought had he given to Him whose Birth they commemorated. He did not go into the church, but wandered aimlessly on through the fields beyond. Still the words kept ringing in his ears—"O come, let us adore Him." He spent a very miserable day, but it proved the turning-point in his life. The Christmas message was brought home with power to his soul, and he learnt to worship Him of whom Christmas speaks to us.

Once again, dear friends, Christmas is upon us, and you, no doubt, will join very heartily on Christmas morning that lovely song of praise,—

"O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,"

CHRISTMAS IN THE COTTAGE.

with its simple and touching refrain. But do you really desire to "adore" Him who comes to us at this time as the Babe of Bethlehem? I hope you do, and I think you do. If our hearts have been touched with the same blessed tidings that the angel brought to the affrighted shepherds, we ought to go at once to the Heavenly Babe and there offer unto Him the costliest treasures we have. Have we done this? Many times have we heard the "glad tidings of great joy;" how has the message affected us? Some of us, perhaps, have heard it so often, that, alas! we have grown indifferent to it; others have heard it, and yet are so much wrapped up in themselves that they heed it not; while others again have heard it, believed it, and found it bring peace and comfort to their souls. A Christmas *without* Christ must indeed be melancholy; a Christmas *with* Christ is one of the most joyful seasons in the year. How will *you* spend your Christmas?—with or without Him? Let your answer be "with Him." Yes, and with Him all must be well.

But one word more. When the Babe of Bethlehem is revealed to us as our Saviour, we *must* worship Him. And what is the adoration He most desires of us? The adoration of the life. That is difficult? Yes, indeed it is; many of us are ready to do almost anything for religion, except live it. But that is what the Lord Jesus looks for in His people. If, then, we have not yet done so, let us resolve at this blessed Christmas season, when we hear once more the "glad tidings of great joy," that unto us is born "a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," to give ourselves wholly to Him who has done so much for us. Then, indeed, we shall spend "a happy Christmas," and the joyful hymns and songs we shall sing will have a new and fresh meaning to us, for they will express the language of our hearts.

That He whose advent brought glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill towards men, may bestow upon you and yours every Christmas blessing, is the earnest desire of your sincere friend, H. C. H.

Womanhood; or, Thoughts for Young Women.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is the earliest of all family ties. It is the basis of all domestic life. It is the earliest ordinance of God for our race. Before brother loved brother, or mother clasped babe, the first man received from God the first woman. In the happy walks of Eden husband and wife trod together. "Therefore," was it decreed, "shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh" (Gen. ii. 24). The voice of our blessed Lord Jesus, at least four thousand years later, quoted and ratified this injunction, adding those weighty words, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder" (Matt. xix. 6).

Any statement, therefore, that marriage is a failure is alike unreasonable and blasphemous. It is the ordinance of God; therefore must it be very good. The institution itself is without any manner of doubt excellent. It is only in the way in which it is carried out by men and women that failure and imperfection may exist, and do exist far more than ought to be the case.

Yet, allowing for all the unhappiness which has attended some marriages, what do we not owe to this primal element of social life! How beautiful is the mutual love it has evoked between husband and wife! What tender devotion it has produced, and what lifelong fidelity! What countless happy lives, blended into one stream, have flown on together from youth to old age! What can excel the charm of a silver, and yet more of a golden wedding! Truly, the deep and ever-deepening love of man and wife is one of the glories of human life! Poor would earthly lives truly be without its records! Marriage, too, is the root whence the other family relationships arise. All the un-

selfish devotion of mothers, all the grateful, trustful affection of children, is the harvest of married life! These things cannot exist except where marriage exists, and is held in honour and maintained with unswerving faithfulness. Amongst the unholy utterances of our rash and irreverent age are those which slight marriage, and advocate so-called Free Love, which is only another word for *slavery to the passions!* Give not ear, nay, not for a moment, to such language, destructive of the purity and honour of womanhood!

Some indeed appeal to Scripture itself as allowing much licence in the relations of men and women. But the careful reader may notice that, while the Bible *records* this, it does not in one single place *sanction* it. If ever more than one wife might have been needed, surely it would have been at the commencement of the human race, when its rapid multiplication might have seemed desirable. It would have been as easy to endow Adam with many companions as with one. But *no!* The *one* woman is given to the *one* man. When polygamy came into practice, we find it always resulting in strife and misery. When the Christian dispensation arrives, the order of Eden is again insisted on. "Let every man have his own wife (not wives), and let every woman have her own husband (not husbands)" (1 Cor. vii. 2).

Dismissing, therefore, all question of the ordinance of marriage in itself, let us inquire why individual marriages are often a failure.

One cause of this is the foolish haste with which they are often made. It is a very serious thing for two persons to pledge themselves to spend their lives together! A slight acquaintance ought not to be held a sufficient preparation for it. True love may spring up at first sight, but no woman should allow it to root itself and grow in her heart without ascertaining what the *character* is of the man whom she fancies. Wise and kind parents should help her in this. Yet too often both parents and children look far more sharply after the pounds, shillings, and pence of the suitor, than after his moral qualities. Alas! for the untold misery, the broken hearts of wives who discover too late the moral delinquencies of those to whom they have only too trustfully given hand and heart together!

"Birds of a feather flock together." By a man's friends you may know him. If you take your husband from a gay, worldly, thoughtless set of men, how can you wonder if he does not turn out a valuable support to you in the realities of life? Do not dream that under *your* influence he will cast every youthful folly aside. Many a girl has been deluded by the self-flattering notion, that she will be the guardian angel to save the one she loves from evil! Be wise! Tell him you must see him *reform first—before*, not *after* marriage. A girl was urged to marry a not very steady youth, and told that, his character being weak, she would be able to mould him aright. "No," she firmly said; "if he is weak, others will influence him as well as I."

When Poverty comes in at the door, Love, it is said, goes out at the window. This bitter saying is only partially true. Where there has been true love *before* poverty came in, nobly and beautifully has it often been borne together. But poverty to start with, *absolutely* imprudent marriages, must involve distress and suffering. When a relative was asked why he stood up and protested against the completion of a marriage service, the man had nothing to answer his bishop but the reiterated statement, "There's nought in the cupboard—there's nought in the cupboard." Now, though a bishop cannot forbid the union in such a case, it is no doubt very undesirable for people to marry with "nought in the cupboard." But to avoid this, and *at the same time* not lose that married happiness for which all more or less have at once a desire and a capacity, *why not earlier make provision for it?* Amid the ample openings for female employment now, let young women earn and lay by money from an early age. They would be far happier usefully employed than in listless idleness, "wishing they were better off," and pitying their compulsory spinsterhood.

Most carefully beware of marrying any man who wishes you to make a secret of your engagement.

"Where is Mystery
Follows Misery."

"You had better not tell your mother we are engaged," said a sailor to a young girl; "she might not be pleased, as I am a Roman Catholic." They were married in a Roman Catholic church. "Better not tell her yet. Wait till I come back from my next voyage." The girl kept silence, till the secret leaked out to a friend, who earnestly begged her not to withhold it from her mother. She told her mother, and took her husband's name. Soon after, a woman

coming all the way from Scotland called upon her; she had just discovered that *her* husband had deceived and married this poor girl!

It is so easy for men to marry, go to the Colonies, and disappear, that girls cannot be too particular as to a man's character. Do not marry a man for fear no better may turn up! Believe me, you can be very happy, useful, respected, even should this be your last chance of matrimony.

After marriage, what can be done to avoid failure in happiness?

Do not be unreasonably unhappy when you find out your husband's faults. Of course he has some, and so have you, and while you are acquainting yourself with his, he is no doubt discovering yours. Be patient with his faults, but do not, on the other hand, humour him in them, and make them your own.

Be perfectly open with him. Have no secrets from him. Avoid intimate acquaintance with any other men. Do not seek to make up for his deficiencies by seeking the sympathy of other male friends. "Danger! Danger!" should be written up in very large letters over any such course. If you suffer from ill-health, try to bear it as cheerfully as possible. Men cannot bear a sorrowful countenance; they ought to do so, perhaps they try; but when they return home from the office or the workshop, they long to see a smile on their wife's face. It is trial enough that you should be ill. Let your patience and brightness lighten the trial.

Men are so different, that it is impossible to lay down rules for making them happy. A wife's tact must discover this for herself. One will like to share some occupation with her; another may only care to see her happy with her children.

To be a good wife, a young woman must simply ask grace and wisdom from God *every day*. She cannot be so without taking pains. She will become so with Prayer, Pains, and Perseverance. How perfect is the description of her in the last chapter of Proverbs: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, *all the days of her life*" (Prov. xxxi. 11, 12).

But we cannot forget that a man has his share in forming his wife's character. Let him help her in all that is good and right. Let family prayer commence and close the day, and the blessing of God be sought, without which all personal or domestic joy rests upon but a slight and uncertain foundation. Let man and wife live to the glory of God, and their happiness will flow from God.

The Tale of the Year.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Psalm xc. 9.

LIKE ancient bard in all his glory,
The centre of all praise,
The year begins to tell its story
And number out its days.

Men's hearts all glad with expectation
Make music to the bells,
Nor mark their sad reverberation
That soon shall change to knells.

Yet shall the year speak words of sorrow,
For it hath varying voice,—
Bright days shall meet a dark to-morrow,
And griefs shall chasten joys.

Grim Winter and the glowing Summer,
And gentle smiling Spring,
And Autumn—late and laden comer—
Man's changeful being sing.

For here on earth is no abiding
And changes bring decay,
Till kindly earth our frail flesh hiding,
Our spirits fly away.

Then hear the year, and let its story
Speak in God's Word to thee,
And thou shalt walk in heavenly glory,
And blest for ever be.

JAMES SILVESTER.

Girls, help Father.

"MY hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behind-hand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

READING TO FATHER.

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cosily in his easy-chair enjoying his weekly paper. The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Not every farmer has a daughter that would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth.

How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or a labour! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air, that robs it of all sunshine or claim of gratitude. Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great influence on their parents as parents do on their children.

Bible Questions.

BY THE REV. GREGORY NICHOLLS, B.A.

BIBLICAL NATURAL HISTORY.—No. XII. The Sheep.

1. In what does an Eastern sheep differ from our own?
2. Why was the sheep reckoned the most valuable of all domestic animals?
3. What makes the lamb peculiarly interesting to us?
4. Palestine is and has always been the land of sheep, and the flocks large: Give instances of large flocks of sheep mentioned in the Bible.
5. To what purposes were the wool, the skin, and the horns of the sheep applied? Give references.
6. In the East the milk of the sheep is considered more valuable than even the flesh or the wool. What passage in the New Testament seems to imply this?
7. Give two or three references when the word "shepherd" is applied to (1) God, (2) Jesus, (3) Ministers, (4) civil rulers.
8. Explain the following:—
   (*a*) "He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him."
   (*b*) "They know not the voice of strangers."
   (*c*) "I will cause you to pass under the rod."
   (*d*) "Whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock."
9. To what does the Baptist probably refer when he points out Jesus as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world"?
10. Why does Jesus speak of Himself as the Good Shepherd, and what does He require of His sheep?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.—No. VI. The Wolf.

1. A metaphorical sense.
2. Gen. xlix. 27; Ezekiel xxii. 27; Matt. vii. 15, etc.
3. Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Zephaniah.
4. Ezekiel xxii. 27; John x. 12; Acts xx. 29.
5. Because of the fierce and warlike character of the tribe. (*a*) It beat all the rest of the tribes twice in a pitched battle. It had seven hundred men who could sling stones at an hair's-breadth, and not miss. (*b*) The seizure of the daughters of Shiloh (Judges xxi. 20). (*c*) Saul of Tarsus. (*d*) Paul the Apostle.
6. (1) The evening is the time the wolf seeks its prey. The prophet probably alludes to Nebuchadnezzar.
   (2) According to the text, this seems to mean: They spend the night in slaughter and devouring flesh, and then gnaw the bones at their leisure in the morning, leaving nought: but it may be rendered, "on the morrow," and then it means: They reserve nought for the morrow. They devour all up at once, bones and all. The prophet speaks of the greed of the judges of Jerusalem.
   (3) All who belong to Jesus are harmless and inoffensive, but the world is cruel, Christ-hating, and persecuting.
   (4) St. Paul refers to false teachers.
7. The watchful, protecting, loving care of the Shepherd.
8. No.
9. A cruel, persecuting, crafty, selfish man.
10. The wolf is the devil. The Good Shepherd is Jesus. By the hireling is meant those who undertake the care of souls, not from love to Christ or Christ's work, but from worldly, selfish motives.

*** Violet Rogers is entitled to the First Prize for Answers to Bible Questions from January to June 1890, and Ernest Coates to the Second Prize.